WHAT I AM REALLY GOING TO DO

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Liberty

OCT. 20,
1934

5¢

NRA
U.S.
CODE

The SVENGALIS of FOOTBALL by BENNY FRIEDMAN

Coca-Cola
Good Housekeeping Bureau
LUBITSCH

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A color photograph of "The Merry Widow" in production. Director Lubitsch invites Prince Danilo (Maurice Chevalier) and The Merry Widow (Jeanette MacDonald) to pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola, served from M-G-M's famous studio soda fountain.

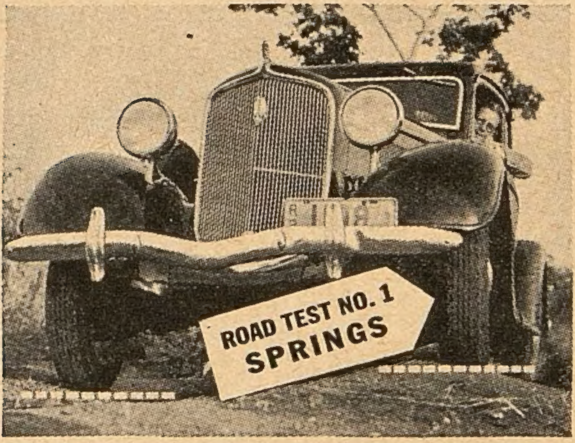
The pause that refreshes . . . directed by Lubitsch

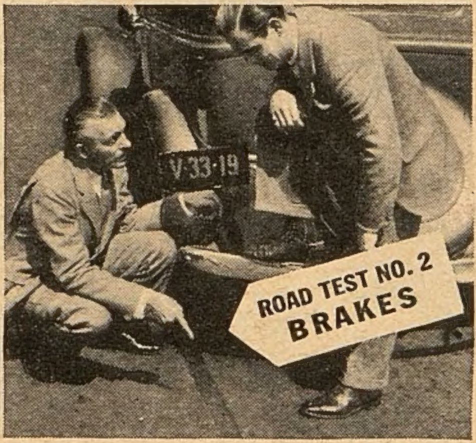
as Chevalier and MacDonald finish the famous waltz
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's super picture **"The Merry Widow"**

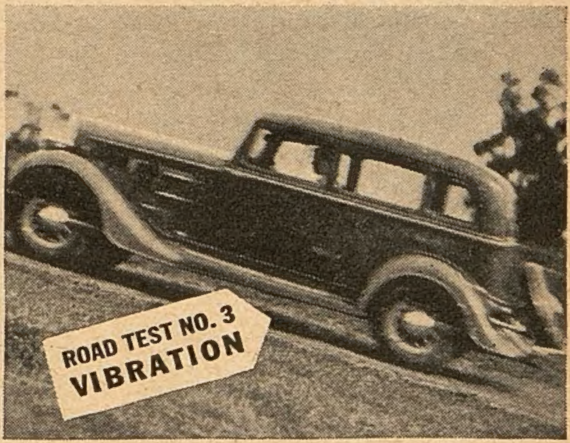
You have to be on the set to see one scene that's a part of every picture in Hollywood. It's *the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola.* When there's more work ahead and need of good cheer and awakened energy, the director himself often commands this pause. And everybody takes part,—to be refreshed and feel fit, ready for the next scene.

YOU CAN'T SPOT *IMPORTANT* DIFFERENCES

LOOKING OVER CARS ON THE SHOWROOM FLOOR







A FEW YEARS AGO, many people bought low-priced cars on showroom performance. For in those days, price and past reputation were usually the deciding factors.

But today prices don't vary as they used to. The big differences don't lie in the way "All Three" are priced . . . but in the way "All Three" PERFORM!

Now, there's only one way to be sure that you're making the best buy. You have to put "All Three" through their paces . . . on the back-roads and highways you pick.

The pictures above show three vital things to compare. The first one demonstrates spring action. One ride over a rough road will make it clear why the most expensive cars use the same kind of Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing as Plymouth.

Likewise, one sudden stop on a slippery pavement will prove how Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes prevent dangerous swerving. And finally, a long, hard pull with the engine wide open will show how Floating Power engine mountings prevent engine vibration from reaching you.

In neither of the other low-priced cars will your ride be the same. For only Plymouth has all of these major engineering advantages . . . plus a Safety-Steel Body of steel reinforced with steel for your additional protection.

Take a ride in "All Three." Compare them feature for feature . . . in your own impartial way. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will be glad to put a Plymouth at your disposal.

PRICES AS LOW AS $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, and are subject to change without notice. Convenient time payments that fit your budget can be arranged. Just ask your dealer for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

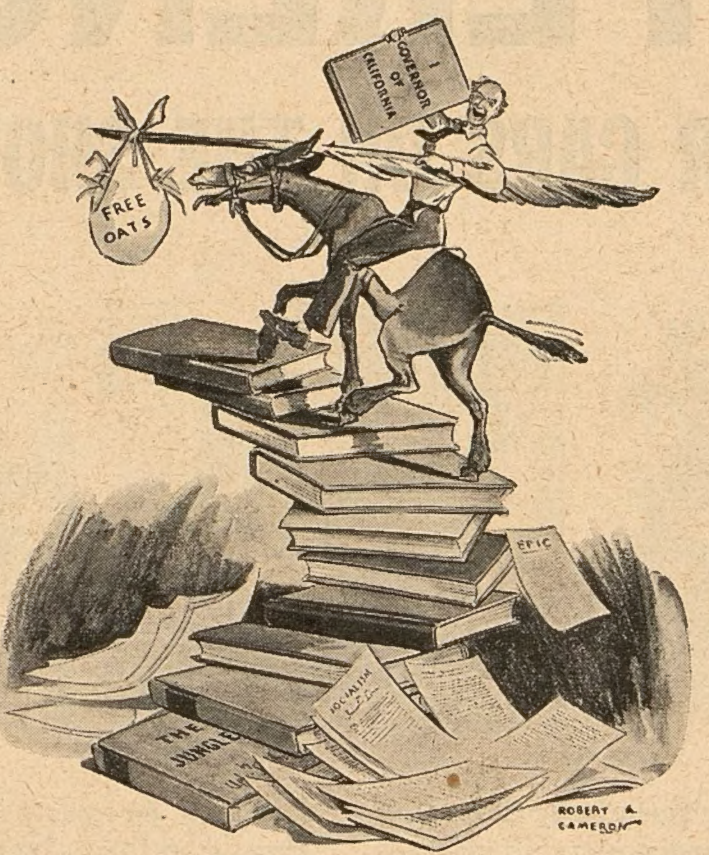
IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

OCTOBER 20, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 42

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

UPTON SINCLAIR WANTS TO SELL US GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

UPTON SINCLAIR has won the gubernatorial nomination on the Democratic ticket in the State of California. His nomination was secured by a record vote. He told his supporters in advance what he intended to do if he became governor. His campaign is aided by the weekly paper, The Epic, which he personally edits and publishes.



Mr. Sinclair proposes revolutionary changes in California's form of government. He expects to take over all idle property of every nature. All closed factories will quickly become active. Employees will be put to work and new merchandise will be manufactured and distributed in return for labor or will be put on the market. Whenever there is a strike in California the state will take over the business and the employees will continue in their jobs.

Now, Mr. Sinclair as an author is an accomplished genius. But he is a mediocre publisher and has been a failure as a business man. To assume the herculean task which he has set for himself as governor of the State of California, he would first and foremost have to possess business abilities of an extraordinary character. And he would have to be surrounded by a corps of business men of equal ability. Nearly all his business ventures have been failures. He admits himself that his total fortune at this time is not above a few hundred dollars. And yet, in his governmental activities, he proposes to take over the business management not only of the State of California but of all the various businesses in California that have failed or come in contact with labor troubles.

Now, even the most inexperienced executive will recognize the absurdity of such a procedure. The entire proposition would quickly result in such chaos that it would disarrange and disorganize every activity within the state.

And there is governmental ownership! Many workers have a foolish idea that when the government owns anything they will have something to say about the control of the business. But it should be obvious that a boss who is placed there by the government will be more strict, more rigid in every way. Every such factory will be in some ways not unlike a prison camp. There will be no freedom for the workman under such circumstances.

And let us take another view of the situation. Are the politicians who will be the supporters of Sinclair in this gubernatorial campaign honest and efficient in every way? Will they be capable business men who will be able to supervise the ventures that Mr. Sinclair proposes to manage?

Politics are rotten all over this country. There are but few exceptions. We have looked with scant respect upon politics. Many of our best citizens are inclined to keep away from them. They do not like the contact.

And we are paying a terrible penalty for this appalling neglect.

What we need at this time is the idealism of the old-time Americanism—the rigid honesty for which we were noted in former generations.

The deplorable situation from which we are suffering at this time has not come from our form of government but from the changes brought into being by crooked politicians.

Upton Sinclair will make a good governor—probably the best that the State of California ever had—provided he is not allowed to put into practice the principles of government ownership or the confiscation of idle lands, factories, etc., which he proposes. It is not always necessary for good governors to be competent business men. But when they propose to manage not only state business but all other businesses that come in contact with financial or other troubles, they are assuming responsibilities which might cause the Almighty to falter.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

"NO DEAR, YOU CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT SHAVING"

"You can't get by without shaving." Your wife—your girl—your associates may not tell you this. But that's what they probably *think* when your face is marred by stubble. For bristles are repulsive to everyone, men and women alike. So how can any man afford to risk the good opinion of others by failing to shave often and well!

Today shaving is not a task. The Gillette "Blue Blade" positively guarantees ease and comfort—even if your skin is tender. In fact—this blade is especially made for men with tender faces — and permits twice-daily shaving, when necessary, without irritation.

The Gillette "Blue Blade" is sharp — amazingly sharp—the smoothest-shaving blade that can be produced. See how its perfectly finished edges—automatically ground, honed and stropped—skim through your beard. Enjoy the benefit of blade-making equipment not equaled anywhere—and inspection methods that eliminate any blade with the slightest flaw.

And when you unwrap your first Gillette "Blue Blade" notice how it is "anchored" in the envelope so the edges reach you undamaged—just as they left the factory. Try this blade on our money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Ask your dealer for Gillette "Blue Blades."

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

What I Am

A Famous Author-Socialist, Now th

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

CALIFORNIA is demanding its share of the New Deal, and is setting about to take it "regardless," as they say.

Our state has advantages of climate which make it a refuge for the homeless and destitute. A ranchwoman told me yesterday that she had been feeding hungry men for four years, and that seventy per cent of them had wandered in from other states. Perhaps that explains why we have a million and a quarter of our population dependent upon public charity. Every four persons in California have to carry an idle person on their backs, and the backs are beginning to break. In spite of a sales tax which takes one cent from the poor every time they buy fifteen cents' worth of food, the state now has a $30,000,000 deficit, and it will be close to $100,000,000 by the end of this year.

That means more taxes, and already a large percentage of our people have lost their homes and ranches to the state or to the banks. Discontent is spreading among all classes, and the public temper is close to boiling point. We have strikes among our farm workers, ruthlessly put down; and as I write blood is flowing in the streets of San Francisco.

To meet this situation there has arisen a political movement having for its slogan "End Poverty In California." From the first letters of these words it calls itself the EPIC movement. It has spread to every corner of the state with a speed which has amazed old-time politicians. Its beginning was a book entitled I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty. In eight months there have been sold 180,000 copies of this book, which makes it the best seller in the history of the state.

The present writer is offering himself for governor on this program. The job of being a state administrator is the last I would choose of my own desire. It is not in accord with my talents, and only a deep sense of the crisis confronting not merely California but the world has brought me out of the garden where I have been writing my books.

It so happens that I have special knowledge of the problem, having been studying it all my thinking life, some forty years. For more than thirty years I have claimed to know the solution, and have proved that knowledge by predicting in detail the present crisis—the one which I call the permanent crisis, because it does not pass away. It is caused by the overproduction not merely of food and clothing, which are used up, but of the means of production—oil wells, coal mines, steel mills, automobile factories—which do not get used up but stay where they are, and, being more valued than human beings, are taken good care of.

The EPIC Plan is not according to any formula and cannot properly be labeled with any name but its own. It represents an effort to meet an immediate emergency with immediately practicable remedies. Since it aspires to be applied by democratic consent, it is of necessity built to attract votes. There are twelve planks in the platform, and in choosing each the first question was: Will it work? and the second: Can it be explained to the people so that they will understand it?

The backbone of the plan is a state system of production for use, to be applied for the benefit of those now unemployed. As matters stand the unemployed are fed at public expense, and this is leading the state into bankruptcy and the nation into inflation. The only solution is to give the unemployed access to land and factories and let them produce what they are going to consume, thus taking them off the taxpayers' backs.

To the business men the EPIC Plan says: These unemployed men and women are no longer of any use to you. The money they are now spending in your stores is in reality your own money; the state borrows it from you and gives it to the starving, who pay it back to you in the form of profits on purchases. But you are fooling yourselves with these profits, for the public debt is being increased by that same amount, and in the end you or your children will have to pay it in the form of taxes.

So we say: Give us these unemployed persons and let us put them at work producing for themselves. That will take them off your backs, and you can go on making profits out of those who still have money to pay you.

Most of my life I have been advocating a complete and perfect coöperative commonwealth. Now, confronting a crisis, I am not talking utopias but about keeping starving people alive. It seems to me a big enough job for any governor of a state to put a million and a quarter persons at productive labor, under a system of production for use. I say, let us try that much and see how it succeeds.

The seeds of the new system exist all over the state in the form of coöperative groups of the unemployed. They get hold of any old tools, they produce anything, and swap it for what they need and with any one they can find. Wherever they have got production going on any scale, they have been handicapped by the politicians, moved by business interests fearing competition. EPIC proposes to put the power and credit of the state behind these self-help groups and give them a chance to grow.

Will the people work? The answer is to be read in their eager faces: try us!

The farmers at the outset were afraid of the idea of state production. But it has been made clear to them that they are in the same position as the business men in this crisis. They are furnishing the food to feed the unemployed. The money they are getting back is in effect a state subsidy; every dollar of it is added to the public debt, and in the end it will be taken out of the farmers' pockets in the form of higher taxes. No one can benefit out of the existing set-up except the speculators and the chiselers.

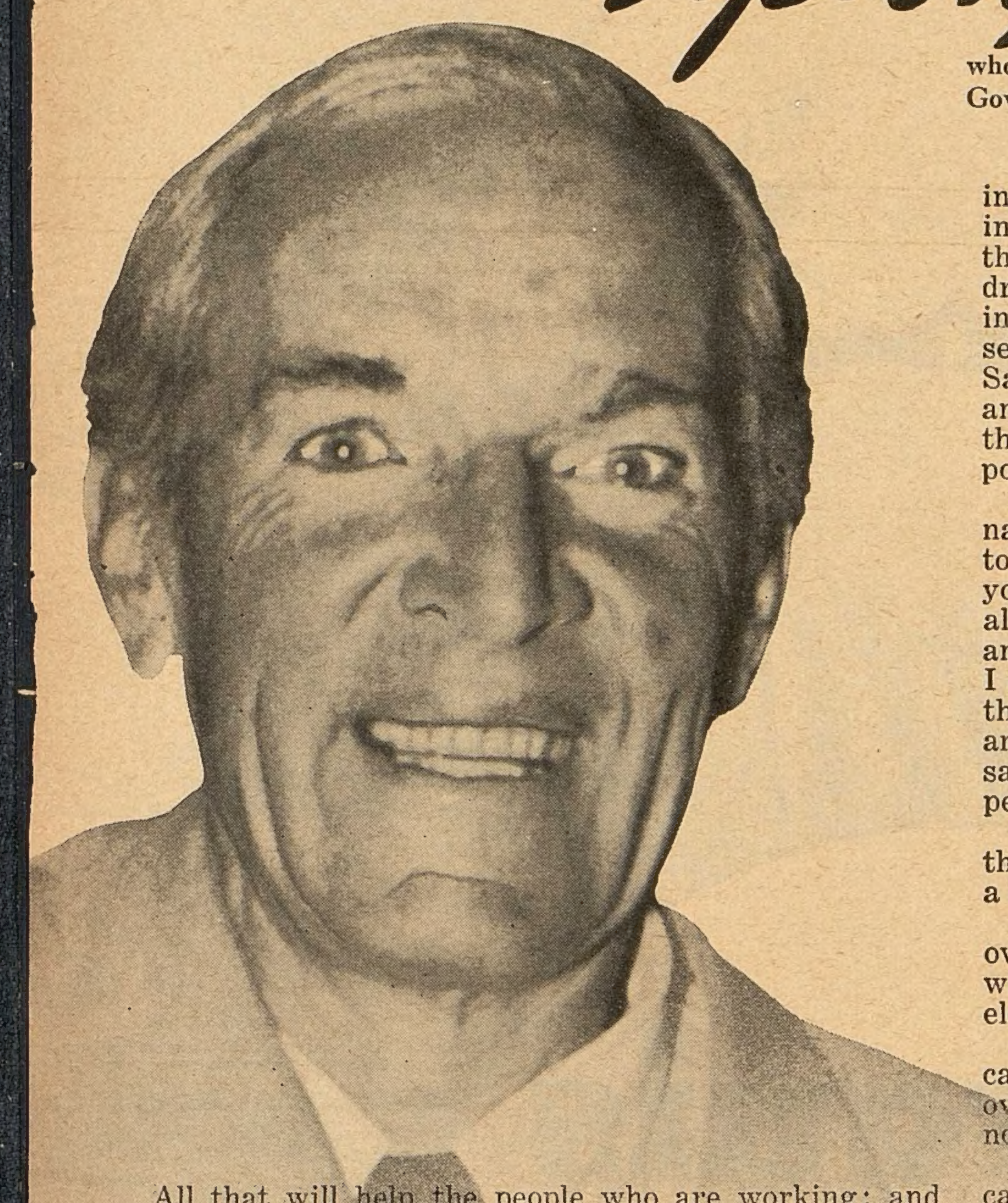
The rest of the EPIC program undertakes to revise the tax system of our state. We propose to repeal the sales tax, a tax on poverty, and to replace it by state income taxes and an increase in the state inheritance taxes. Also a tax on idle land, to take it out of the hands of the speculators and to make it available for production and for homes. Also an exemption from all taxes of homes occupied by the owners and ranches operated by the owners which are assessed at less than three thousand dollars.

Really Going To Do

emocrats' Standard-Bearer in California Explains His E-P-I-C Plan to the Nation

by Upton Sinclair

who was chosen by the Democrats as their candidate for Governor in the most dramatic political surprise of 1934



All that will help the people who are working; and for those who are not able to work there are old-age pensions, and pensions for the blind and disabled, and for the widowed mothers of dependent children. That covers all kinds of poverty in California except the poverty of those who are unwilling to work.

Such is the EPIC Plan. Last October it was a theory. Now it is a political movement organized in every one of the fifty-eight counties of California, with a headquarters in Los Angeles containing thirty-two rooms, every room with many busy workers, and signs on the walls proclaiming that nobody in this building is paid anything for his or her services.

NO one is paid, because there is no money to pay with. The gambling people came first; then the rock, sand, and gravel people; then the insurance people; and so on. They were perfectly definite; they expected to do business in the old way, and all they wanted was control of the State of California so far as concerned their "line." We turned them down, and the word has spread. And now, strange to say, a lot of them are going to vote for us. Even a gambler is a man and a citizen and is capable of understanding idealism.

We have the pennies which come from the sale of books, and nickels, dimes, and quarters collected at mass meetings. Our people took the American Legion Auditorium in San Diego, seating 2,200, and charged a quarter to hear their candidate for governor, and turned away some hundreds of persons. They took the Municipal Auditorium in Long Beach, charging from ten to forty cents, and seated about 4,000. They took the Dreamland Rink in San Francisco, and 12,000 came; also in Oakland, 9,000, and in the Pasadena Rose Bowl—the first time in history that a political organization has had the nerve to call a political meeting in that place.

The people are doing it all. I don't even know their names; it is just a blur of faces to me. Everywhere I say to them: "It's your need, not mine. Get it clear that you are voting for yourselves and not for me. I can always earn a living; you are the ones who suffer want and insecurity. I would do the job for you if I could; but I am only one man, and it's a job which needs tens of thousands of men and women. It's a job for the people, and you must prove whether Lincoln was right when he said that government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth."

The people came forward, and they went to work, and they built a political movement. It grew so fast that for a long time I could not believe it.

We began getting the results of straw polls from all over the state, and they showed that we were going to win. But I said: "I will believe it on the day after election."

All the world knows the result now. Our EPIC ticket carried by 150,000 plurality and we got an actual majority over all the other eight candidates for the Democratic nomination.

We got 100,000 more votes than the highest Republican candidate, and the total Democratic vote was greater than the total Republican vote.

Now begins the big fight. Our opponents will have millions of dollars—not merely California money but Wall Street money. They will do everything in their power to frighten the voters—all observers agree that it will be the meanest political campaign since the days of William Jennings Bryan.

I make no guess as to the outcome. I will know on November 7 and so will you.

One thing I can say positively, and that is that if we are elected we shall do what we have promised. It is my belief that the EPIC Plan, or something like it, offers the only way to save our democratic nation from a tumble into civil war, Fascism, and ultimately Bolshevism. In California we are fortunate in having an effective direct primary, with power of recall, and a system of initiative and referendum, enabling the people to pass whatever legislation they see fit. If we can use these great powers intelligently, we can make the needed changes in our industrial system peaceably and gradually If we fail, the consequences will be too terrible to contemplate—and for that reason we intend to succeed. Our people are singing songs about it and marching as if on a crusade.

End Poverty In California!

THE END

The Marquis Plays Poker

IT was the twenty-five hundred and fifty-ninth year of the royal dynasty of Japan. In the outer world—the barbarian West that Marquis Tanuma so dreadfully admired—men said it was the turn of the century. The Boer War was just well under way. Several of the marquis's kinsmen had gone to that war, in various inconspicuous capacities, to bring back full reports of the British guns. So near that he could almost hear the shouting, Dewey's cannon had blown a hole in the sea and the Spanish fleet had dropped in.

An emperor named Mikini—so the marquis had been told—was on the throne in America. Meiji Tenno, the Enlightened One, had reigned for thirty-two years at Tokyo.

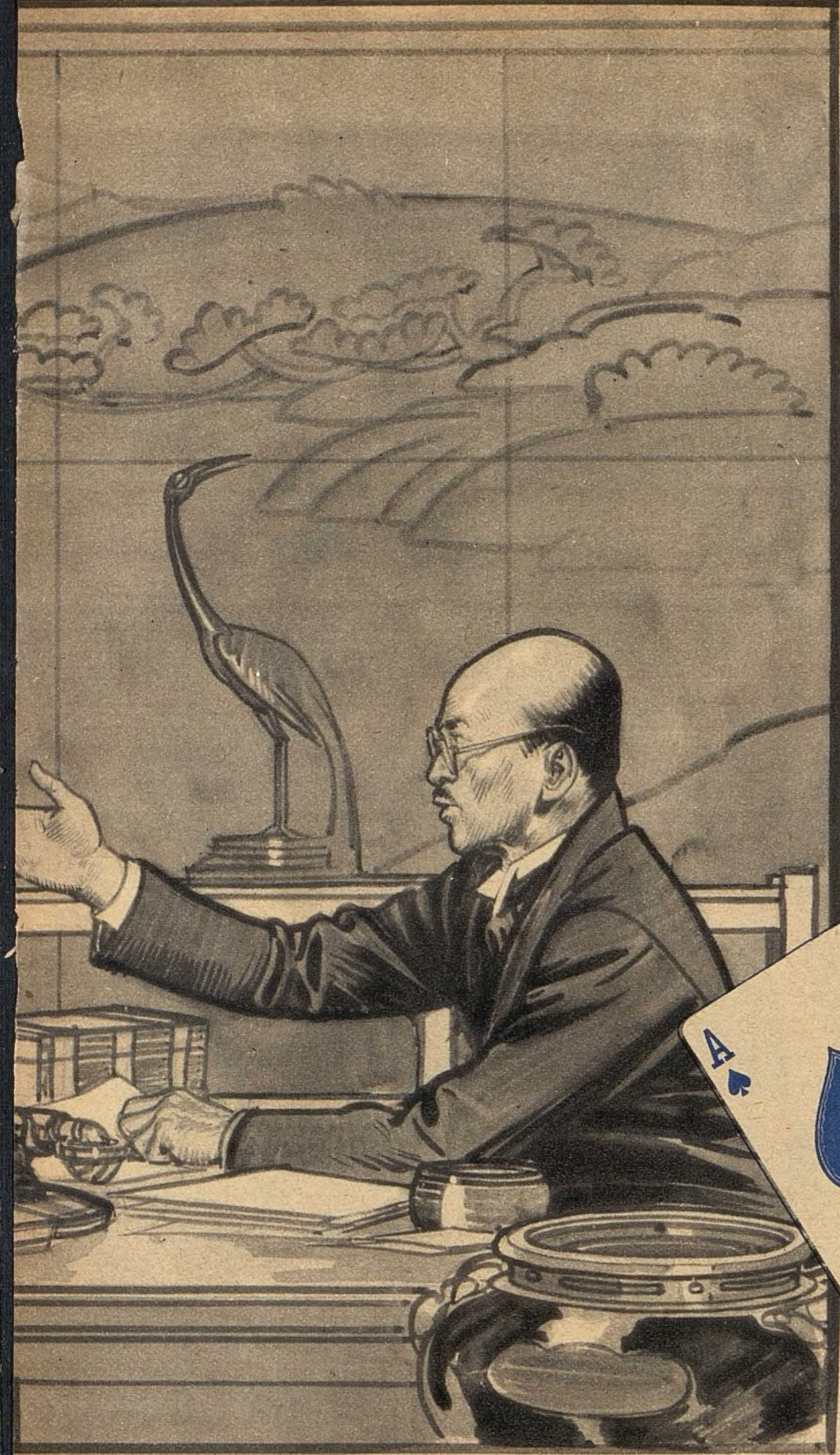
"But time runs on, my son," the marquis said to his heir, young Tomomi Izumo. "Old things pass away and leave only a fragrance; new ways, new minds, new manners fill the land. Thou knowest that our Mikado hath turned his face to the west."

"Yes, most honorable father!"

"I do not say it is good or evil, but it is so. Japan must take her place with the nations. We must learn their thoughts and customs; their strange machines. And thou, my son, art among those chosen to show the way."

Tomomi bowed, but his thin ivory face did not change expression.

"Thou must go from my house, across the wide waters, and attend one of their schools. I have spoken of this to the Emperor, and it is his wish. I have heard of a place called Okfor, and still another known as Yaili.



Cowlicks was made of sterner stuff. He ran forward and extended his hand. "Put her there!" he cried.

It's a Grand Old Game (Though Frowned On by Some) and It May Have Strange and Stirring Consequences. . . Here Is a Story of East and West that Will Warm the Cockles of Your Heart

by EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

K
A
K
A
J
Q
J
10
10

But Baron Mutsnari's son is at one, and the grandson of the venerable Count Hoshia attends the other. Besides—they are so far."

Young Tomomi did not raise his eyes.

"But there is a school in the west of America which Prince Ito knows. It is small but most learned, and the sons of Oregon lords attend there. And—it is only three weeks' journey, which is nothing."

"It is nothing, honorable father."

"Thou shalt go there and attend diligently to that learning—for four years."

"I shall not see thy face for four years?"

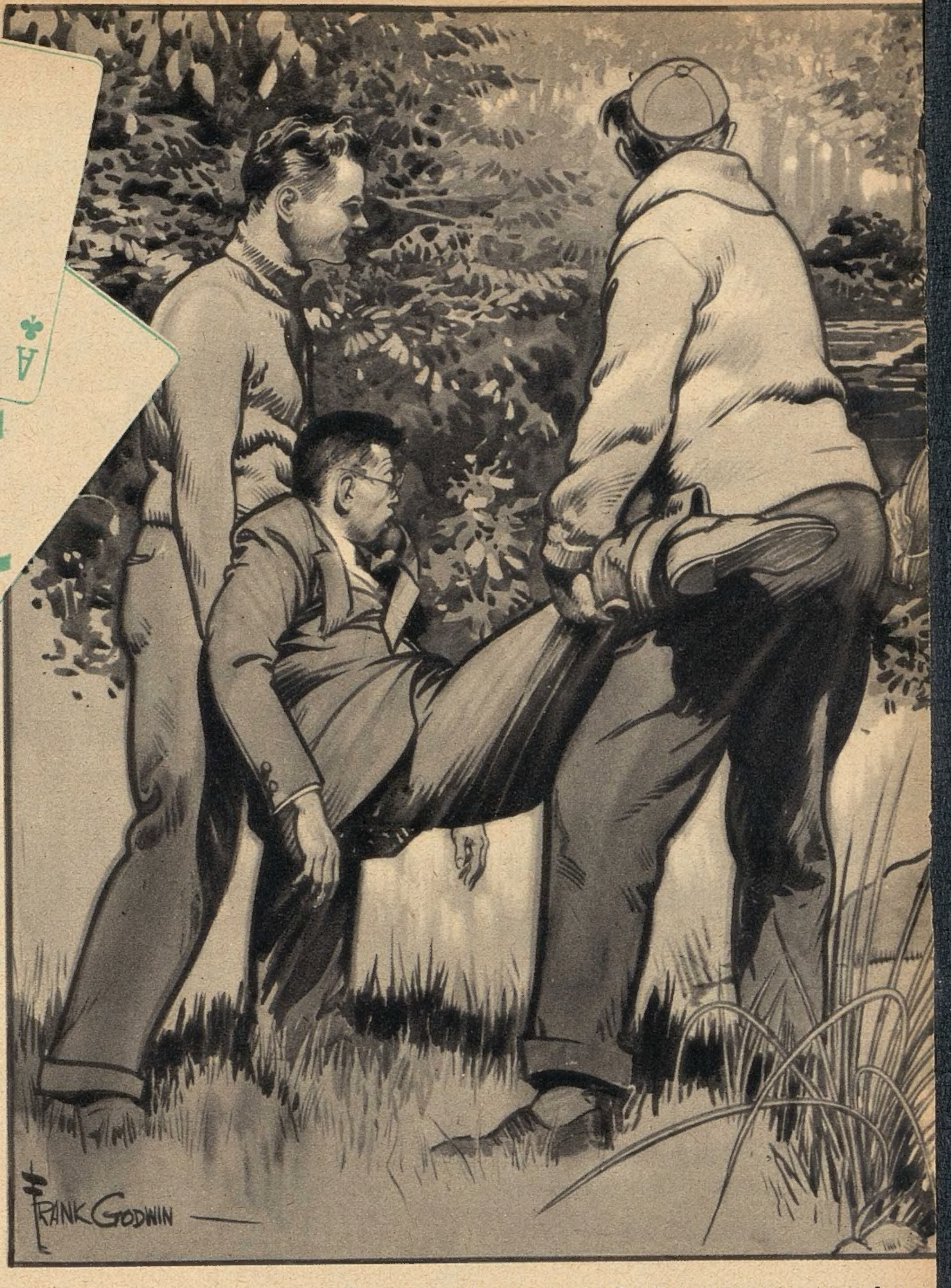
"It is the wish of our Emperor, our master. Go from me quickly, lest I am shamed." . . .

Young Tomomi showed up at the University of Oregon in September, 1899. He spoke English with ease—he had a letter of credit which stupefied the bankers in Eugene—and found little difficulty in qualifying, registering, and procuring quarters in the old brick dormitory on Thirteenth Street, just across from the football field.

Registration over, Tomomi had his first leisure to look around. True, this was a small college. The only buildings were two cement-looking affairs, Deady and Villard Halls, and a few other nondescript structures. They looked a little plain, at least in contrast with his father's palace in Tokyo. His room in the dorm resembled a hermit's cell.

His father had been mistaken in assuming that the lords of Oregon sent their sons to the State University. Oregon had no lords. The boys here were the sons of farmers, doctors, and mechanics. And girls went to college too! They were not geishas brought here for entertainment, as he had suspected at first, but qualified students. Nor did they stand by and hang their heads while the men were talking.

But he made the best of everything. He bought a green cap, and packed wood for the freshman bonfire. He



He tried hard to understand why sophomores must throw

tried hard to understand why every so often the sophomores must throw the freshmen in the frog pond or the mill race. He sought to make sense of the loud charm he was supposed to yell out at football games:

"Oski-wow-wow.
Wiskey-wee-wee.
Oli-mucki-ai.
Oree-goni-ai.
Wow!"

Then he had to learn about Sigma Nu. It was the only national fraternity (whatever that meant) on the campus, and had started a generation or so before, which the dorm boys regarded as historic. Tomomi, whose personal family history had been accurately charted since the Emperor Go-sanjo, at the time of the Norman conquest of England, had difficulty in feeling impressed; but he did his best.

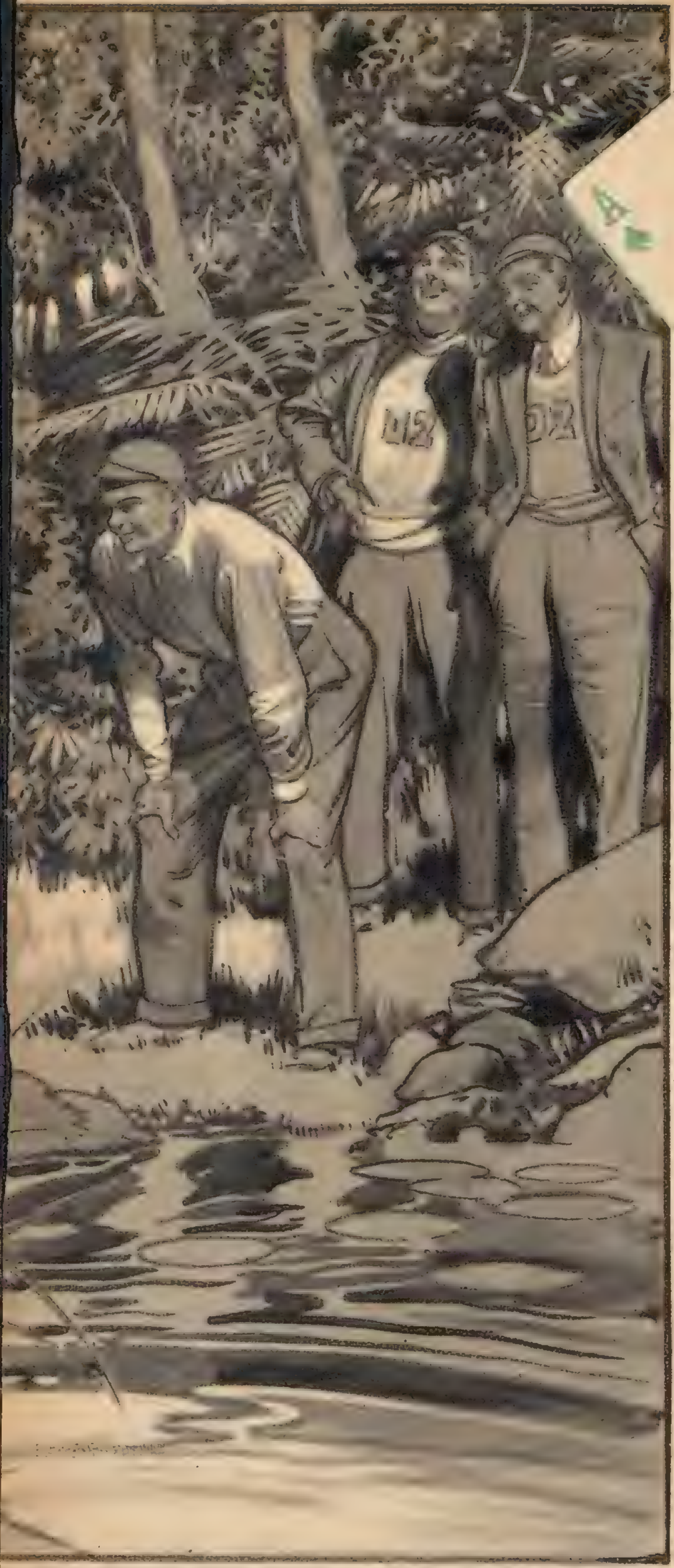
On the school side the university fulfilled his highest expectations. It was *alive*. There was a sense of marching in the vanguard of an army of seekers that made his keen brain fly. The professors were always putting forward the most daring ideas that made him wriggle with delight, of course well inside his calm ivory-colored exterior.

But on the whole he found little pleasure in his first few weeks of college. It was a new, harsh, and alien world. In lonely nights he called to his inner eye a long sweet vista of old Japan: a many-roofed villa; gardens with murmuring waters; a little family shrine where his mother prayed for sons; winding walks, and his father meditating on man's kinship with nature and God; peace and permanence and the long flow of the River of Time. But he remembered the wide Pacific beating between. For this time and place he was simply an Oregon frosh. And of course he never lost a gram of his immemorial poise.

He grew accustomed to the curious gaze, not unfriendly—perhaps a little patronizing—of the upper classmen. When one of them stopped and spoke to him, always with a faintly virtuous air of being kind and democratic to a lonely foreigner, he appeared properly grateful; but well under his ivory skin he enjoyed a secret smile.

HE lived and learned. Soon he was attending rallies, sitting in the back of the room. He even absorbed a little of that strange intoxicant, college spirit. When, just before Thanksgiving, the team won a last-minute victory over their rivals at Oregon Agricultural College, he found himself saying a prayer of thankfulness to one of his favorite household gods.

He began to make friends with some of his classmates, and to like their peculiarities. There was Bill Hoskin of Walla Walla, who was always planning inventions to revolutionize industry; there was Dick Smith of Sigma Nu, who ran the class; and Spud Maxwell, who sang bass; and a little Jew from Portland who bought and sold secondhand books; and Fred Weaver, who could talk an arm off a marble statue and would turn out an insurance



freshmen in the frog pond.

salesman. They were an unfailing source of amusement and surprise to the keen-minded, keen-eyed little Japanese.

One night Bill Hoskin invited him to a poker-fest, held in secret in his room. A natural gambler, Tomomi learned the game without great expense. The first night all he won was a nickname—Tom. But by the third night he had begun to show the makings of a poker genius. It was really—although he said nothing—absurdly simple: just a quick mathematical calculation to determine the percentage of chance. And he had a poker face.

But he never made a bet that his companions could not afford to lose.

During the summer he visited factories, on arrangements made by his father's friends in San Francisco. When he returned to the campus in September, it was with a quiet, singular pleasure.

" Hello, Tom," and " How are you, Tom? " and " Glad to see you back." It was this all up and down Hello Lane. And it sounded good.

That year he consolidated his growing fame at poker. Men came all the way from the Sigma Nu House to challenge his skill. Every one called him Tom, and in the dorm the boys had begun to suspect that he knew more than he let on and had a quiet sense of humor a little over their heads.

Presently he was a junior, with the ancient inalienable right of wearing corduroy trousers. Football, with its rallies and hard-fought but inevitable victories over O. A. C. The sophomore hop, with its parade of tail coats. The breathless selection of neophytes for the campus honor societies. The senior play. The track meet.

That year Bill Hoskin finished his first invention, an alarm clock that would turn on the radiator. Dick Smith still ran the class. Spud Maxwell finally made the glee club and sang bass at all hours of the night. Fred Weaver was selling mail-order suits to half the campus.

Another year—and he bought the wide-brimmed hat, the especial and sacred privilege of a senior. The under classmen addressed him with respect. When a rowdy from the town insulted him in China Mary's noodle house, and he sent the fellow to the hospital (he could have killed him if he'd liked) with a little slap on the throat with the edge of his hand, he became a nine-day campus hero.

Tomomi Izumo belonged.

BUT in the back of his head the dream still lingered of a flowery earth heaven across the sea, of petals floating on quiet waters, of tranquillity and beauty and a way of life that had been laid down and sealed against change by the first royal avatars from the sky.

Still he never confided this dream to his friends. He never hinted that he was anything but a Japanese schoolboy. In his modern-history class, at the professor's request, he rose and gave a clear outline of the causes and results of the Chino-Japanese War, but he did not add that his own uncle commanded the Japanese fleet off the Yalu River and his own father sat beside Prince Ito at the peace conference.

The winter rains drizzled and ceased. The spring of 1903 besieged and gently usurped the Willamette Valley. Other seniors made love to pretty freshmen girls on the mill race, but Tomomi boned harder than ever. He knew now all there was to know of the machines that chugged up the road without ponies or coolies, as well as a myriad other mysteries of value to his country; but the pile of things unlearned appeared to grow as by some sardonic magic.

The last few weeks of the term dragged interminably. He ached for home. Besides, he was needed there. Every morning the Oregonian brought reports of Russian aggressions. Japan was working herself up to that most gallant gesture of her career—a war that her honor demanded but which she scarcely hoped to win. But the storm held off, and at last he finished the examinations.

It was found that his scholastic record was highest in his class. There were many back slappings, many kind eyes and friendly smiles, when he was chosen valedictorian. And just before commencement Bill Hoskin, Spud Maxwell, and a poker friend from Sigma Nu paid him a solemn call. He had been elected to the Friars Club, the senior honor society!

The Friars was an ancient organization—probably ten years old. As the heir of Marquis Tanuma, Tomomi automatically belonged to an inner circle of Japanese nobility that was old when Columbus sailed. Yet his black eyes lighted and all day on the campus he wore the cowl with pride.

Three days later he stood at the station in Eugene, waiting for the Portland train. Bill Hoskin and a few of his other friends were down to see him off.

"Don't forget to come to Walla Walla, Tom," Bill told him. "I want another chance at that five dollars you slickered me out of!"

"You've got to come to Japan to get it," Tomomi answered.

"How will we ever find you in those seethin' millions?" Dick Smith demanded.

"I'll leave my name and address with your American consul in Tokyo. He'll help you locate me. Good-by—good luck—happy days!"

The train pulled out; and Tomomi Izumo reëntered his heritage.

THIRTY years ran by. Tomomi was the Marquis Tanuma. Officially he was only the head of the privy council to his friend and confidant the young Emperor. But he could make or break prime ministers; he was the acknowledged head of the Japanese military, that was and had always been above the civil government; and the foreign policy of his country he held tight in his little ivory-colored hand.

As mere details, he belonged to the Order of the Golden Kite and the first class of the Rising Sun. The days when he was a Friar—not to mention one of the "Pie-Eyed Potentates of Imperial Poker" at the dorm—seemed long ago and far away.

Tomomi had never revisited America; nor, save for Japan's gain, did he ever glance in that direction. His American college days were a fading dream. And Bill Hoskin and Spud Maxwell never called at his palace or office to bring those days to life. If they visited Japan, they did not look him up. If they saw his title in the news, they did not recognize it. And the poker he played now was for ports and forts and foreign concessions against morning-coated gentlemen at international conferences, not for a ten-cent limit.

He saw no old Oregon grads. True, he met a number of Americans, ambassadors and consuls and special envoys, and occasionally prominent tourists. But they spoke English, not American. They did not lounge about in shirt sleeves. They were his present contemporaries. They knew Marquis Tanuma, not Tomomi Izumo. They were opponents, not friends—secret enemies of Japan's growing commercial and political power. They were his equals, as far as any outlander could be the equal of the descendant of the gods. And more and more he judged America by them, not by Spud Maxwell who sang bass.

When he heard of the university through bulletins forwarded to him by the alumni secretary, it sounded foreign. New buildings were being erected. There was a "gift campaign" and difficulties with the legislature. The old school was growing up, so the secretary wrote. The rah-rah days were over. The frog pond had been drained.

It was all lost. It did not matter any more.

Suddenly there was trouble with America. It began with protests over Japanese expansion in Manchuria. Then there was a rail riding of Japanese truck growers in the Sacramento Valley—the murder of an American oil man by Japanese students in a geisha house in Kobe—a race war in Honolulu in which four Japanese, including a distinguished old consul, were shot.

It couldn't lead to war, the papers said. But all the time the leaders of both countries knew better. And why not? Marquis Tanuma thought. His party craved war; and fighting in her own waters, so far from an American base, Japan could conquer and hold the Philippines. The American public did not know this, but it was a fact. But he would wait for one more overt act.

He did not have to wait long. Two young American aviators came world-flying via the Aleutian and Kurile Islands, and Japan gave them a gracious welcome. But they stayed longer than was expected. They made so many trial flights up and down the coast that presently the War Office became suspicious. As they were taking off for Shanghai, they were arrested and their plane and persons carefully searched. Cleverly concealed were a number of priceless photographs of Japanese harbors and fortifications.

News of the incident was kept from the press, but the cables were hot and the air crackled with code messages between Tokyo and Washington. In the meantime the flyers were summarily court-martialed. Although given every legal benefit, they were found guilty of espionage and sentenced to death.

When the execution date was but two days away, the American ambassador called on the Mikado's most powerful subject, Marquis Tanuma. He made no attempt to defend the spies. He granted that Japan was within her rights. "But they were not in the employ of my government," he said. "They were on their own, for purposes of their own. You do not admit this, but you know it is true. Yet the news of their execution will hurl America into war against Japan. Thousands of American and Japanese soldiers will die for two boys' crime. God and humanity call on you to avert this terrible disaster."

Marquis Tanuma's ivory face did not change expression. War—yes; but not disaster for Japan. As a realist he saw a handsome opportunity for what would appear to the world as a defensive war, to win which would make Japan veritable ruler of the whole East. As a fatalist he was reluctant to interfere.

Aloud he said: "It is an unfortunate situation; but if war comes, it will be because America fires the first gun."

"The first gun will be fired at those two foolish spies. Then it will be too late. At this stage the incident can still be hushed up. It is the opportunity of the century for a friend of America and humanity."

But was Marquis Tanuma a friend of America and humanity? What did either of them matter compared to the future glory and expansion of the Land of the Rising Sun? He was perfectly aware that it was in his power to avert war. The Emperor had already given him the right to pardon the two spies. But was this his heart's desire?

That was the final issue—his own whim. In the words he had learned at a college in the West, he would do what he damned well pleased.

The ambassador was ushered out with many bows but few promises. Marquis Tanuma sat at his desk a long time, faintly smiling; then he touched a bell.

"BRING before me the two American prisoners," he said.

The two men were marched in. Men? Why, they were hardly more than boys! Strange that he should suddenly remember Bill Hoskin and Dick Smith saying good-by to him at the station in Eugene.

One of the spies was tall and lean, the other rather short and round-faced. One was sandy-haired and freckled, the other round-eyed and cowlicked. Both were in shirt sleeves. Evidently the lieutenant of the guard had been so befuddled by the marquis's command that he had forgotten to dress them properly; and of course they would not think of it themselves.

All this the marquis saw with half an eye—and his cold heart leaped strangely and violently against his ribs. Those two boys called back the Oregon campus on a warm spring day.

They looked at him with slightly open mouths. Their clothes might have been bought from Fred Weaver—yes, that was his name—the year he was representing the mail-order house. The tall one—Tanuma named him Freckles—had enormous big-boned hands such as he used to marvel at on the poker tables. The short one—Cowlicks would do for him—looked as though he might belong in the front row of the glee club, singing tenor.

"Just why," he asked quietly, "did you take photographs of our coasts? Did you mean to sell them to America?"

Freckles was not the articulate type. When there was talking to be done—serious talking—he left it to Cowlicks. The latter swallowed painfully.

"No, sir. We had no idea of sellin' 'em. We—we—"

"Well, what?"

"I guess—well, I guess we were after glory."

"Heroes, eh? Your picture in all the papers? A triumphant parade through Washington? Ribbons pinned on your chests by the President?"

Freckles uttered a startled grunt. "That's about right, I suppose, sir."

"It never occurred to you that if you were caught you'd face the firing squad?"

"Yes, it occurred to us," Cowlicks admitted sadly. "But it was so exciting, and I guess we thought we'd—we'd—"

"Get by?" A warm and purring dynamo had been turned on inside the marquis, but his ivory countenance gave no sign.

"Yes, sir. That's just it, sir."

"Your previous successes in lawlessness led you to think so, I suppose? It began with your escapades in college. For instance"—the marquis spoke coldly, his face as expressionless as when he used to stand pat on a pair of deuces in the dormitory gambling dens—"the time you turned in the college fire alarm—"

Cowlicks's chin jerked forward. "No, sir. I never turned in any fire alarm—"

The marquis consulted some papers on his desk. "Excuse me. I meant to say the time you painted the statue on the campus."

In spite of his terror, Cowlicks stopped to marvel at the very painstaking thoroughness with which the ferretlike agents of the Japanese government must have searched his past.

"Yes, sir. I was in that. But I didn't do the actual painting."

"By the way, Cowlicks—I mean—er—a—I forget where you went to college?"

"At Parkson University, in Ohio."

"And that pin you wear on your shirt?"

"That's Delta Tau Delta, a college fraternity."

"Did you ever hear of a fraternity named Sigma Nu?"

"Sigma Nu? Good Lord—I mean, yes, sir. Why, they had a chapter at Parkson! I had a *lot* of friends that were Sigs."

A dim ghost of a smile flickered at the marquis's lips, but he mastered it manfully. "Did you ever hear them sing a song that went like this: 'It's swell to be a Sigma Nu, Sigma Nu'?"

"Oh my gosh! Plenty of times. 'And every time a Sigma Nu takes a drink, takes a drink'—" Cowlicks stopped, abashed.

"DID you have a little Jew at your college who bought and sold secondhand books?" the marquis went on sternly, consulting the papers on his desk.

"We sure did." Cowlicks's round eyes began to have a suspicion of a pop. "You mean Mose Feldenheimer from Cincinnati. He hasn't done anything, has he?"

"The last I heard"—Tanuma looked him steadily in the eye—"he was going into cloaks and suits in Cleveland."

"I hadn't heard that."

"No? And by the way, you needn't feel that by answering my questions you are betraying any of your friends. You are the only ones in trouble. And tell me—was there a frog pond on your campus?"

"No, sir. But if you mean the little lake—"

"You should have gone to the University of Oregon. *They* had a frog pond. I don't wish to embarrass you, but did you make any of the undergraduate honor societies?"

"Yes, sir. Torch-and-Dagger."

"Come, come! Torch-and-Dagger was at Oregon—no, I beg your pardon; that was Dagger-and-Shield. Was that for the big men of the campus or the ruffians?"

"The ruffians, sir. The good one was the Swastika."

"But you didn't go out for the dramatic club, Sock-and-Buskin?"

"You've got the wrong name, sir. Ours was Mask-and-Wig."

EDISON MARSHALL

says he travels to write and writes to travel. He began his writing in college and has been at it ever since. He also has hunted big game in every corner of the world. He makes his home in Georgia.

"To be sure. How stupid of me!" Tanuma's lips did not even twitch. "And your college yell—let's see, how did it go? Wow—Woe—O-hi-O—"

"No, sir. You've got it confused, I guess, with some other Ohio school. Ours sounds kind of foolish, sir."

"That's all right. Give it."

"Ours went 'Oskie-wow-wow. Wiskey-wee-wee. Parkson-holy-eye. Uni-versitai. Hurrah!' But I know you don't want to hear—"

"I asked for it, did I not? Your business is to answer questions. It is all part of our investigations."

"I beg your pardon, sir." Cowlicks breathed heavily through his nose. "I'll answer any questions you ask."

But now the marquis turned to Freckles. "Where did you go to college?"

Freckles jumped visibly.

"I didn't go, sir. After high school I went straight into flying."

"Are you from Ohio too?"

"No, sir. From Walla Walla, Washington."

THE smile in the statesman's heart passed away and a poignant warmth took its place. "Did you say," he asked tensely, "Walla Walla?"

"That's right, sir. A little place down on the U. P."

"I know—'the Eden of the West.' Did you ever know a man there named William Hoskin?"

"I sure do! He and my dad—my father—play poker—that's a card game—every Saturday night. He's a kind of an inventor."

"That's the man. His inventions have revolutionized industry?"

"I wouldn't say that, sir. I don't think he's made anything off of 'em yet. The last I heard, he was working on dual control for automobiles. He runs the Home Folks Garage."

"Do you happen to know"—and there was a curious sparkle in the marquis's aristocratic eye—"whether he still holds an ace as a—let me see—a kicker?"

"He sure does. I've watched 'em play plenty of times."

"When you see him again, tell him it's bad business. The laws of chance are all against it. Tell him Tom Izumo says so."

"I'll tell him." And then Freckles's sandy hair, as well as the black swirls on Cowlicks's head, began slowly to rise. "But this is Wednesday—" the former stammered.

"Yes, and the day after tomorrow will be Friday. I think you can both be packed by then, can you not? For—you see—the Emperor has decided to pardon you."

Marquis Tanuma said no more. One of the secrets of his power was always saying just enough. For a moment Freckles looked ghastly white; then big tears began to roll out of his eyes.

Cowlicks was made of sterner stuff. He swelled up, his eyes threatened to pop out; then, with a wheeze, he ran forward and extended his hand.

"Put her there!" he cried.

The Marquis Tanuma, descended from the sun god, put her there. In his excitement Cowlicks gave him the Delt grip.

The next day a carefully censored report of the arrest, trial, conviction, and subsequent pardon of two unnamed American spies was sent by cable and wireless to American papers, and screamed in headlines across the land. It was all due to the magnanimity of the Emperor. Only once did the name of Marquis Tanuma appear in the story, and this in the last paragraph:

"It turned out that the spies were two glory-seeking American youths with the mistaken idea that Japan and America were about to declare war. To prevent such mistakes from arising in the future, the Emperor has expressed the hope that Americans will in future make a closer study of Japanese temperament and aims. With this in mind, Marquis Tanuma has set aside from his personal fortune what will be known as the International Peace Fund, the interest from which will permit twenty American boys to attend the University of Tokyo every year."

THE END

PARA

A Girl with a Jazz Heart! What Chance Has a Puritan Against Her? . . . . A Vivid New Novel Sweeps Excitingly Into Its Stride

by PATTERSON DIAL

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

THE sudden breaking off of the engagement of Jessica Furnell and Charles Wyatt is one of those events newspapers love to describe as rocking the foundations of New York's most exclusive society. Both are members of that coveted circle, and the linking of Jessica with Ross Mennard, movie idol, adds spice to the story.

In truth, there was no real intrigue between Mennard and Jessica. The actor merely used the society beauty as a medium of publicity for himself. But Charles misunderstands the shipboard photograph of the pair which newspapers publish, and the innuendoes planted by Mennard in the gossip columns, and Jessica is too proud to explain. Thus the engagement is called off, she hurries back abroad, and he seeks seclusion on a small island off the Florida coast. It is here he first meets Paradise Weir.

An amazingly beautiful girl, lithe and graceful as a sea nymph, Paradise is the daughter of H. MacAlexander Weir. Her utter frankness and stark profanity shock the well bred Charles at first. She tells him right off that she was born in a " stinking hole " in Hongkong, that her mother died when she was two years old, and that since then she has bummed over the world with " Mac," her father.

With equal frankness, Mac, once he learns he has nothing to fear from Charles, boasts of his prowess as a smuggler, stock swindler, and all-around crook. Paradise listens with a proud loyalty, but makes it clear that she takes no part in his lawlessness. During one of the jovial Weir's mysterious visits to the mainland, Charles and Paradise get drunk, and he tells her of his shattered romance with Jessica. We now find them on the beach, she trying to console him.

PART TWO—"I MIGHT LOVE YOU, CHARLIE, IF YOU'D LET ME."

POOR Charlie!" Paradise refused to joke with him. " But you will get over it. We always do some day."

" I remember now," he was eager to turn her away from talk of himself, " you told me about you when you were sixteen."

" Oh, that was something else. This was when I was fifteen. But I was really a lot older, going around with Mac and him treating me always like I was grown. I looked grown. I knew a lot."

" Sometimes I feel that you must have been born knowing a lot."

" Maybe I was. Anyway, when I was fifteen there was this kid just out of school. He was poor and he didn't like it, but he was working with a gang that brought liquor in from the Bahamas. He loved me. There was trouble one night—the coast guard. He was killed. For weeks and weeks I might as well've been dead too."

" But you were very young."

" What's that got to do with it? A thing can only hurt so much, young or old. Besides, I was a damn' sight older than any kid you ever saw fifteen." She lifted herself so that she sat beside him, looking out at the sea. " And look at me now. I'm happy. A little over a year afterward I was happy when Mac and me were in Tia Juana and I met the guy I married."

" Good Lord, I didn't think you were married! "

" I'm not now, not for a long time. He died too. But not the same. He was a dealer in a gambling joint down there. There was a fight; he was an ugly fighter; he got a knife in his back. There was something about it in the Western papers at the time. Real news must've been scarce. There were pictures of me, the ' leetle innocent wife,' and the other woman and her husband, a pretty good Mex, who killed him." She shrugged. " By then I didn't care so much. We'd been married a year and he hadn't turned out exactly what I thought he was."

" When you tell me things like this I feel like a child beside you."

" Perhaps you are. When all this happened I suppose you were a nice good little boy going to Yale or Harvard or some such place." She gave him a sidewise amused glance. " Well," she sighed, " it taught me my lesson. Since then I don't marry 'em."

" Really, Miss Weir," he pretended a shocked rebuke, " I don't know what you're talking about."

" Really, Mr. Wyatt, I didn't think you would."

" Shall we have a drink on it, then? "

" Why, thank you, Mr. Wyatt, I'll have two."

They settled back on the sand and turned their attention to the demijohn. He said seriously:

" One thing. You know it's swell to see anybody as honest as you are."

" Why not? That's the one thing Mac taught me. Don't fool yourself about yourself, your real honest-to-God reasons for doing things. I go a step farther, and that's where Mac and I split. What he does is his business; but me—I don't fool me or anybody else about what I am or what I do. That way it seems to me there's nothing in the world I have to be afraid of."

" Right you are, Miss Weir, and have a drink."

It was dark, and they had wrapped themselves in blankets and retreated to the sand dunes in order to escape the incoming tide, before they decided to return to the hotel. They ate dinner in a careful dignified silence and while they looked solemnly across the wide expanse of empty tables at the manager and his family, noisy and hungry at a table near the kitchens.

AFTERWARD they went to her rooms, where she set out the usual array of bottles, improvising a bar on a scarred, stained, wabbly-legged table.

Day was breaking when he wavered down the corridor to his rooms. A few hours later he awakened to a feeling of hazy depressed discomfort. After he had bathed and dressed he was still not quite clear about what he did or said. He fumbled at the telephone and called Paradise.

" Guess who this is," he greeted her. " Personally I wouldn't know. I'm dead."

" I have felt better myself."

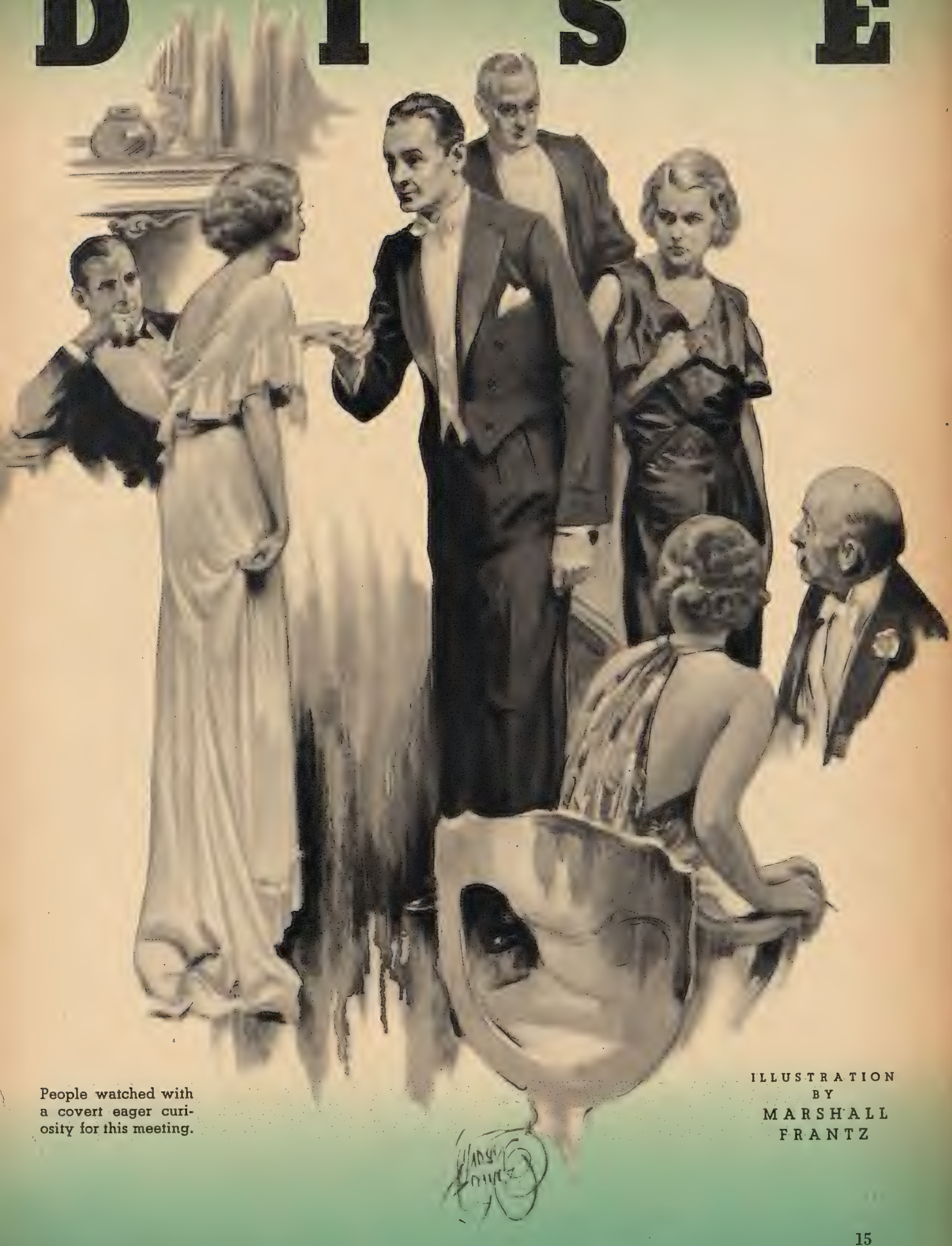
" I need a pick-up, an eye-opener, or something."

" I have something."

A half an hour later, both of them feeling much better, they decided that they were tired of the island, that they wanted to go to the mainland for food. There was a fair-sized city within an hour's drive. On the way over they continued to drink. By the time they had arrived in the city and found their way to a hotel dining room they were in high good spirits.

He was not used to such sustained and protracted dissipation. The last few weeks had been a drain on both mind and body trained to a more or less sane and well

DISE



People watched with a covert eager curiosity for this meeting.

ILLUSTRATION
BY
MARSHALL
FRANTZ

balanced existence. While they ate, everything began to blur and tremble before him. In fits and starts he would hear himself saying the most ridiculous, impossible things.

Around three o'clock he was gone, though to a casual observer he seemed merely a white-faced, rather sedate young man, completely immersed in his vivacious beautiful companion.

The last things he remembered saying were:

"Paradise, you see in me frustration, thwartation of a natural-born meant-to-be-married-and-head-of-his-house sort of guy, and all is Dead Sea fruit before me."

And she had answered:

"What the hell! You can always get married, Charlie."

"That's so."

"You want to get married, Charlie?"

"I did. Very much. But now—I can't get married just by myself."

"Well, I'm here, if you've got to have somebody to get married with you."

"You have been most kind to me. Would it please you to get married?"

"Sure! Sure it would. What the hell! Why not?"

The next thing he was clearly conscious of was a feeling of irritation about his eyes. Opening them, he was dazzled by a shaft of sunlight slanting through the window, the window of his bedroom at the island hotel. How and when had he got back? Dully he realized that his head ached horribly. Carefully he sat up and looked about him. Through the door he could see the couch in the living room. Paradise lay there in a tangle of blankets, one leg thrust outside the covers and bare to the hip. Her face mashed against a pillow, she was sleeping heavily.

He stumbled out of bed and went to the couch. Shaking her, he said softly:

"Paradise, wake up! How'd you get in here? You must wake up and get back to your rooms. It's morning."

"What's the matter with you?" Her heavy lids lifted. "Where should I be but here? You ought to thank me for not shoving you out of the bed and making you sleep on this lousy couch."

"Paradise!" He shook her harder. "You're still asleep. Wake up! You've got to get out of here."

Suddenly wide awake, she stared at him incredulously, then, swinging her feet to the floor, sat up.

"Good grief," she muttered, "you don't remember what happened!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Can't you remember? You and I, we got married yesterday afternoon."

"You poor kid!"

"That's a funny thing to say."

"What's funny about it? I was a swine, I am a swine, to have got you into such a mess. But I'll try and get you out of it as quickly and quietly as possible."

"YOU did look pretty pale and strange. I knew you were pretty tight, but so was I. I didn't know you were out on your feet; not till after we came out of the City Hall. You just slumped down in the car and I drove home and put you to bed."

"I give you my word the last thing I remember is sitting at the table and talking about how kind you'd been to me, and some drivel about frustration and marriage."

"You can't even remember the fat sweaty guy, the justice that married us? The two funny ginks that were witnesses? The twittering old gal where we got the license and you kept bowing and calling her 'madame'? I just remember 'em vaguely but I *do* remember." She laughed:

"Don't let it get you down, Charlie. It can be fixed. Though at the time," she added, "it seemed like a swell idea."

Pitifully he smiled and patted her hand. She looked past him out through the window at the ocean sparkling in the sun.

"You know," she mused aloud as a new undreamed-of vista opened before her, "even now it still seems like a pretty swell idea. Mrs. Charles Wyatt. Me! After all, that is who I am now."

"So you are," he agreed with a wry gentleness. "And a pretty rotten thing for you to be, knowing me as you do."

"I think you're a pretty fine guy, Charlie."

"Not as a husband, certainly."

"I'm beginning to think I'd like to find out about that."

"Let's stop joking, sweet. You must hurry now and get out of here before the maids come in. Then we'll see what's the best thing to be done. There's no use of my trying to put in words how sorry I am, how—"

"Charlie," she interrupted, a timorous childlike pleading in her voice, "I'm not joking."

He could only stare at her, unable to believe that she was serious.

"You see," she explained apologetically, "this is something I never dreamed would happen to me. And, well, I might like being married to you."

"How could you? Not loving me, and me not loving you?"

"I might love you, Charlie, if you'd let me."

"THAT doesn't make sense. You, who are always so honest, pretending a cheap—"

"I'm trying to be honest. I mean it."

"Then I don't know what to say. I got you into this. Obviously I can only do what you wish."

"Oh, to hell with you getting me into it! I'm as much to blame as you are. More! I did know what was happening. And it's not your fault I didn't realize you didn't know. If I had, I wouldn't've done it. If I'd been sober I wouldn't've. But as I said, at the time it seemed like a good idea. And now that it's done, why can't we try it out?"

"Paradise, look at me." Half defiantly she met his haggard eyes. "If you do this to us both, I shall hate you and you will hate me. It's inevitable."

"It wouldn't be if you would just try and forget about her. There have been moments when you forgot. And you weren't so awful tight, either."

"Hush! For God's sake!" He buried his face in his hands. "How can you twist and turn things around like that?"

"I don't." She didn't believe that she did. "I'm telling you what I think."

Now for the first time he came up against the streak of remorseless stubborn cruelty in her nature, the inflexible determination to have her own way with never a thought for anything else.

"I know you're in a spot," she went on, a new metallic harshness in her voice. "We both got you into it. I can get you out. But are you any better off if I do? You were miserable before I ever saw you and you're miserable now. And I'm better off now than I ever thought I could be. I'll get some fun out of it. Then at least one person'll be happy."

"You're talking like a child. You won't be happy."

"Won't I! Me, a tramp, that never met anybody in your class like I was on their level; knocking around on the edge of a lot of dirty, crooked living, and now I can be on the top of the heap!" She flung back her head and laughed with a bitter triumphant amusement. She stood up and, putting her arms around him, pressed his head against her breast.

"Anyway," she murmured, "there'll be times, off and on, when we'll get along all right, won't we?"

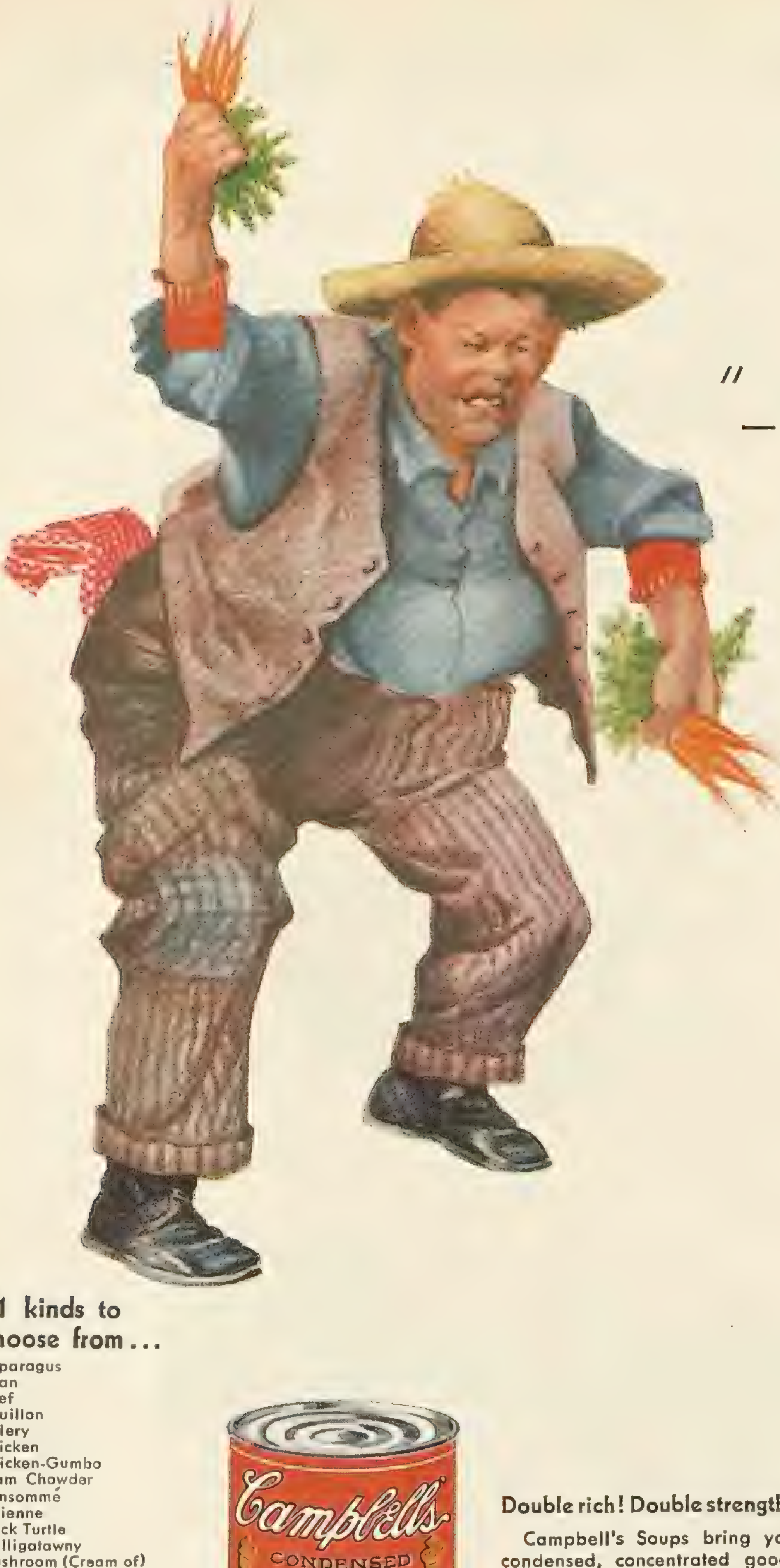
Reaching behind him, he took her hands and bringing them down to her sides, let them go. His eyes remote and hopeless, he said quietly:

"I never knew you at all, did I, until a few moments ago?"

There was something about the way he looked at her that choked her answer back in her throat. He was so still and all held tight within himself. If he would just flare out at her, call her names, hit her, she could hold her own with him. But this way it was like trying to get at somebody on another planet.

A sudden rage at him swept over her; a rebellious fury at him for this strange new sensation of being helpless before him. There was no wavering in her determination to hold him to their marriage. It was only that he seemed in some inexplicable way, even as she held him, to be utterly beyond her

(Continued on page nineteen)



"_!:x!!— Luther Burbank himself couldn't raise carrots good enough to please you people!"

Old Ben was giving way to what he felt was righteous indignation. The idea of those Campbell's Soup people turning down his carrots! Not good enough for them . . . well, he'd let them know what he thought of their finicky way of picking and choosing vegetables!

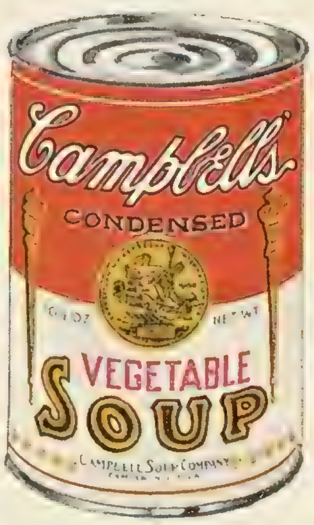
But old Ben's protests were of no avail. Only the finest of vegetables have ever been or will ever be accepted for use in Campbell's Soup. And exactly 15 of the choicest garden vegetables are used in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

In the making of Campbell's Vegetable Soup, all these carefully chosen and carefully prepared vegetables are cooked right in rich, invigorating beef broth, so that all of their beneficial goodness and flavor are retained in the soup. No wonder Campbell's Vegetable Soup makes such an appetizing, satisfying, nourishing luncheon — an ideal "one-dish" meal at any time of day or season of the year.

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness — double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost. Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.

NRA
CODE

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

Heavy Date . . . Heavy Smoking

Mouth fresh and cool
. . . thanks to SPUD

If you smoke a lot to keep pace with him . . . it's lucky for you if Spud's his brand.

CORK TIP or PLAIN

What causes the fresh, cool taste?

Is it menthol? Yes . . . but only indirectly. Spud's smoke contains hardly a trace of menthol. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette.* It simply lowers the temperature of the smoke. Therefore, what Spud gives you is just pure tobacco goodness *with the heat taken out.* That's what causes the fresh, cool taste. Try a pack.

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

15c

FOR 20 · (25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page sixteen)

reach. She tried to speak, but before the words came out she could hear them, ugly and mean and senseless, swirling futilely about his gentle grave detachment.

"Gosh, but you can make me mad!" she screamed, and flinging her coat around her, fled from the room.

She did not return for hours. When she came in she was gay and friendly and impersonal.

"I was a fool," she said. "I'm sorry I got mad. I'm all right now. I swam it off. Did you see me from the window? I saw you standing there for a long time."

"Yes, I saw you," he lied. During her absence he had seen and heard nothing. Nothing had existed but the sickening bitter struggle to comprehend and to accept the fact of their marriage. Being what he was he could do nothing but accept it, for, no matter what she said, he still believed that he was partly to blame. Believing this, he was as definitely her prisoner as if she had bound him in actual chains. There was nothing of the martyr in his attitude. Things were as they were. Obviously he must make the best of them with as little fuss and hysteria as was possible.

"Mac's back," Paradise said. "I told him about us. He's leaving today."

"Where's he going?"

"Mexico. He says he can't imagine anything you'd like less, or anything that'd be worse for me, than him mouching around in the background."

"Mac's wrong. He's a great guy."

"Oh, don't be so polite, Charlie! Of course he's a great guy! But can you imagine him mixing with your folks and your friends? With me it'll be different. I can learn; but he's old and set in his ways, and he knows it."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"I'm telling you that Mac's getting out for good. He's going away."

"Did you tell Mac about us—how it happened, how things are between us?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Why not?" he repeated blankly; then with a grim authority, "Look, Paradise. Listen to me! You must not tell things about us as if we were a headline in a newspaper. Soon we'll be going home. Aside from me, for your own sake you must not tell such things to my people."

"CRIPES, do you think I'm a perfect fool? I'm planning to get on with your folks. How can you tell? They might like me!"

"That's quite possible." He must hold on to himself, not say the things he could say. If this thing had to be, let it be as quiet and decent as he could make it.

"But telling Mac is different. That old walrus!" She laughed affectionately. "He'd probably have guessed anyhow. He's hard to fool, that H. MacAlexander. He says he bets it turns out fine. Of course he thinks there's nobody in the world like me."

Charles closed his lips against the obvious retort. She went on:

"He's all on my side. But he says you and I'll have to work it out together. He's not going to mess around, blabbing a lot of advice that nobody'd listen to anyway."

There was a loud knocking at the door, which opened immediately, and Weir boomed into the room.

"Harya, Charlie boy?" With a bearlike clumsiness he patted Charles on the shoulder before he turned to Paradise.

"Listen, baby. What in the hell have you done with my razor? I'm all packed but my razor, and I can't find it high or low. How many years has it been now since I first told you I had enough dough to buy you a razor of your own? Besides what you do to the blades!"

"It's a lie," she grinned; "but I'll go find it for you."

"There's something about a woman and a razor." He studied the door as it closed behind her. "I've often thought maybe they use 'em to cut barbed-wire entanglements." He turned a bland, quizzical eye to Charles. It was plain that he had no intention of saying anything about the marriage; there was going to be nothing personal in his talk.

"DID she tell you, Charlie?" he asked. "I'm leaving for Mexico. Haven't been there in years. Quite a place." He rambled on about Mexico until Paradise returned, the razor in her hand.

"There you are, dummy." She handed it to him. "On the shelf in the cabinet all the time. What do you use for eyes?"

"Marbles, six for a dime. Well," Weir put his arm about her, "it's about time for me to be on my way. I'm catching a train."

"Listen, you Mac." Abruptly she seemed very young and forlorn. "You write to me. Remember!"

"And you remember, you write to me. And take care of yourself and have a good time." His big hand pushed her head against his shoulder and he hid his face against her hair. His voice low and muffled, he went on:

"I'll be seeing you. I'll be back in the States sometime, and you and me, we can sneak off together and have a high old binge and I can hear how the world's been treating you."

"O. K., Mac."

"And don't you go forgetting your old man."

"Mac, you fool!" she tried to laugh.

"We've had quite some times, ain't we, baby? There's been bad stretches, but we pulled through, didn't we?"

"We always pulled through." She lifted her head. Their eyes met and they smiled. They had forgotten Charles completely.

He leaned against the mantel and watched them as if they were two figures in a play. There was something swaggering and ruthless and, somehow, something rather magnificent about them standing there. They were so frankly what they were, and so joyously proud of each other.

"Well, I'm starting." Weir turned, remembering Charles, and held out his hand, "Well, good-by, Charlie. Take care of yourself."

"Let's hear from you, Mac."

"I'll go to the car with you, Mac," Paradise said.

When she came back she was subdued, wistful. Her eyes downcast, she said haltingly:

"Charlie, I'm going to try and not do things like this morning—getting mad and screaming and things like that. I'm going to try."

PERK-UPS

by JACQUELINE LARK

1. This game is based on HOMONYMS, which are words having the same sound but different in meaning.

2. 1A and 1B are a set of HOMONYMS. 2A and 2B are another, etc.

3. To score yourself, check a PERK-UP each time you get a HOMONYM and a CAST-DOWN each time you are stumped.

1A . . . . . . is a 2A . . . . . . story you can 3A . . . . . . back home. It's good clean fun. Seriously, nature can teach us many lessons. Take the ermine, for instance—that tiny creature that bespeaks royalty, wealth, and ladies of the evening. Well, in the old days the hunters found that in trapping or shooting the ermine its tiny pelt was useless, for the skin is so small anyway that a tear or wound ruins its value. Besides, even the ermine's 4A . . . . . . are worth money.

So they had to figure a way of catching the ermine and keeping him whole. It 5A . . . . . . difficult to protect their 6A . . . . . . But they studied the habits of the little creature and within a 7A . . . . . . they had 8A . . . . . . out his secrets. His 8B . . . . . . was his 7B . . . . . . point. So careful was he of his fine white coat that he would do anything rather than soil his immaculate beauty, which was as clean as the snow in which he lived. So the hunters—who, we 1B . . . . . ., are generally a strange combination of cruelty and cleverness—made an impassable semicircle of highly heaped filth of all kinds. They would chase the ermine into this trap and the poor little beast would 4B . . . . ., 2B . . . . . . with dizzy desperation, and, realizing it would have to go 3B . . . . . . through the muck, would turn trembling and 7B . . . . . . and give itself up. Thus it faced death rather than soil itself. What woman who triumphantly 6B . . . . . . hundreds of these ermines 5B . . . . . . together in a fine 9A . . . . . . is as fastidious as the idealistic little beast whose warm softness covers her? And could these ermine-clad ladies take the 9B . . . . . . with as much inspiring dignity as these tiny brave creatures?

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 40

There was nothing he could say to her when she was in this mood, knowing as he did now that other side of her.

"This is my chance. Just try to give me a break, won't you? God knows there's no reason why you should."

"If I thought that, I wouldn't. It's only because I feel—"

"Yeah, I know. But whatever the reason," she begged plaintively, "just give me a break for a little while and maybe we'll turn out all right."

No longer listening to her, he voiced the riddle that was to nag and torment him for months to come:

"How can any one be as beautiful as you are, and be what you are inside?"

"Charlie!" She wished he wouldn't look at her like that. To make him stop, she said the first thing that came into her mind:

"You know I've got to start paying attention to the way you talk, the words you use. My grammar's awful bad. And the slang I use!"

Three weeks later they started North. A week before, Charles had written to his family. For hours he had struggled over the letter, trying to make it seem as if he told them everything while actually he told them nothing but the fact that he was married and that he and his wife would be home on a certain train on a certain day.

As he boarded the train he mailed announcements to the newspapers, resigning himself to the rush of reporters and cameramen who would dog his footsteps until they had had their fill of the news.

His mother and father were waiting on the platform when the train slid into the station. He led his wife to them through the confusion of porters and passengers grabbing at the luggage stacked beside the door.

"Mother, father, this is Paradise," he said.

"A lot of people call me Dicey!" Paradise put in quickly, knowing the moment she saw them how much more comfortable they would find the simpler name.

"Dicey!" Letitia Wyatt kissed her on the cheek; then, holding the girl's hands, stepped back a little so that she might see her better. "Even Charles's letter didn't prepare us for this. How beautiful you are, Dicey! Isn't she, James?" she asked her husband.

"She is indeed," he answered. His mild grave eyes smiled at Paradise. His thin wrinkled hand reached out and patted her cheek.

Paradise could find nothing to say, momentarily struck dumb by their gentle eagerness to make her welcome, by their kindly simplicity, which somehow seemed only to emphasize the intangible, yet none the less positive, air of authority that showed in every gracious tone and glance and gesture.

For a brief uncomfortable instant no one spoke—four people frightened by the appalling difference between their thoughts and what they should say, making a small close knot of silence in the midst of the noisy jostling crowd surging and eddying past them up the platform.

FINALLY Charles bent his head to his mother and said with a forced gayety:

"Now that you've seen Par—Dicey, am I a stepchild? Don't I get a kiss?"

They all laughed stiffly and Letitia kissed him while his father's arm went about him. With a bitter amusement he realized what they must be thinking—their son, inflamed by the startling uncanny beauty of this strange girl, had been infatuated into a marriage with her. With a great pride in them and love for them, Charles knew that they would never give a sign of the disapproval, the regret, and bewildered sorrow that must be warring in their loyal anxious hearts.

When they reached the Wyatts' house—Letitia had insisted that Charles and Paradise stay there for a day or two at least—Baird was waiting in the drawing-room, and Addison and Addison's husband, Leonard Byfield. Like the elder Wyatts, they made Paradise welcome with a gentle simple kindliness. And Paradise, for the moment overawed by them and eager to please them, accepted their overtures with an appealing shyness while a part of her mind studied and appraised them, set them in their rightful places in her scheme of things.

Baird, she realized immediately, would be her nearest approach to an open enemy. The others would take their cues from Charles, treating her as he treated her; but Baird—there was a rebellious forthright quality about her that was disturbing.

There was a hint of this in the way she broke in on the meandering, rather strained general talk and said to Charles:

"Jessica—she's been abroad for ages—she got back last week."

Charles, a cigarette halfway to his lips, put it quickly down in an ash tray. He must not let them all see how his hand was suddenly, uncontrollably trembling. He could feel Paradise watching him beneath lowered lids, lynx-eyed.

"How is Jessica?" he asked evenly.

"She's glad to be back," Baird answered. There was one thing he must know; there was one thing that must be done eventually. The sooner both were accomplished the better. She went on:

"SHE says she feels the country's safe for an unsuspecting female now that fool pest of a Mennard is screaming his undying passion for some new foreign actress in all the newspapers. I don't suppose you read about it, buried as you evidently were down there."

"No." It was hard to speak with his heart suddenly beating so fast that it seemed as if he could not breathe. "No, I rarely saw a newspaper."

"I didn't think you did." Baird turned to Paradise. "You must know Jessica. She and I've been friends since we were in rompers." She turned back to include Charles. "Mother and father planned to have some people in tomorrow, if that's all right with you. I asked Jessica. She said she'd love to come." Baird subsided and let the talk go on without her. It was done.

He knew now about Mennard, and it was settled that he and Jessica were to meet as soon as possible and thus get it over with.

"This Mennard," Paradise asked abruptly, "is he the moving-picture actor, Ross Mennard?"

"Yes." Addison answered the question, which had been addressed blankly to the room.

"Were he and Miss Furnell," Paradise continued—"that is, was there something between them?"

"Good Lord, no!" Baird once more took over the conversation. "He and Jessica crossed on the same ship once, and he was dithery about her. It seems he's always dithering about somebody. The gossip columns got hold of it and twisted the facts around. But as for Jessica paying any attention to him! Heavens!"

"Oh!" Paradise's tone said more plainly than words, "I understand now—lots of things that puzzled me." As indeed she did, for she had never asked Charles why his engagement had been broken, and she, too, had been out of reach of the metropolitan dailies, which had published guarded statements implying the reason.

Charles got to his feet. He felt that he could not suffer any more of this. He must get away. If only for a moment he must be alone.

"This is all very pleasant," he said, "but it's late, and Dicey and I have a deal of train dirt to scrub off before dinner."

"Of course. You two run along. You have your old rooms, son," his mother replied, stifling the unreasoning intuitive desire to gather him in her arms as she had used to do when he was small; to hold him tight and safe from all the world.

The rooms were the same as when he had left except for the wall above his desk. A picture of Jessica had once hung there, and there had been a picture on the table by his bed and one on the chest of drawers. They were gone.

"It's about an hour and a half before dinner," he told Paradise with a taut careful courtesy. "I think I'll take a walk. One of the maids will doubtless be in to help you dress. Tomorrow we must see about getting you a maid!"

"A personal maid!" she mused blissfully. "Gee, but it's grand, Charlie!" She frowned, "I must stop calling you that. I must remember, they all call you Charles."

"It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter," he repeated dully, and left her standing in the middle of the room. Like a beautifully molded tinted mask her face was serene, impassive, except for her eyes. Bright with a gloating possessive complacency, her gaze darted about the room, its fine old furniture still as sturdily beautiful as it had been when a Wyatt had bought it generations ago.

"It doesn't matter! Nothing matters!" the words kept time with his dogged, rapid stride. "Doesn't matter! Nothing matters!" plodding their despair through the turmoil of his thoughts. If Jessica did not, had not ever cared for Ross Mennard—this might mean that she had no more meant what she had said than he had meant what he had said the night when they had quarreled. Dear God, if that were true, how could he see her tomorrow, hear her voice, reach out and touch her hand?

IT was true. He knew the moment he saw her. Paradise stood at his side in the drawing-room filled with people who watched with a covert eager curiosity for this meeting.

Jessica came toward him, weaving her way with a swift lovely grace among the guests, her gray eyes, wide and filled with a bewildered loneliness, seeking his. Their gazes met and held. They smiled, a piteous gallant greeting. And then she was before him.

Her left hand reached out and for an instant touched his. "Charles! It's nice to see you!" Her right hand went out to Paradise, and turning away from him she said:

"I'm Jessica Furnell. Already I've heard so much about you, and really I didn't quite believe it, but now I do—"

"Believe what?" Paradise interrupted, already bristling. If this pale wide-eyed high-hat was getting catty!

"Believe that you could possibly be as beautiful as I was told you were."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Paradise protested, trying to hide her pleasure, and at the same time wondering, "What the hell is in back of this?"

Jessica did not look at Charles again, nor he at her. Standing there side by side, tense with awareness of each other, they looked only at Paradise, spoke only to her. It was as if they actually clung to her, knowing if they so much as let their eyes meet again they were lost.

A strange situation this, fraught with social dynamite. Paradise, little queen of pagan life, has invaded a strange, subtle world in which her kind is outlawed. And at once the gentle, cruel mechanisms of so-called good breeding seem set to crush her, send her back whence she came. Next week's installment finds Paradise battling to save herself, and prove her worthiness of the man she loves.

I HATE TO ASK

How many women are really sure of all the facts?

TIMIDITY is not modesty. Timidity is a weakness that brings endless worry to wives who want to *know* but are *"afraid to ask."*

Do *you* yourself know the facts about feminine hygiene? Do you know why doctors formerly opposed it? Do you know the tragic story behind the use of poisonous antiseptics? Do you know what modern medical inventiveness has done to change the whole complexion of this subject? To learn these things and become well-informed, read "Facts for Women." (See coupon on this page.)

Safety for Womankind

On the day that Science discovered *Zonite*, women became forever freed from the dangers of the old-fashioned poisons. Among your own acquaintances and friends are many users of Zonite—women who enjoy the peace of mind that *you* should enjoy also.

Women need no longer fear the touch of burning, poisonous germicides on sensitive tissues. Zonite removes all this fear, and the fear of accidental poisoning as well. For Zonite is as safe as pure water.

Zonite in Class by Itself

The germicidal power of Zonite is tremendous. Even when compared with the poisons, Zonite stands in a class by itself. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of even *carbolic acid* that can be safely used on the human body.

The liquid Zonite comes in three sizes (30c, 60c, $1.00) and Zonite Suppositories are $1.00 a dozen. Many women use both.

Write for Woman's Booklet

This booklet is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. It has been much discussed in feminine circles. By sending for it, you will obtain frank, authoritative data on an important phase of modern social life. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

FACTS for WOMEN

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-40A
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME...
(Please print name)
ADDRESS......................................
CITY...
STATE..
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

The SVENGALIS

It's the Coaches' Magic That Counts Today, Says

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ROCKNE—" the greatest of football's Svengalis. He could send any team on the field geared up to highest playing pitch. No other coach has ever had quite so much magic."

THE main theme song, or the fundamental principle, of nearly all football fiction has long been the well known line, " I'd die for dear old Rutgers "—a line, by the way, that was never actually spoken on the football field. Since it was invented, football fiction has been based upon the assumption that all football players go out to do or die for dear old Alma Mater. But from years of first-hand knowledge of the subject I can tell you that football players are not out there on the field, giving it and taking it, for Alma Mater; they are out there for the dear old coach, or the not-so-old coach; anyway for the coach.

You need only scrutinize the football history of the last three years to discover that the teams that have done well are those with coaching personality behind them. Take a university of the first rank and put its football squad in charge of a lackluster coach, and you will have a lackluster team and a losing one.

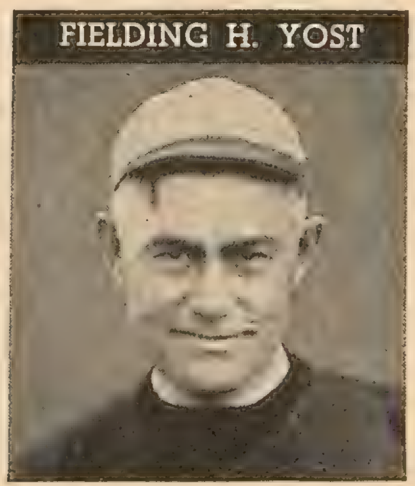
Last New Year's Day a Columbia team met a Stanford team in the Tournament of Roses game at Pasadena. The first game in this series was played in 1916, and in eighteen years no Eastern team that ever competed at Pasadena was given as little chance to win as Columbia. Stanford had tied for the Pacific Coast championship, had handed Southern California its first defeat in twenty-eight consecutive games, had beaten California, and had established itself as one of the two or three best football teams of 1933. Columbia, on the other hand, had gone through an unimpressive season, having been beaten by Princeton, and having had a hard time beating Cornell 9 to 6 after Michigan had swamped Cornell 40 to 0. Stanford outweighed Columbia by more than a dozen pounds to the man.

But Columbia is coached by Lou Little. He is a sound teacher, but his chief asset is personality. On his light team of " under dogs " he used psychology. He talked to them day after day, from the time the game was arranged until they stepped on the water-logged field at Pasadena.

When the ball was kicked off, Columbia started playing for Lou Little. They fought one of the most desperate football battles on record to prove to Little that they were as courageous, intelligent, and capable as he believed them, and were better, as he had told them they were, than Stanford. They scored a touchdown on a hidden-ball trick play that was not exactly new. Their running game brought out nothing that other teams do not use. Their goal-line stands were made with a desperation that left Stanford shy of the last white mark on each fourth

"FRITZ" CRISLER

FIELDING H. YOST



"POP" WARNER

# of FOOTBALL

a Veteran of the Game—Players DON'T Go Out and Die for Dear Old Alma Mater!

by BENNY FRIEDMAN

Benny Friedman won football fame at Michigan; captained the team and took All-America honors in 1925-26. Then he played pro football with the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers, of which he was manager and coach, for several years. Was Yale's backfield coach during 1931. This year he's coach at the College of the City of New York.

down. For four periods they played better than they had ever known how to play before, and not for Alma Mater but for Little. They *were* better than Stanford that day, as the score of 7 to 0 in their favor indicates.

In the five years previous to Herbert Orin (Fritz) Crisler's arrival at Princeton as head coach, the Tigers came near setting an all-time record for failure to win games. With the arrival of Crisler there came a sudden change over Princeton. They began clawing up the football landscape as of old. If football players give their last ounce to win only for the old Alma Mater, why did Princeton teams lose from the heyday of the late Bill Roper's régime until the coming of Crisler? Surely Princeton did not suddenly change and again become a school really worth fighting for. It was definitely the personality of Crisler that transformed Princeton from the weakest major team in the East into one that, in his second year at Old Nassau, had the best record of any team in the East.

Michigan, with a team that included two All-America players, went to Nashville, Tennessee, at the start of the 1922 season to help Vanderbilt open her new stadium. Michigan expected an easy workout—and got one of the great shocks of her football history. Vanderbilt put up the strongest resistance that Michigan met with that year. The final score was 0 to 0, the one game of the season that Michigan failed to win.

THE surprising play of Vanderbilt remained a mystery until months after, when the inside story was told. Dan McGugin, for many years coach of Vanderbilt, and brother-in-law of Fielding H. Yost of Michigan, realized that Vanderbilt under ordinary circumstances had no chance of stopping Michigan. He thought the matter over for weeks and then decided upon a strategic move. As the players were assembled on the afternoon of the game, McGugin stepped into the locker room, closed the door behind him, solemnly walked to a window, and pointed in the direction of a cemetery near the stadium. He said:

"Boys, over in yonder cemetery lie your forebears, the Confederate dead. They fought and they died for the South where you were born, the South that you love. And who filled those graves over yonder with Confederate dead? The forefathers of the boys whom you are going out to play in a few minutes. Their forefathers were of the army that invaded our South, that mowed down the flower of Dixie Land and devastated the country. Remember that this afternoon. Remember you are Southerners and on the other side of the scrimmage line are Northerners whose forefathers brought misery and woe to our beloved South, and don't let them conquer you as their forefathers conquered your forefathers. Don't forget."

They did not forget. Not for one minute.

FIELDING H. YOST was handicapped. He could not call attention to any cemetery. But Mr. Yost is rarely handicapped. His personality still dominates Michigan football as it has for more than three decades, and the Michigan record is matched by only one or two other schools.

Now, the state universities represented in the Western Conference are nearly all of about the same caliber. The material at some of the other schools in the West is bigger and stronger than at Michigan; but Michigan has won more games and more championships and developed more All-America players than any other school in its section. If players play for Alma Mater, why have not Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio State, Iowa, and Indiana produced teams to match Michigan's?

Yost is one of the great coaches. He is a sound teacher of charging, blocking, and tackling. He can teach ends, tackles, guards, centers, quarterbacks, halfbacks, fullbacks the intricate duties of their positions, and he is one of football's best strategists. But his great success is based upon his ability to bring players up to an emotional pitch, to send them on the field geared up to play at top speed for the "old man." Yost's personality gave Michigan its astounding record in football.

The high spot of the old man's power to raise his team to a new high pitch came, as I remember it, at the end of the 1925 season. Minnesota sent down to Ann Arbor a team that had Herb Joesting, the All-America fullback; that outweighed us ten to twelve pounds per man; and that was heralded as primed for Wolverine meat. The conference championship was at stake and we heard that $50,000 of Minnesota money had been wagered.

We sat in the locker room, as is the custom—the eleven men chosen to start. For two full minutes nervous tension gripped us so that we were unable to speak.

LOU LITTLE

A. A. STAGG

HOWARD JONES

DAN McGUGIN

Then the old man walked in slowly to the center of the circle. There were tears in his eyes. As he started to talk he gulped with emotion. In his quiet, deliberate drawl he said:

"We've had a good season. We're going to have a great one if we win this game. There's to be a Little Brown Jug dinner tonight. At that dinner Bob Brown is either going to take off our colors and send the Jug to Minnesota or we're going to keep it here where it belongs. It's up to you. Do you want to send that Jug to Minnesota?"

Then he walked out.

Brown, our captain, looked around for a moment. Then he gulped, "Well, there's nothing I can say. Let's go!"

As we ran down the areaway leading to the field, we saw the old man again, leaning against the wall and crying unashamedly. He patted each one of us on the back as he passed, and he beamed a smile between the tears.

We won that game, 35 to 0. We completely demoralized the Gophers after the first quarter with the viciousness of our play. We played, as Yost used to say, "pants-cracking football"—for the old man.

I think it is agreed that the late Knute Rockne was the best coach of all time, the greatest of football's Svengalis. They call him the "Old Master" and "the Wizard," and he was both and more. There have been and there are coaches who can teach fundamentals as well as Rockne did, but no other coach has ever had quite so much magic, so much dominating influence over players. When Rockne died a tragic death in the air over Kansas on March 31, 1931, Amos Alonzo Stagg said of him: "He evidently welded his teams together, mechanically and spiritually." Rockne did.

Glenn Scobey Warner, during his years at Cornell and Carlisle; Stagg, during most of his seasons at Chicago; Yost in his nearly thirty-five years at Michigan; Bill Roper in most of his years at Princeton; Howard Jones at the University of Southern California—all established themselves as great coaches.

But where Rockne was superior to his contemporaries was in his having a sense of humor. Yost, Stagg, Warner, Roper, Dobie, Jones, and nearly all the other outstanding coaches were or are humorless men. Their lack of humor keeps them from reaching the heights that Rockne scaled.

Rockne himself once said that a football coach without a sense of humor can never become great. He is one of the few coaches whom I have heard tell jokes that were on themselves. He told many of them. The one I like best is the one he told about himself and Jim Crowley, now coach at Fordham. Rockne was trying to teach Crowley a certain play and Crowley could not get the hang of it. Rockne became exasperated.

"Tell me just one thing," he said. "Is there anything in the world dumber than a dumb Irishman?"

"Sure; a smart Norwegian," answered Crowley.

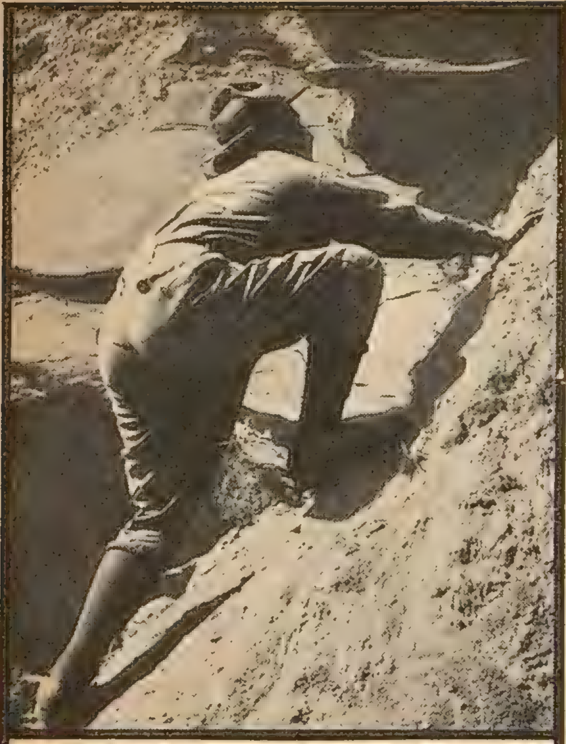
Rockne knew human nature. When he talked to alumni and the followers of Notre Dame he did not enlarge upon his own talents; he enlarged upon the talents of others. He did not tell stories that made him out to be the hero; he was the victim or the "villain" of the tale. He always gave credit to others, knowing full well that they would in turn give it to him. That is why today you will hear more men speak of Rockne as a master coach than of any other man who ever coached football. The same thing was true during his life; he was universally proclaimed the master coach. Considering the personal jealousies that exist among football coaches, this in itself was an achievement that demanded immortality for Rockne.

He could always see ahead, and he prepared himself for the job in many ways. He realized that a coach must be not only a competent teacher but a spiritual leader, a silver-tongued orator, and an evangelist. He was originally a poor talker, and to remedy this fault he engaged an elocutionist, studied assiduously, concentrated upon the job, and became one of the best after-dinner speakers, if not the best, that football has known.

This ability and his knowledge of human nature made him the master Svengali. Coaches have said of him, "He could take any third-rate team and bring it to a pitch where it would beat any first-rate team." That is, I think, an exaggeration, but not as great a one as it seems. Rockne could take any team coached by other men, and send it on the field geared up to its highest playing pitch. That was his winning trick and that is what set him apart.

He was ahead of his time. He had newer methods. The "mysterious magic" that observers appeared to find in him was not so much magic as common sense. He saw more clearly than his noted contemporaries, and realized that the world was changing. They stuck to their outworn tactics; he employed new and up-to-date psychology. Rockne realized that the great modern coach must be a Svengali. His contemporaries (at least, a majority of them) never got beyond the methods they had employed in the Gay Nineties. These methods are often referred to as the "Simon Legree School."

Thirty and forty years ago coaches did not attract the attention that they attract today. Football was played at comparatively few of the universities and colleges of the United States. When the whole country began to take notice of the game the coaches went out for material. They raided the docks, the foundries, all places where men of bulging muscles performed. They gathered big, rough, tough fellows. Since they were permitted to use freshmen, it was a cinch. The



NO INFLATION
in shoe bills
with these
SOLES

Here's the answer to your shoe bill worries—a sole so tough that nothing ever built will outwear it.

It stretches out the weeks between shoe bills—because the longer the sole wears, the longer the whole shoe lasts.

No wonder millions of parents insist on this good-looking, waterproof, longer-wearing sole when buying youngsters' shoes—*they know it saves real money!*

You can't keep children from running and scuffling—but keep down the expense by demanding this thrifty sole on new shoes and at repair shops. It costs nothing extra. Be sure to remember the name—

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR TRADE MARK

NRA CODE

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer
Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

player was sure to be eligible through the football season. If he happened to be exceptional, ways and means were generally found to keep him in school; if he happened to be ordinary clay, he was dropped when the season ended.

In those days a man had to weigh at least 180 pounds to be considered for the varsity. There were, of course, exceptions. Frank Hinkey of Yale played end for four years and was one of the greatest wingmen football ever knew, but he never weighed more than 154 pounds during his playing days, unless my informants are very much mistaken. But most players weighed more than 200.

These big rough-and-tough boys, used to manual labor and to the Simon Legrees of the docks and foundries, could be successfully handled only by browbeating. The coaches treated them rough and they liked it. They would have been disgusted probably had they been treated any other way.

EVENTUALLY reform came. The three-year rule was installed by all self-respecting educational institutions that went in for football. The game was opened up, and the huge fellows who had bulk but lacked speed were pushed out of the picture. Lighter and faster men were demanded by the new game. The new type of player was different from his ponderous predecessor. The old stuff worked no longer. Coaches could not ask the new crop to do or die for dear old Alma Mater. They were not only lighter and faster but also more sophisticated.

The browbeating methods were now passé; but some of the coaches did not realize it. They continued to use the lash. They booted the boys when they should have cajoled them. Herein lies the reason why so many of the coaches whose reputations had been established in previous decades now failed. It was not that they could not grasp the new style of attack and the defense needed, but that their own locker-room style did not change.

Rockne was alive to all this. He knew the new type, knew what it stood for. He tossed away the lash and the spurs and resorted to psychology. He dealt in subtlety. He studied individuals, worked on them, played to their vanity, their weak spots. He used his magnetic personality to weld each player to him, to make him play for "Rock." He earned a reputation for taking care of the boys who had given their best for him; he got them coaching jobs, landed them in business. He was always helping some one out of difficulties, elevating some one to a better position, getting some one started on the right road. No wonder he controlled them as he did! No wonder that they played their heads off for him! It was not for Notre Dame, as the records of Notre Dame have shown since he passed into the Great Beyond. Same college, same players —but what a difference!

THE END

The genuine bears this seal

The best "Shot" of all

I'd advise the Crab Orchard. It's our best seller—a straight Kentucky whiskey.

Seems a low price for genuine bourbon—but if you recommend it, we'll try it.

By George, this Crab Orchard is great—'way ahead of whiskies I've been paying a lot more for.

Crab Orchard

Those who know good bourbon find Crab Orchard much to their liking. It is a good old-fashioned Kentucky whiskey: naturally aged and bottled from the barrel—*without artificial aging or coloring!* Only because it is America's largest-selling straight whiskey, can it be priced so low. *ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.*

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Crab Orchard
STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Produced by the same distillers:

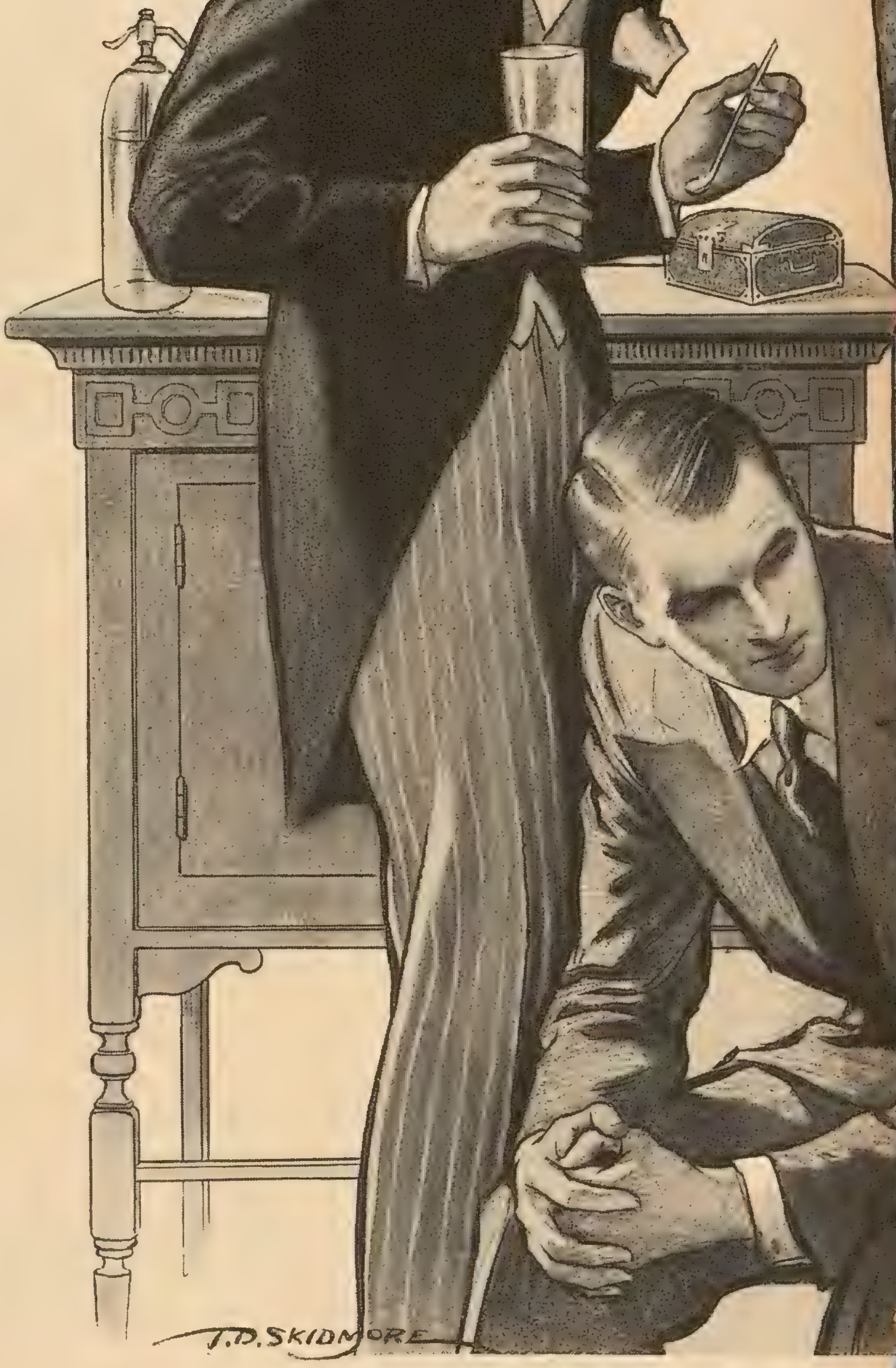
OLD GRAND DAD
OLD TAYLOR
OLD McBRAYER
OLD CROW
SUNNY BROOK
OLD HERMITAGE
MOUNT VERNON RYE
REWCO RYE
OLD OVERHOLT RYE
OLD FARM RYE

Straight as a string

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

Miss Dynamo

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



SHE was named Dawn Vincent. She burst into the Chicago sales office of Farwell Hotels, Inc., on a summer morning, wearing a smartly tailored suit, sensible heels, and a radiant smile. To Dick Wall she was insult added to injury, and he didn't even ask her to sit down.

He ripped open the letter of introduction and growled:

“When Mr. Farwell hired you in New York, he gave you instructions?”

“I'm to get business in my own way,” she said.

Dick Wall hadn't looked for music in a woman's voice for a long time and he didn't hear it now.

“O. K.,” he said. “Go get some. Under his breath he added: “And nuts to you!”

He was fed up.

George Hancock Farwell, genius of hospitality, owner of the Farwell Hotels, visited his Chicago sales office only once a year; but he kept his clever eye on it. He was forever sending new whirlwinds who upset the routine.

Dick Wall, the only man in the organization who wasn't in awe of Mr. Farwell, had written him:

“The record is at least consistent. They all fail. It's tough enough to be abandoned out here, without having to buck these wizards you send me.”

Dick Wall had been in Chicago six years. But he didn't live there; he lived in New York.

Dawn Vincent arrived at a bad time. Only the week before, Wall had sent Farwell's latest cupful of wind back to New York.

And Dick was a woman-hater, as a matter of fact. He had not always been a woman-hater. In the beginning he had been a bit wide-eyed. But a willowy blonde darling named Tootsie had changed all that.

Some men chalk up the Tootsies as experience and continue the happy adventure; but there are others, like Dick Wall, who take it hard. Now, at thirty-three, he was a shrewd business man, but he thought of himself as a boob with women.

He employed only male stenographers in his office: two pale young men who looked like bell boys. Not related, but difficult to tell apart.

So it happened that Dawn Vincent was the first woman to work in the Chicago sales office. Dick assumed she wouldn't be there long. She would explode or sputter out. He struck a match one morning as she came in from her calls.

“I send in weekly reports,” he said. “If you should happen to have anything worth reporting, let me know.”

“I wrote Mr. Farwell yesterday,” she told him.

He could feel the hair bristling on the back of his neck.

“Forgive me if I seem inquisitive,” he said with exaggerated calm, “but when Farwell discovered you for me, did he mention that I'm the boss out here? I run this office. I'll appreciate it if you'll make your reports to me.”

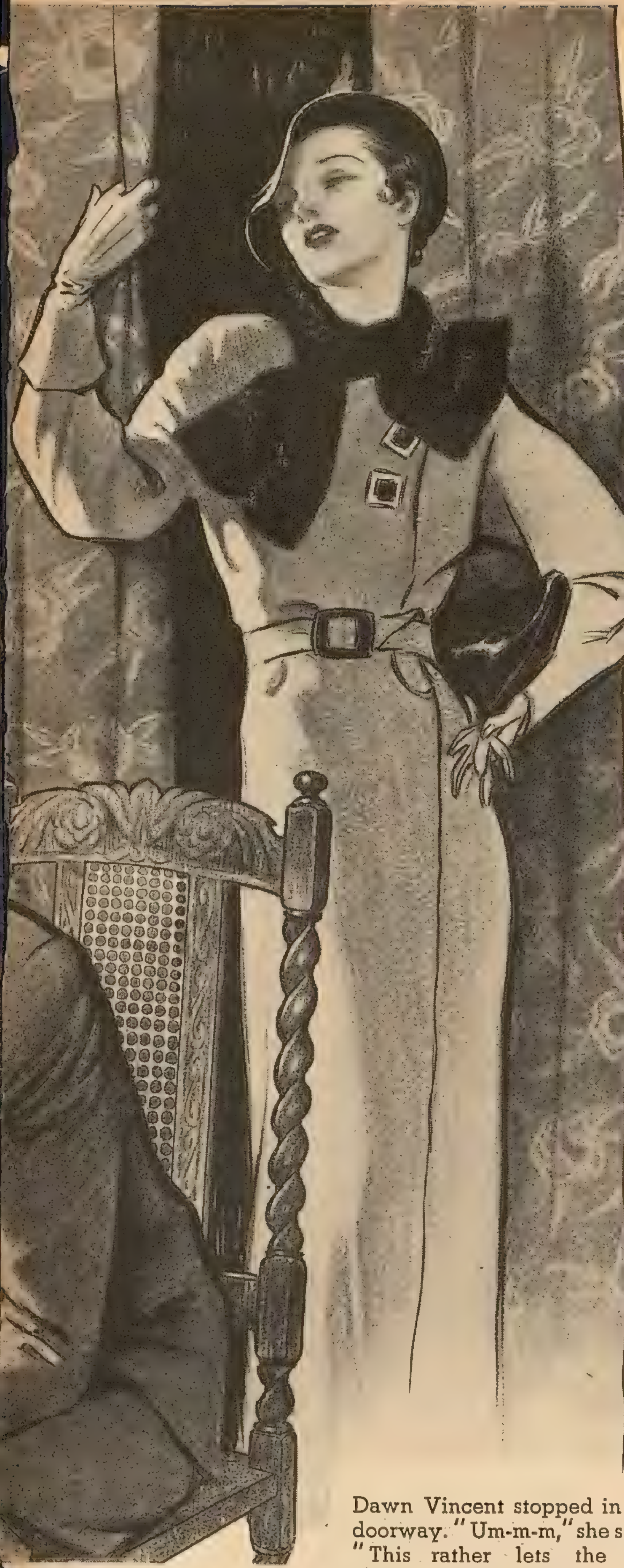
“Of course, Mr. Wall.” Something seemed to amuse her.

“I don't hire women,” he said. “The women who approach me for jobs all seem to be looking for a life

A Buoyant Tale of Chic Chicanery and a Woman-Hater's Surrender

by HARLAN WARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
T. D. SKIDMORE



Dawn Vincent stopped in the doorway. "Um-m-m," she said. "This rather lets the cat out of the bag, doesn't it?"

work for the first time. A brilliant thought hits them: Stagecoaches don't drive up to the tavern door and deposit the patrons these days. Hotels need sales departments, like any other business. So in they come—and out they go! Were you surprised to learn we've had a sales office out here for fifteen years?"

"Are you trying to be unpleasant?" asked Dawn Vincent. Clearly she was the kind that exploded.

"I don't have to try," he assured her. "I've been in Chicago six years now. When Farwell finds out I'm the meanest guy in the organization he'll move me home and make me his assistant. That's what I'm waiting for. I live in New York. I've just been out here for the last century counting the World's Fairs."

"Perhaps they'll fire you first," suggested Miss Vincent.

"I hope so," he sighed. He looked at her—really, for the first time. How could women look like that and be such devils?

She measured him, too. He was lean, prematurely gray, and had the alert appearance you expect in newspapermen. He was pale, nervous, quick-moving. But he wasn't always unreasonable. He said: "Oh, well—I suppose I'd better tell you what it's all about."

"Don't bother," she said coolly, tilting her chin. "It seems ridiculously simple to me. I'm to persuade conventions and salesmen and people to stop in our hotels."

"It does seem simple, the way you put it. Perhaps I'm antiquated. Did Farwell tell you to take over the office, or may I hang around until I find something else?"

"He told me not to interfere with you at all. I'm simply to get business in my own way."

"I see. And what way is that, Miss Vincent?"

"I'll show you," she smiled.

"You'll have to," said Wall. "Women don't belong in business. Forgive me for being perfectly frank."

"I beg pardon?" said Miss Vincent. "I didn't hear what you said."

He walked into his own office and shut the door. He didn't slam it—he caught himself in time.

A WEEK later a memo arrived from Farwell:

"Wall:

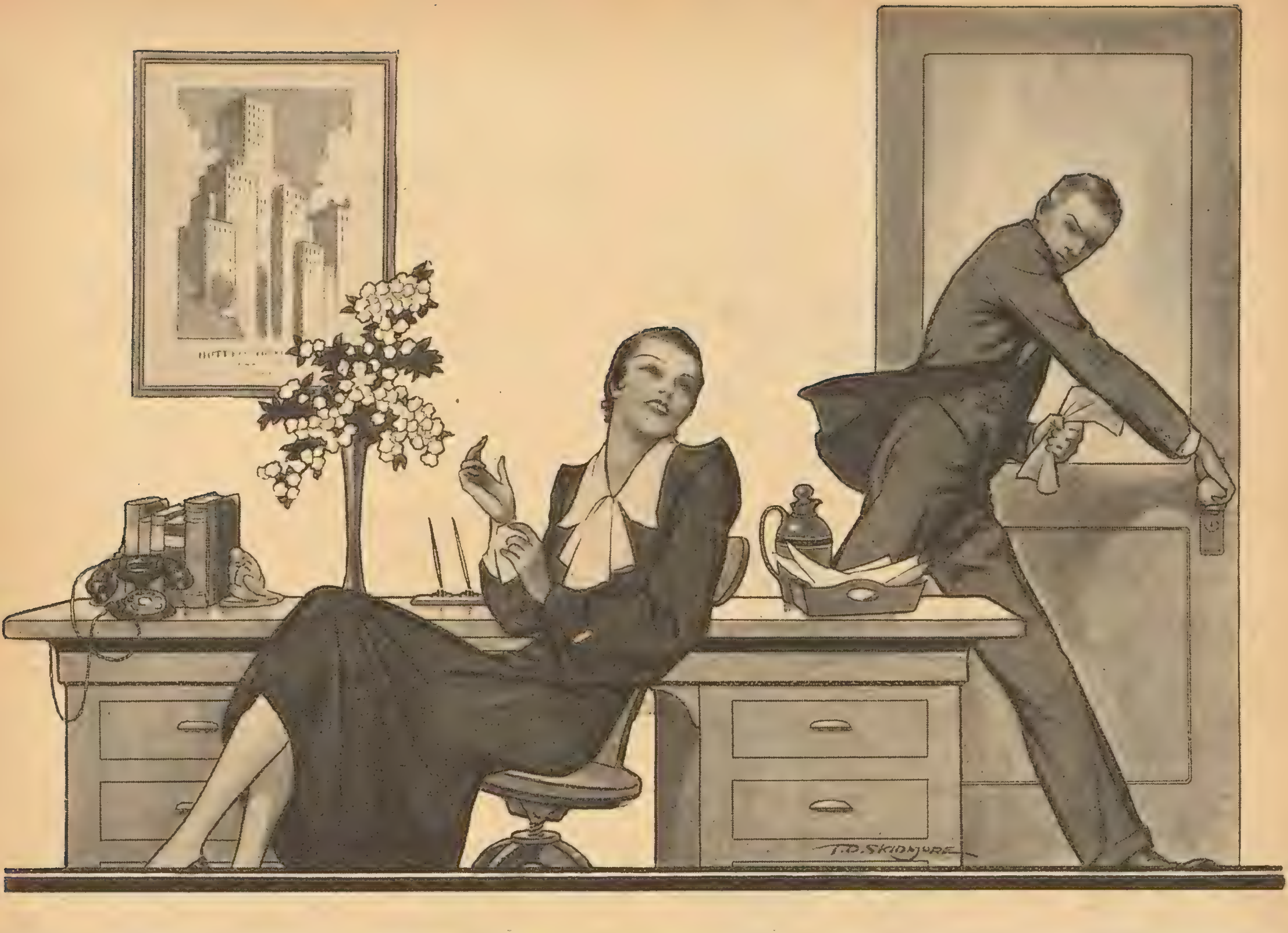
"Too busy to write before. Sent a Miss Dawn Vincent out to you. She is a very bright girl. Her people are well connected here. Hope you will treat her courteously. She has always had an abundance of energy but never before put it to a useful purpose.

"GEORGE HANCOCK FARWELL."

Heigh-ho. She had evidently reported her reception in some crafty underhanded feminine way, making it worse than it was—when it was bad enough, God knows. The "she has always" told him that Farwell had known her for a long time. Friend of the family, no doubt. The "abundance of energy" and the "useful purpose" provided an imagined background of country clubs, débutante parties, and the after deck of yachts. Playgirl with a purpose. A worthy foe!

Even so, when he glanced back he was ashamed. Important Western sales managers for giant hotel chains didn't browbeat young girls. But it was too late to apologize. He couldn't have done it anyway. Her cool assurance irritated him to the point where he was obliged to release his anger in the direction of the male stenographers.

However, after a flare-up one evening he apologized to



She was already putting on her paper cuffs. Dick stalked into his own office. If he wasn't mistaken she laughed out loud.

the boys. Dawn Vincent overheard it.

"Sorry," he said. "Indigestion again. Not well."

"That's all right, Mr. Wall." Harold gave him what looked like a fond smile. "Your bark is worse than your bite."

Dawn Vincent—it was just like a woman—felt free to intrude upon this intimate exchange.

"You should hire lots of people," she said. "Two stenographers and three salesmen hardly seem enough for your talents."

She followed him into the office and tossed on his desk—as if she had been waiting for this moment, as women do—a letter from Ambercombie & Fawcett. Henceforth, the letter said, all Ambercombie & Fawcett salesmen would stop at Farwell hotels. The letter was a pæan of praise. The writer was only sorry there wasn't a Farwell hotel in Chicago, for he himself would stop there when delayed downtown.

"How the dickens did you do this?" Dick heard himself asking. He had been trying to do just this for years!

"In my own way," said Vincent sweetly.

After that she opened the office in the morning and, if Dick hadn't outstayed her, would have closed it at night. She rushed in and out all day, making calls. Her heels were on fire. She walked rapidly, wore paper cuffs in the office, answered the telephone in a quick decisive tone, called on dozens of prospects every day, never looked tired—and in some mysterious way of her own managed to secure business that Farwell Hotels had never been able to win over. It was astonishing. Dick was obliged, in common decency, to write Farwell a memo about it.

"Take a memo!" shouted Dick, and one of the boys came in.

"Farwell:

"I appreciate your note about the business we're lining up out here in the wilderness. Paragraph. But I've got to tell you that you've finally sent us a winner. Five of the ten pieces of business reported last week were secured by this dynamo named Vincent. Paragraph. It's my theory that to get a spectacular job done in this crazy business you have to employ a kind of a nut. Until now the nuts you have sent me have been the wrong kind. Paragraph. If you will leave me alone and not send any more, we'll do a good job out here this fall. I don't know where you found this greyhound or what her system is, but it works. I don't know anything about her. It might be helpful if you would give me a little information."

DICK WALL gazed out of the window.

"Anything else, Mr. Wall?" asked Harold.

"Ye-ah," he decided. "Take out that stuff about who is she. Who the hell cares?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Wall?"

"What?"

"I don't suppose she told you, but the only firms and associations she's working on are the ones we gave up."

"What's that?"

"Yes, sir. She just asks for the ones the other salesmen can't get in to see. She even takes the ones you gave up yourself. She's a tough baby, isn't she?"

"That may not be exactly the word. Possibly she's the gal you hear about but never see—the efficient business woman."

"Yes. She says the harder they are the more fun to knock 'em over. That's what she says."

"She's a dynamo," said Dick grudgingly.

After that the boys called her Miss Dynamo behind her back.

She came in triumphantly one day with the contract for the annual convention of the Fruit Dealers. This had been going steadfastly to a rival hotel. Dick looked at the contract and said:

"You're going along all right, Miss Vincent. Perhaps I'd better see if I can get you a raise."

"Never mind." She was already putting on her paper cuffs. "Mr. Farwell raised my salary day before yesterday. He wrote me himself."

She waited like an adversary in a contest.

He did as well as he could under the circumstances:

"I wrote him you were doing well."

"Nice of you." Her eyes were frigid.

"I didn't do it to be nice, Miss Vincent. I make weekly reports."

Dick stalked into his own office. If he wasn't mistaken she laughed out loud.

He paraded the carpet. Farwell would never observe the formalities of business. He'd send on additional help with an explanatory memo when he thought of it, or raise a salary without consulting the department head. Once he had discharged one of Dick's stenographers, by telegram, after discovering the same word misspelled twice in a report. Dick could remember the wire, for Farwell hadn't even known the stenographer's name:

AM
FARWELL HOTEL SALES
LASALLE WACKER
CHICAGO
YOU ARE FIRED ONE S IN OCCASIONAL
FARWELL

How could a manager maintain discipline in his office when that sort of thing was always happening?

DICK called for Harold.

"Memo!" he said. "To Farwell:

"You know as well as I do that you can get another manager in here any time you like. You don't have to wear me down. Paragraph. I came out here six years ago on your solemn promise that I'd stay six months. You've got a dozen letters of resignation from me in your files. Paragraph. The next time you raise a salary out here without telling me about it, you can re-date the resignation you like best. Paragraph. How do you suppose I can run this office under these conditions? With a woman around here now— No, cut that. This Vincent cyclone— Oh, never mind. Leave her out of it.

"Send it air mail. No—day letter, collect."

Harold looked at his boss in awe.

"Yes, *sir!*"

Farwell's reply, upon close study, was an apology:

"Wall:

"Any time you don't like the way I run my business you can put on your hat. Don't bother sending a resignation. I don't read 'em.

"What's more, I don't often raise salaries. Almost never without consulting you. I have a personal interest in Miss Vincent. This is a special case.

"I do not know what you mean in your recent memo when you say she is a kind of a nut. She has always

Have you the *wrong idea* about laxatives?

IF you think you have to take nasty-tasting laxatives to get results—*you are wrong!*

If you think that to get results you have to take laxatives that upset the stomach, that shock the system, or that cause bad after-effects—*you are wrong!*

If you think a laxative can be taken as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills—*you are wrong!*

EX-LAX IS EFFECTIVE—IN A GENTLE WAY

Ex-Lax will not upset you, and it will not disturb digestion. It acts gently but thoroughly. Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X—L-A-X. Avoid substitutes.

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
for relief of constipation
6 tablets 10¢
18 tablets 25¢

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Did you say 10¢?
Yes, I said 10¢
MODEL

Words like *cool, smooth, mellow, mild,* have been applied to so many tobaccos they no longer mean anything to the average smoker. We simply suggest that you try MODEL. If you like to fill your pipe by dipping, get MODEL in the pouch package. If you like to pour tobacco into your pipe, get MODEL in the tin. Either way, we think you'll like MODEL . . . and it costs only 10 cents.

MODEL
SMOKING TOBACCO
IN POUCH OR TIN

TUNE IN YOUR RADIO
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
See your local evening-program listings
TUNE IN YOUR PIPE

been a perfectly normal, not to say charming, girl. I have known her a long time and I am delighted with her success. She did not have to go into business. To my way of thinking, all the more reason for rewarding her now. How does she do it?

"GEORGE HANCOCK FARWELL.

"PS. I have given you a little raise. I hope you don't mind. Notice your next check."

The postscript was in the chief's own semi-illegible longhand. He couldn't dictate an apology. His secretary read the Chicago reports and Wall didn't write respectful nothings to the man who had broken his solemn word to transfer him back to New York, where he lived.

Dick answered, also in longhand:

"Thanks for the little raise. I don't mind, because it doesn't come to me as a surprise. I have been expecting it for over a year now. Hope the amount will surprise me.

"In a recent memo you ask how Vincent does it. She does it in her own way, whatever that is.

"Now she has landed the Waterworks convention. This is the one whose president and vice president mislaid a case of Scotch the last time they held the convention at the Frisco-Farwell. Also the house officer bawled out some big important members of the board of directors for playing leapfrog in the halls after midnight. It's the same board, and this happened ten years ago, but they are elephants and do not forget. I had given it up as a bad job.

"But she got it. You ask her how she did it.

"Maybe I lacked charm when I tried it. I don't blossom in this climate.

"Mr. Farwell, I am going to try very hard to make something clear. I don't know just how to begin it this time. Look—

"I am definitely, completely, wholeheartedly fed up out here. I have been offered a job by the Baldwin people—in New York. It will be nice if I go there, because I'll be right next door, and now and again when I'm not busy getting your conventions I will run in and pass the time of day with you."

The answer to that was a telegram:

FARWELL REQUESTS WAIT HE WILL BE IN CHICAGO FRIDAY SEE HIM AT FOUR PM
HELEN KERSHAW
SECRETARY

GEORGE HANCOCK FARWELL was sixty-four years old. He looked fifty. He was impassive, hard-muscled, tanned, carefully groomed—had all the glamour of a good actor. His blue eyes were strangely expressionless, with surprising laughter wrinkles about the corners. He had never been known to raise his voice above a conversational tone. His personality commanded whiplash obedience.

His managers walked on tiptoe when Farwell visited his hotels or sales offices. Dick Wall alone stood flat-footed. And Wall, temperamental, wry, sardonic, had been a firebrand for the past six years and five months.

Farwell had a file of the more outspoken memos from Chicago to which he referred as "that hot-head's file." He had kept Dick Wall in Chicago by the simple expedient of raising his salary. But he couldn't afford to raise it again. It may be that he thought it wiser to spend a little money on a trip.

In a lofty apartment in a Lake Shore Drive hotel, on Friday afternoon, he opened the door to Dick Wall, who had turned up two hours earlier than his appointment.

"Hello," said Dick. "I heard you got in yesterday."

"Golf. Come in."

Dick gave him a wry smile. "I couldn't wait."

"So I see. Have a drink?"

"Why, yes—no, better not."

"Stomach again?" Farwell looked over his glasses.

Dick didn't see the quick affectionate smile that hovered on Farwell's lips.

"It's not my stomach. It's the Western climate or something. In a large way, I don't like this town."

"You've mentioned that, I think," Farwell said.

DICK circled the room.

"Mr. Farwell, I've told you for years—seems like a century!—I don't care for it out here. I don't like anything west of the Hudson. The further west I go the less I like it. I don't want to stay here any longer. I don't want another raise. I'd rather work for half the money at home—that's a fact. I'm lost out here. Don't know anybody I like—"

"You should have made a few friends by this time."

"I haven't tried."

The laughter wrinkles around the cold eyes deepened. Farwell sat down, crossed his legs. He seemed to make a sudden decision.

"My boy," he said, "you're fast becoming a psychopathic case. Wait a minute. Sit down. Now, then. Occasionally I run across a man who has allowed his pride to be so wounded by some unhappy misadventure with a woman that it colors his entire life—"

"Just a second, Mr. Farwell. That's my business, I think."

"Not when it interferes with mine it isn't. It isn't necessary for me to tell you that I like you. I've let you get away with murder—you know that. Fact is, I like you so much I'm going to tell you—you're a damned fool."

"What's this about interfering with your business?" Dick got up and walked across the carpet. "You show me anybody who gets more, will you? Go on—show me!"

"Hold on. Would you like to know why you're still out here?"

"Would I!"

"Sit down a minute. You're still out here because I can't use you in New York, Wall."

"Can't use me—"

"I can't use you in any of the hotels.

I sent you out here in the first place because I can't have a nervous wreck around a hotel. Hotelmen are friendly souls exuding good cheer. You snarl at women."

"Snarl at women!" Dick Wall put his hands on his knees and with a stricken look on his face bent forward in his chair.

"Well, I know I'm a little excitable. I have nervous indigestion. I—"

"Not at all. You're one of the odd ones carrying over an adolescent pique—wounded pride. I expected something to bump it out of you. It's ridiculous. You've lived alone too much. Oh, well!"

Farwell rose to his feet, turned his back, and dropped an ice cube in a highball glass. Wall's voice, drawn thin, came from the window:

"There's no chance for me, then? I mean to say, I'm marooned here? I don't want to work for anybody else. Might as well be perfectly frank about *that.*" He turned.

Farwell faced him.

"I'd be foolish to move you, wouldn't I? I don't know how you do it with that sour map of yours, but you're a spectacular success out here. I can match your frankness, my boy, because I can't afford to pay you another dime. When I raised your salary the other day I was surprised to find out how much you were getting."

SINKING in his chair again, Dick Wall slowly lifted his thin fingers to his forehead. His respect for George Hancock Farwell mounted and his self-esteem went down—like looking at his own reflection through the wrong end of a telescope.

"And now," said Farwell, fizzing seltzer into his highball glass, "if it disturbs you to have Miss Vincent out here, I'll move her. I'll transfer her to Cleveland—or New York. You aren't obliged to have her around if you don't like her."

Dick left the telescope long enough to say:

"Oh, Lord, no! If I stay on here, Mr. Farwell, I want her around. She's—she's a dynamo. She's what you'd call the ideal business woman!"

A key turned in the lock. The door in the outer hall opened—and closed.

Then Dawn Vincent stopped in the doorway, caught her breath.

She was, however, the first to speak.

"Um-m-m," she said. "This rather lets the cat out of the bag, doesn't it?" . . .

A week later, in one of her own reports to George Hancock Farwell, Dawn wrote:

"It's really astonishing the way this man is softening and giving out brightness and joy. But not in my direction, unfortunately. In the direction of the poor wan little male stenographers. He all but takes them on his knee of an evening. And he's perfectly swell—I would go so far as to say gallant—to any woman who telephones. What did you say to him, darling? And while you were at it, why didn't you ask him to be nice to
"YOUR NIECE."

● *"Kiddie-Kar racing is lots of fun," smiles the 1934 champion, "but if you're bothered with skin problems like rubbing and chafing, you don't get along very well. I'll admit that I owe much of my success to Johnson's Baby Powder. It's so silky soft and smooth that it keeps every inch of me in perfect condition."*

● *"I swore I'd master the art of Rooster-Rocking," says champion Maguire, "and was it a job! I used to get terribly hot and tired. But thanks to Mother's conscientious use of Johnson's Baby Powder for my rub-down, I'm always able to return to my practice refreshed and full of pep!"*

● *"This is grand fun," giggles the Somersault Wonder, "and it just expresses the peppy way I feel since my mother began to use Johnson's Baby Powder on me! I used to have prickly heat and lots of other horrid skin troubles — but not any more! Really, Johnson's Baby Powder has made another baby of me!"*

● *"Look, everybody! Here's the baby powder that all the nursery champions like so much—Johnson's! And if the rest of you babies want your mothers to use it, get 'em to make the thumb and finger test! They'll find some powders feel gritty—but not Johnson's — it's smooth as silk. It hasn't a speck of zinc stearate or orris-root in it either!"*

Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 149, New Brunswick, N. J.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

HOW TO GET QUICK RELIEF

WHEN PAIN 'TIES KNOTS' IN YOUR MUSCLES

That "knot of pain" is a real knot—muscles are tight with congestion that needs to be soothed away if you want real relief.

And thousands will tell you the way to soothe that knot away is to rub, rub, rub with good old Absorbine Jr.

You can feel its grateful, warming glow spread down into the tissues as your hand moves back and forth over that spot of pain. You can feel the pleasant circulation of fresh clean blood flowing through the tissues to carry congestion away.

That's why Absorbine Jr. has been the choice of famous athletes, coaches and trainers for forty years. Men who *have* to get quick relief will tell you that nothing soothes away throbbing pain, soreness and congestion like Absorbine Jr.

All druggists can supply you with Absorbine Jr.—$1.25 a bottle. Economical to use . . . only a few drops are needed per application. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

Later, in another report, she said:

"He's amazing. When I told him that I'd been able to get business by looking up all the important aunts and cousins and uncles and fathers and grandfathers of people I knew, he made me give him a list of everybody I could think of, and now he's ablaze with ambition. He has the other salesmen on detective duty, tracking down relatives of people I went to school with. But I'm heartily sick of dropping in on an old acquaintance and saying: 'Oh, by the by, do you know Archie Whoosis of the National Beer Mug Association?' I don't think it's exactly cricket, or whatever that game is."

HARLAN WARE *is thirty-two, and is still unmarried. Was a newspaper reporter in Chicago, New Orleans, and Shreveport, and was at one time an actor. Was for nine years the promotion manager for a Chicago hotel. Wrote fiction as a side line but now devotes all of his time to it. Lives in Arcadia, California.*

And three weeks later, in a report she typed in the office after hours—while Dick Wall was trying to outstay her—she wrote:

"I've found out he doesn't go anywhere. He has an apartment on the North Side, near an elevated. He goes home every night to play solitaire or the piano or to read good books. He's so pleasant to everybody but me, it's painful.

"I don't think I can keep it up any longer. You wondered why I wanted to come out here. Two reasons, darling. When I broke off with Freddie I was pretty bored and feeling useless. But there was another reason. One day while I was waiting for you at the office this nervous wreck of yours came in. You'd called him to New York for some purpose. You were out, you see, and while I was waiting there he took care of some important things for you in a courageous and perfectly thrilling way. It was very exciting. He seemed so unlike Freddie.

"And, what's more, his young face and gray hair and that pleasant-sour expression was enough to make a girl's heart turn over. When I asked Miss Kershaw who he was she told me about him. And she mentioned the hot-head file. I made her bring it out—forgive me. I read every one. Aren't his letters delicious? I get an awful laugh out of him all the time.

"Well, anyway, I wanted to work with him and see what he was like, and of course I didn't want him to know who I was, because that would spoil it. And now he knows, and it has.

"Really, I was getting along beautifully until he found out. I'd catch him looking at me out of the corner of his eye, as if he expected me to blow up or turn into a dragon.

"So-o-o, since I've told you everything important all my life, I'd best tell you now, if you haven't already guessed it, that I am kind of goofy about him and he is kind of goofy about me, but nothing will ever come of it now. He thinks he doesn't like women. And besides, I'm

"YOUR NIECE."

Farwell answered, night letter:

MUST I TELL YOU AGAIN THE TOUGHER THEY ARE THE MORE FUN TO KNOCK EM OVER UNCLE GEORGE

She wired back at once:

IF I DO IT WILL YOU MAKE HIM MANAGER OF A HOTEL QUESTION THE POOR DEAR REALLY CANT STAND IT HERE MUCH LONGER STOP HE IS HAVING ACUTE STOMACH TROUBLE AND IS VERY PALE BUT PLEASANT YOUR NIECE

The answer was:

SURE I WILL

Late the next afternoon, when the stenographers had gone and Dick Wall was outstaying her—sitting in his own office and gazing out of the window—Dawn went in. Earlier in the afternoon she had taken time to change her clothes. She was radiant. She wore a corsage. She looked like a woman about to dine with an admirable male.

Dick rose. Color came into his cheeks. He smiled vaguely—jerked a nervous hand toward a chair.

"Sit down, won't you?"

"Mr. Wall," she said, "I've been here long enough."

"What's that?" The color that had flushed his face when she came in drained slowly out.

"Yes. I'm tired. I wanted to work for a while to see what it was like. It's fun. But I think I'll go back to New York."

"New York," he whispered. "*New York.* Nobody could blame you. That's where I live, you know—New York." His fingers drummed rapidly on the desk. "Um-m-m. That's gonna leave a hole here, isn't it?" He smiled his wry smile at her. "You—you're wonderful, you know. I mean to say—it's astonishing, the way you get business. I—I don't know what I'm going to do without you."

"Uncle George says you did very well before I came."

"Oh, it was good enough, but—Well! What do you know about that! You're going to New York. I'll—I'll miss you, myself."

"Not really?"

"Ye-ah. I've grown kind of accustomed to— Well, well! When do you leave?"

"I'm not sure."

He opened a fresh pack of cigarettes—though there were two half packages on his desk—took one out, crushed it in the ash tray, and lit a match.

When he had put the match out, he said:

"Why don't you stay on a couple of weeks? We might see the World's Fair. I didn't see it last year. I hear it was pretty good. Maybe you'd like to go around with me a little. Or maybe you wouldn't."

She pressed her corsage with the palm of her hand, and looked down at it, concealing her lips. She murmured:

"Do you think it will take two weeks—or couldn't we have it over with right now?"

That night, after dinner, she wired George Hancock Farwell:

IT IS ALL RIGHT STOP HE IS VERY GOOFY ABOUT ME TOO STOP HE IS RIGHT HERE AND YOU SHOULD SEE HOW KIND AND FRIENDLY HE LOOKS STOP DONT FORGET PROMISE YOUR NIECE

The next morning there was a telegram from New York awaiting Dick Wall at the office:

YOU ARE NOW MANAGER OF FRISCO FARWELL STOP TRANSFERRING YOU BOTH STOP LEAVE WHEN READY STOP OSBORN COMING TO TAKE CHICAGO OFFICE FOR SIX MONTHS
GEORGE HANCOCK FARWELL

Dick shouted: "Look at this! Hey—Dawn! Look at this!" He hammered on the desk. "Will I burn him up for this! Who in hell wants to go to San Francisco? We live in New York!"

"Tell you what, darling," Dawn said. "We'll go to San Francisco just for a little while—until the children are through college—and then we can go back to New York, where we live."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What causes freckles?

2—A proof gallon is what?

3—Where is the source and the mouth of the Canadian River?

4—What is sisal?

5—What is the origin of the word tantalize?

6—What is the difference between the American and the English use of the word corn?

7—The initials A. M. and P. M., used in connection with time, mean what?

8—What is savoir-faire?

9—Which United States city has been under five different flags during its history?

10—Who was "The Man Without a Country"?

11—Pityriasis is what?

12—What author, statesman, and signer of the Declaration of Independence also won recognition as a composer of music?

13—What six states produce more than half the manufactured products of the United States?

14—What and where is Cambria?

15—What is meant by the term Government Crop Report?

16—Where in North America is the greatest rise and fall of the tide?

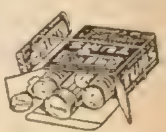
17—How much does a gallon of water weigh?

18—What is a limequat?

19—*Cave canem* means what?

20—Central Park, New York City, covers how many acres?

(Answers will be found on page 50)



I've Broken the Habit OF TAKING HARSH ALKALIES FOR Acid Indigestion!

"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with Tums! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

TUMS End Sour Stomach . . . Gas . . . Heartburn New Safe Way!

EVERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of *raw water-soluble alkali.*

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalies gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up. TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

FREE *1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples* TUMS *and* NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 11-PLL, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

3-Roll Carrier Package

Contains 3 rolls Tums and handy pocket carrier. Only 25c. Money refunded if liberal test packet attached doesn't satisfy you.

Wales Escapes Royal Match—Night-Club Era

Continuing a Series of Revelations of

The Bachelor Prince

by His Friend FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

U. & U. photo

Princess Ileana of Roumania. He enjoyed dancing with her, but—marriage? No sale!

ANY impression that the Prince of Wales saw the World War from a safe distance must have been dispelled by last week's installment of this series. Mr. Hunt revealed the facts of the Prince's war record from early August, 1914, when as a boy of twenty he defied even Kitchener in his efforts to get to the front with his regiment, to his return after the armistice to "a new world."

As aide-de-camp to French, the British commander in chief in France, he was under fire again and again and had more than a few narrow escapes. His military superiors were kept anxious about his safety; he was forever slipping off to fraternize with Tommies or poilus in dangerous posts or first-aid stations. Always he resented being withheld from the actual fighting. Once during a German offensive he burst out in a choking voice: "I can't stand it! They won't let me take my chances!" He escorted his father the King over the front, and in the fall of 1918, while visiting the Italian front, he boarded a British plane and personally sprayed the Austrian trenches with machine-gun fire.

Mr. Hunt had previously affirmed that, tireless rumor to the contrary notwithstanding, the Prince of Wales will become King when the time comes—but that he will never marry.

PART FOUR—THE GAYEST OF THE GAY

THE Prince and I are neighbors up in the foothill country of western Canada. His beautiful ranch is the first one to the east of my own Eden Valley Ranch; or it might be a little more correct to say

On his ranch, with its manager, Prof. Carlyle (at left), and George Hoadley, Alberta's Minister of Agriculture.

U. & U. photo

Cutting out calves for branding on the Bar U Ranch—as Lane, the rancher, shouts: "Not that-a-way, young feller!"

Making and Welcomes the

Wide World photo

Princess Ingrid of Sweden. Her name is still fuel for the match-makers.

Princess Marie-Jose of Belgium. She was talked of—but she is a Catholic.

Keystone View photos

Princess Yolanda of Italy, besides being a Catholic, loved another man.

Style setter. "He appeared in a 'bowler' hat—a derby. Overnight the world started wearing them."

U. & U. photo

that my ranch is the first one that lies to the west of his E. P. Ranch.

As the crow flies our houses are seven miles apart. By horse it is eight or nine miles, and by motor some twenty-five miles. But in every way we are neighbors. This very summer I have been breaking four colts that were sired by the very fine thoroughbred Will Somers that the King gave to the Prince.

It was in the fall of 1919 that he bought this property and named it E. P. (Edward Prince) Ranch, and sent out from his home farms in England pure-bred horses and shorthorn cattle and sheep. I bought my ranch seven years later. On his last visit to his ranch, in 1927, I got to know this royal neighbor of mine pretty well. His ranch manager, the wise and able Professor W. L. Carlyle, asked me to drive to Calgary and help bring out the Prince's party. On the long ride in I hit a bump in the road and broke the tire rack that held my spare. I put the shoe on the left-hand running board and tied it with a rope to the handle of the rear door. It was an ungainly-looking outfit but it worked.

The Prince's train was to arrive about eleven o'clock in the morning and it was nearly ten when I drove my muddy and dilapidated ranch car into Calgary. I hurried to a garage and tried to get it washed and cleaned, but half of all the cars in the city apparently were ahead of me. As it was, neither Mr. Carlyle nor I could get a thing done to our tough-looking old busses before we had to start for the Canadian Pacific station.

DRAWN up in a roped-off space near the main entrance, we discovered a fleet of the very latest and most magnificent cars that the Calgary dealers had on hand. They were draped with flags and shined up like race horses. It took some little argument before we were allowed to park next the station and some distance back.

When the train came in, Mr. Carlyle hurried over to the private railroad car and a minute or two later came out with the Prince's small retinue.

War veterans were lined up as a guard of honor and the Prince inspected them. He spoke to a number of the men; he had met them in the fighting zones or in hospitals.

Seated in my dirty old car, I saw the party head for the beautiful new special automobiles. But the Prince hesitated only the barest second, said something to Mr. Carlyle, who nodded and then led the way straight to our disreputable busses.

He climbed in the front seat alongside Mr. Carlyle.

"I've learned that OLIVE OIL is just the thing for soothing an irritated skin."

Ray Van Orman
TRAINER OF OLYMPIC LACROSSE TEAM, 1932

PREVENT THAT RAZOR RAWNESS

use the Shave Cream made with olive oil—PALMOLIVE!

RAY VAN ORMAN agrees with thousands of other trainers, athletes, skin specialists: There's nothing like olive oil for putting an irritated skin back in shape!

That's why olive oil, in just the right amount, goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream—to keep your face fresh and smooth, free from after-shave irritation.

And it's this unique Palmolive formula that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (one inch of cream makes a full quart of lather!). This lather *stands* up for ten minutes—never dries or wilts while it gives you a cleaner, easier shave!

LARGE SIZE TUBE

ONLY 25¢

PALMOLIVE
shave cream
PALMOLIVE
Shave Cream

FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢

Prince George, his youngest brother, slipped in behind with an aide. The three others in the party hurried over to my car and with a cheery hello jumped in. The famous old Scotland Yard detective, Sergeant Burt, who for years always accompanied the Prince (and who is now dead), took the front seat alongside me.

The Prince's car started and I did my best to keep up. Already the crowd was pressing in behind the front car.

"Keep up close," the old sergeant urged.

With horn honking I nosed in as close as I could. A woman carrying a baby jumped directly in behind the Prince's car—and I missed her by a half inch.

I kept on honking. It was a close shave several times, but nobody got hurt. Then we were free of the crowd and hitting it for the golf course.

The Prince played eighteen holes and had a quick lunch, and we started the sixty-five miles to his ranch. We hadn't gone many miles before I saw him several times lean out of the window and glance back at us. Finally his car stopped, and by the time I had slowed up he was walking back toward us.

"I'm worried about that spare tire of yours," he said to me, examining the rather awkward way I had tied the shoe to the door handle. "It looks to me as if you'd lose it almost any minute."

"Well, thanks," I answered, "but I think it'll ride. It's held all morning."

"All right, if you're sure about it. But just for luck I'll keep an eye on it."

Time and again he would look back. In my own car not one of us was in the slightest concerned about that spare. But the Prince was. He wanted to help out.

It was six o'clock when we drew up in front of his low rambling ranch house. I stepped out to say good-by to him; it was a long trip back to my own ranch.

BUT the Prince would have none of it. "You're going to have dinner with us and stay the night. Leave your car right there under the cottonwoods and come on in."

It was exactly the kind of treatment one Western rancher always gives another: "Tie up and come on in."

We washed up, had a cocktail, and sat down to dinner. The Prince and I talked about American roads and how to write a novel, and about that time he had been socked in the eye in a polo game in Manila, and the difference between cattle ranches in Canada and the Argentine. After dinner we played the phonograph and spun good salty yarns, and when midnight rolled around two or three of us with the Prince went out in the kitchen and Mr. Carlyle rustled a cold ham and some bread and cheese and a bottle of beer. We sat down at the kitchen table with its oilcloth cover still on.

It's the sort of evening I've had a thousand times—only this particular one my companion was more traveled and knew more of the world and its strange people than almost any one I had ever talked to. If his name had been plain Edward Windsor it would all have been just as memorable and delightful. We both liked horses and cattle and rolling hills and we'd both banged around the world and seen a few queer things—and we both liked cold ham and cheese and beer.

There was no kotowing in the slightest. I would address him exactly as I would, say, an army brigadier: "Thanks, sir, I will have another slice of that ham." It was all free and easy—and honest. He'd have resented any of that Your Royal Highness stuff, or by the same token, any undue familiarity. (His own staff call him "H. R. H." It is about as familiar as any of his associates would care to get.)

I SHALL never forget one thing he said:

"Few people seem to understand just what I am trying to do here. I want to build up and encourage fine improved live stock in western Canada. I want to do everything I can to help along the cattle and sheep and horse breeder. I really mean it."

And he does. It is not at all impossible that the duties he has at home and the general state of the King's health may make it inadvisable for him ever again to see this beautiful ranch of his. But it has served well its purpose. It was a high-strung, bewildered, and aimless Prince who came out of the war.

After observing four years of slaughter he was indifferent to much of life. The world was cockeyed. Everything was upside down.

Like his comrades he was overwhelmed by the injustices of life and death. The men who were largely responsible for the war were safe and sound; but 10,000,000 innocent men—the bravest youth of the world—were dead.

There was no horror or hate that the Prince had not experienced. His heart had been opened to the common soldiers. Back home, he was now seeing a heedless country and a blind world forget their pledges to these men. Bitterly he marked this indifference and irresponsibility.

Millions of his comrades in those early months of 1919 were struggling to find their civilian niches. The years when they should have been learning a profession or trade, or establishing themselves in a business, they had spent in learning only how to kill other young men. Their own bodies and souls had been shaken in the very period when they should have been built up and expanded.

It was the most natural thing in the world that they should now turn to liquor and bright moments with women—themselves almost as nerve-shattered by the war.

The Prince was no exception. What was the value of anything? he asked himself. What else was there to do but live madly, gayly—to forget the days and nights of horror, the moans and screams of dying men, the smell of the dead?

There was no justice anywhere. A man's brave pal was killed—and some sniveling coward was now the returned hero.

So let's shoot the works! To the devil with the consequences! Strike up the band! Blow off the lid!

London burned with false brightness. The war was over. England had won—the Empire had been saved.

Everywhere were young women searching almost as desperately as the men for an outlet—for some relief from the horror and pressure of the war years.

Confused, uncertain, with nerves taut, the Prince became the typical young returned officer about town. London night clubs saw him regularly. The men among his companions were officers, themselves strung taut by war experiences.

Most of them were of titled or aristocratic families and men and women alike were drinking deep of the cup of forced happiness. They formed a clique frowned on by dowagers and stiff mamas. After closing hours at dance clubs they would spirit away the orchestra and in some private home dance until dawn broke.

The Prince was the gayest of this gay crowd. As Prince of Wales he would naturally have been accepted, but he was so popular because he was amusing and could dance well—and because the almost shy and wistful way he had about him was immensely appealing to women.

THE Prince during these years immediately following the war was a young bachelor who must have looked upon much that had to do with marriage as simply another bit of hypocrisy and bunk. When his family or some high official of the government spoke of his marrying and settling down, he quickly changed the subject.

But pressure was being brought to bear on him. For more than a decade after the war the matchmakers were to be busier than ever with their plans and intrigues.

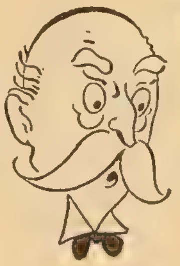
During the war, when the Prince served with the British troops on the Italian front, he was naturally a guest for a time at the palace in Rome. It was a chance not to be missed. Rumors spread over Europe of his engagement to Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the King. The press of the world did not bother to find out how impossible this match was, even if the young Prince had desired it. The beautiful Princess was already in love with Count Calvi di Bergolo, whom she later married. Besides, there would have been the insurmountable barrier of religion. The Queen of England must be a Protestant. Princess Yolanda was a Catholic and no Catholic princess would ever have consented to change her religion. Wise heads knew all this—but not the gossipers.

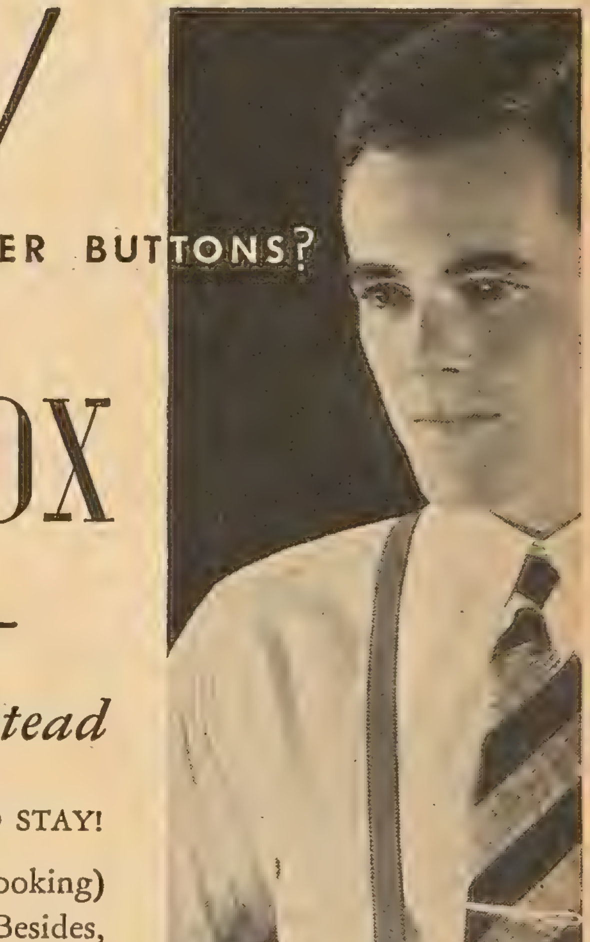
It was much the same with the report that connected the Prince's name with that of Princess Marie-José of Belgium, now Crown Princess of Italy. She also was a Catholic.

Baffled, gossip and the enterprising press began to look further for a bride for the Prince. They thought they had found one in the person of the Princess Olga, youngest daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, pretender to the crown of Hanover. But this was the wildest idea of all, because she was ten years older than the Prince, and in addition her parents were no longer on speaking terms with their English relatives, owing to the supposed attitude of the Duke of Cumberland and of his son during the World War.

As for Danish princesses, the only unmarried ones were rather unattractive and not even the wildest imagination could conceive of the dashing heir to the British crown asking one of them to become his bride. And as for the daughters of the Duchess of Fife, sister of King George, it was well known Queen Mary disapproved of marriages between first cousins.

German princesses being out of the question, there remained four Swedish princesses, all pretty and all attractive. One of them, the Princess Ingrid of Sweden, only daughter of the Crown Prince, was to furnish





What!
NO SUSPENDER BUTTONS?

STREAMLOX
Braces

.. use jewelry-clasps instead

JUST A FLIP AND THEY'RE ON TO STAY!

Far more secure (and much better looking) than the usual buttonholed ends. Besides, you get "suspension" just where it's needed to make your trousers hang right—not where someone happened to put a suspender button.

Most good stores can show you Streamlox Braces in a variety of handsome, new patterns of fine quality elastic web. Although Streamlox grip like grim death, they're "toothless"—won't leave even a mark on the cloth of your trouser tops!

Equip yourself with a pair of Streamlox and soon you'll be singing "good-bye forever" to suspender buttons!

PIONEER
SUSPENDER CO · PHILA., PA.
BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS

Be sure you get STREAMLOX, smartly styled by Pioneer. Priced at \$1 and \$1.50

much fuel to the match-makers. Gossip still connects the name of this charming Princess with the possibility of a royal alliance to the Prince. Queen Mary is supposed to be extremely fond of her and several times has had her visit the English court. But the Prince remains a bachelor.

Next was to come wild rumor that the Prince was falling in love with the talented Princess Ileana of Roumania. Her mother, Queen Marie, would have liked nothing so much in the world as this match. But it was no sale. The Prince enjoyed dancing with the rather amusing Ileana, but as for marrying—well, he had to see the world before he could do that.

Then was to come the name of the eldest daughter of the King of Spain. On his visit to the royal palace in Madrid on his way to South America, reports flew thick and fast that the Prince had at last really fallen in love with a royal princess. But it was no truer than most of the other bits of matrimonial gossip.

Meanwhile, his staff had published in the Daily Mail of London the official denial of his engagement to the daughter of an Irish peer.

BAFFLED in their efforts to find a bride for him among the daughters of royal houses, the busybodies turned their attention toward girls of the English nobility. During a visit which the Prince paid in Canada when the present Duke of Devonshire was Governor-General, a story was started that he was in love with Lady Rachel, the Governor-General's fourth daughter, and had really come over to propose to her. It was another bit of nonsense without foundation.

After this last press attempt to marry him off, the Prince was let more or less alone as far as matrimony was concerned. But soon there began to be malicious gossip about the romances that were attributed to the Prince.

Press and public also made him the world's style setter. Toward the end of April, 1919, newspapers everywhere printed the first story of him in this rôle. He was appearing at functions in a "bowler" hat—to Americans, a derby. Almost overnight the world started wearing that long-unpopular hat again.

Ever after London's Bond Street, New York's Fifth Avenue, Chicago's Michigan Boulevard, and Paris's Rue de la Paix were to watch with the eyes of a hawk the cut of his coat, the width of his trousers, the colors of his tie. One appearance of the Prince in public wearing something a little different, and the cables would buzz and a new style would be born.

Just one week after turning twenty-five he had moved from his quarters in Buckingham Palace, where he was under the watchful eyes of his parents, to his own home at York House, adjoining St. James's Palace.

He was now the Bachelor Prince in earnest. He could go and come exactly as he pleased. In many ways it was a new freedom; but a struggle was to begin. On one side were the forces of reaction against the bitter war years. On the other were his own high sense of duty and the wise and tolerant counsel of the men who now made up the staff of his household.

As comptroller, or general manager, he had Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, a distinguished naval officer. But the man who was to exercise possibly the greatest influence over him was his private secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas. Sir Godfrey was five years older than the Prince and had come to him from the Foreign Office. A gentle, soft-spoken, almost shy man, he was slowly to win the Prince's deep respect and affection. His counsel was to be of inestimable value. During fifteen years he was to travel with his friend, help him over the rough spots, and calmly and loyally aid and protect him.

Soon the Prince was to meet women who were to have a great deal to do with the molding of his life. One or two of these affairs were later to turn into rare and beautiful enduring romances.

The formal obligations of his position he discharged with increasing skill and good judgment. He made few mistakes. He was learning with some difficulty to speak at banquets and before a thousand and one different assemblies.

In April, 1919, he made his first visit to the slums of Southwark, London. He was seeing for himself how his ex-comrades were actually living.

In one unpainted half-tumbled-down tenement house he climbed a rickety stair to an attic with a ceiling so low that he could barely stand upright. The only furniture in the single room consisted of two beds with filthy mattresses and rag blankets. The windowpanes were broken and the whole room reeked with filth.

"It is damnable beyond words," the twenty-four-year-old Prince said in a low voice.

He was learning that civil life, for millions of men, was even worse than war.

Ten days later he paid his first visit to a workingmen's club near Kew Gardens. And two weeks after that he made his first speech about proper housing.

ALREADY he had been made patron of the newly formed British Legion. His old commander in chief, Earl Haig, was president—but Haig himself said the Prince was the soul of the Legion.

In May he was initiated into the craft of Freemasonry in the Household Brigade Lodge. A month later he went underground in a Welsh colliery.

But in the summer of 1919 Downing Street and Buckingham Palace had more to worry about than the casual experiences of a youthful Prince. Canada and the other Dominions were asking themselves what they had got out of the war.

Canada alone had lost more than 60,000 of her finest sons. She had saddled herself with a tremendous war debt. She was restless if not restive.

Why not take a long shot? Why not send this appealing lad, hard to handle in London, to Canada?

Each might help the other.

There was a tradition that heirs to the throne should travel over the Empire. Edward VII, when he was nineteen, had traveled extensively in Canada and the United States. At twenty-one he had visited the Orient and Jerusalem.

It had been as a family man of mature years that the Prince's father had made his formal visits about the Empire.

But this time it would be no prince

HAW-HAW-HAW! THERE MUST BE MICE IN THIS CAR!
THERE WOULDN'T BE IF YOU'D OIL THE DOOR HINGES ONCE IN A WHILE WITH 3-IN-ONE!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES CLEANS AND POLISHES PREVENTS RUST AND TARNISH
IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

Keep a can of 3-in-One Oil in your car. Use it to end squeaks; to loosen rusty rim bolts; for generator and distributor. Sold everywhere.

wrapped in cotton batting, with every second of his hours carefully scheduled and with his speeches written out and then okayed by Buckingham Palace and Downing Street, who would be put on parade for a great Dominion to look at. Instead it would be a youthful soldier who had won his spurs in the war. If he made mistakes he would have only himself to blame.

So it was that when the giant battle cruiser Renown steamed out of Plymouth on the morning of August 5, there was a deep concern felt as to just what would happen during the coming four-months tour of Canada.

Six days later the great ship dropped anchor at Conception Bay, and the following day the Prince transferred to a light cruiser, the Dragon, and moved toward the old city of St. John's in the independent colony of Newfoundland. It was a misty morning when he went ashore to face the first test of his mission.

An hour later any questions about his welcome were answered. The sturdy fishermen and townspeople of St. John's and the loyal Newfoundlanders for miles around lined the streets and fairly drove away the threatening clouds with their cheers.

Two days later he set foot on Canadian soil at St. John, New Brunswick. There was an official reception and address by the Governor-General —and then the common people of Canada cheered and threw their hats in the air in a surge of delirious joy and pride in him. He was their Prince quite as much as England's. They went wild with enthusiasm and loyalty.

That night cables ticked back to England the story of how he had captured the hearts of a people.

The thing had gone over. There was no doubt now about the outcome of his visit.

At Toronto, as he was reviewing a group of wounded ex-soldiers, the hat of one on crutches blew off. Quick as a flash the Prince jumped for it and put it back on the head of his crippled comrade. It was a tiny gesture, but it showed the 40,000 onlookers what manner of Prince this boy was.

LIKE a great prairie fire the wild enthusiasm for him swept over Canada. At Winnipeg cheering throngs broke through the lines and joyously crowded around his car. Time and again he was almost mobbed by the friendly and excited thousands.

Later at a reception he shook hands until his swollen right hand gave way. The next day he wore his arm in a sling, but the warm smile was still on his face. Scores of times while in Canada he would single out some astonished individual veteran and remind him of a chat they had had in a hospital or of a smoke together on some shell-torn road in Flanders.

At Saskatoon, in the broad prairies of Saskatchewan, he was to be treated to his first view of bronc riding, steer roping, and Western rodeo sports. Seated on a high corral fence, he cheered the cowboy performers. When the show was over, jumping down from the corral fence, he shouted that if they would get him a horse he would race with them. Instantly a dozen mounts were offered, and choosing a spirited animal he swung into the Western saddle and with a whoop led the cavalcade in a wild and thrilling gallop.

All day he might listen to speeches of welcome and smile at cheering crowds and talk to thousands, but when night came he wanted to be young and gay. Already he was finding not only great fun but genuine relaxation in dancing. At almost every city there were dances and balls for him, and on several occasions there were small and intimate private parties where the smartest and most charming of Canada's young women would dance with him until the pink showed in the eastern skies.

HIS energy was boundless. Whenever there was an opportunity he would be up early in the morning for an hour or two of vigorous exercise. He would play squash rackets, ride, or do a round or two of golf—and often he would tramp for miles. But before everything else came duty and his job. Often when his train would move at night and stop at some lonely station for water, he would be awakened by the cheers of a hundred or more loyal subjects who had ridden for miles just to catch a glimpse of his special. Instantly he would get up, and in dressing gown and slippers hurry back to the observation platform of his own car and leaning down shake hands with the delighted men and women.

He appreciated the genuineness of his Canadian welcome. He sensed the depth of the affection, the love that the common people of this great Dominion were pouring out to him. And he returned it in full measure.

Thirty days after he had first landed on Canadian soil, his train pulled in at the station in Calgary. Here in this lovely city of the foothills of the Rockies he was in the real West.

Cowboys still rode broncs down the main streets of the booming city, that less than fifty years before had been only a Hudson Bay trading post and a Mountie station. Fresh as the high mountain air was the enthusiasm and sincerity of these healthy Calgarians. The town was his. He could do with it as he wished.

Halfway to the beautiful National Park at Banff he alighted from his train to take part in a ceremony that was not to be equaled in color and splendor until four years later he witnessed a great gathering of the native tribes in the far-away back country of South Africa. Here at a little Albertan station where the Stoney tribe of Plains Indians were gathered to make him their chief, a headdress was put on him and then, first in Stoney and then in English, Little Thunder, the chief, solemnly made him Chief Morning Star. Fascinated,

A TRUE STORY

By A Mother

who brings up her four children very differently from grandma's way

Here's a story that covers three generations. Mrs. G. R. Strong, of Clermont, New York, sends us this letter.

"In olden days," she writes, "when my mother was a girl she was a delicate child. She tells me that at nine in the morning she was given a patent medicine for biliousness; at noon she took another for chronic constipation; and at three she took a blood builder. She has often told me people didn't know much about health when she was a girl.

"I often contrast my four fine, healthy youngsters with mother. We don't fill them up with medicines the way people used to in mother's day. Thanks to my doctor's directions we just use Nujol regularly. It has not upset their stomachs, and even when they had whooping cough they only had serum and Nujol.

"I could write a book about Nujol from my fourteen years of married life. My husband's father uses it, and at seventy-four he is well and takes long walks.

"The children are Bud, age thirteen; Royal, age ten; Elaine, age nine; and Joyce, age four. All of them are bright, active, and alert. They are advanced in school, and up to standard in weight and height. They love outdoor sports—hiking, swimming, and so on. We think we're pretty lucky to have discovered such an easy way to keep in good shape.

"You can publish this—maybe it will help some other families to keep well!"

Nujol, "regular as clockwork" now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Department 21U, New York City.

Copr. 1934, Stanco Inc.

Hard to Believe
SUCH LOVELY WINDOW SHADES
At Only 15¢ EACH!

YES, MADAM—ONLY 15¢ —AND LOOK AT THESE *EXCLUSIVE CLOPAY FEATURES!

16 Beautiful Patterns to Choose from!

IF you think low cost in window shades can only be had by sacrificing quality and beauty—you don't know Clopays. Truly beautiful, either plain or in the new chintz patterns. Strong, too—will not fray, crack or pinhole. Besides, Clopay's *patented creped texture stands rougher usage and always hangs straight. Easily attached to rollers with *patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools. * Trim only one side for narrow windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. At all 5c and 10c stores.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1319 York St., Cincinnati, O.

New FABRAY Looks...Feels ...Wears Like OILCLOTH
Yet Costs ½ to ⅓ Less
At Your Favorite 5c and 10c Store

ColorShine SHOE POLISH
QUICK
Easy to Use
A Perfect Polish
10c
at Ten-Cent Stores
BLACK BROWN TAN
Chieftain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Maryland

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 99% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1031 HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

the Prince watched the rituals of the dancing and singing. It was the West of his boyhood dreams coming to life before his eyes.

Two days later his special train chugged the forty miles from Calgary to the real cow town of High River. By car, over rough dirt roads, he rode straight toward the Rockies looming up to the westward. He was bound for the famous Bar U Ranch, to be the guest of one of the colorful characters of the Alberta cattle country. This man's name was George Lane, and forty years before he had come up from the Montana lands with a herd of beef cattle. Tall, rangy, with scraggly mustaches and a picturesque and blunt way of speaking, he delighted the Prince.

At the hospitable little log ranch house that night George Lane told stories of the early days of Alberta. The next morning there was a roundup and late fall branding. Lane, his soft black twenty-dollar Stetson pulled down over one eye, showed the heir to the British throne how to cut out cows from the herd; how to "heel" a calf, and then how to grab his tail and throw him while a second cowboy jumped for his head and held him down for the hot branding iron.

"Don't do it that-a-way, young feller!" crusty old Lane would shout. "Didn't I tell you to let yer pony do it fer ya? He's got more sense than most men." Or, while they were branding: "You're gonna get kicked in the eye, young feller, if you don't watch out! You gotta use yer head around cattle."

THAT afternoon there was grouse shooting, and after it, a little tired from tramping and the excitement, the Prince lay down in the tall grass on the brow of a hill and gazed down at a beautiful rolling valley. A stream wound its way through the rich country, marking its trail by tall cottonwoods. Cattle and horses were grazing in the rich pasture lands. Twenty to thirty miles to the westward stretched the Rockies themselves.

The Prince turned toward his shooting companion, Professor W. L. Carlyle, a Canadian who had for years been one of the distinguished professors of animal husbandry in American agricultural colleges. Since then he had come back to his native Canada as the manager of the Bar U Ranch.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the younger man. "Do you know, I'd like to own a little ranch here!"

The elder man thought a moment and responded, "You can buy that ranch right there, sir. There is no finer small ranch in all the world."

For long minutes the Prince's eyes fairly feasted on the beautiful scene. Finally he said, "I could raise purebred stock here. It would be a good thing for the ranchers and farmers, wouldn't it?"

"It would mean a great deal to this whole country, sir."

"I could send over some of the best stock from my own farm in England," the Prince went on. "And every two or three years I could come over myself and rest. Let's talk about it some more tonight."

That night there was more talk of the possibility of buying this Beddingfield ranch. But nothing was done. George Lane and Professor Carlyle were asked a thousand and one questions—and that was all. The following day the Prince's party motored the forty miles back to Calgary and boarded the special train for the west coast.

BACK at the Bar U Ranch it was an interesting little episode to talk about. Of course nothing would come of it—only a passing fancy on the part of a young prince.

Three days later a telegram came from the Prince's secretary saying that the Prince had decided to buy the ranch if the price did not exceed a certain amount and if Carlyle would run the ranch for him.

Negotiations were immediately entered into, Professor Carlyle agreed to take on the infinitely difficult responsibility of running a royal ranch, and the deal was consummated. Soon the Prince became owner of 4,000 acres of rich Alberta land, a low rambling ranch house, and two or three log barns.

Both for the Prince and for western Canada it has been a splendid move—though financially the ranch has had to pay dividends in good will and friendly assistance rather than in pounds or dollars.

It is still a "wranch"—as the Prince says.

"A *wranch*," he told me, on his visit to Canada, "is one that has to be supported. A *ranch* pays its own way. What have you, may I ask?"

"A *wranch*," I answered.

"So have I," he said with a laugh. "But it's fun to be even a *wrancher!*"

How rapturous Long Island maids and matrons hunted the hapless Prince of Wales "as hounds hunt a fox" during his gay visit ten years ago—the inside story of his enforced games of hide and seek with them, told for the first time from his own point of view—will appear in next week's installment of this series by Mr. Hunt.

Answer to Perk-Ups on Page 19

1A—Here	1B—Hear	5A—Seemed	5B—Seamed
2A—Real	2B—Reel	6A—Wares	6B—Wears
3A—Write	3B—Right	7A—Week	7B—Weak
4A—Paws	4B—Pause	8A—Pried	8B—Pride
9A—Wrap		9B—Rap	

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

MAY ROBSON, fifty-one years on the stage and screen, has ascended now to the place formerly occupied by the late Marie Dressler as Hollywood's dowager star.

Gay, gracious, quick-witted as lightning, with a keen flair for pretty clothes, and with the perfect complexion of English girlhood, May Robson is one of the most attractive young-old ladies I have ever met. She was born in Australia sixty-six years ago. Mary Robison was her real name. Acted in her first play at the age of fifteen, and the printer who set type for the program made her cry because he spelled her name all wrong. Left the "r" out of Mary, the "i" out of Robison. There she was —*May Robson*—in black and white!

"Congratulations!" said older members of the troupe. "A stage name that you get by accident is sure to bring you luck."

However that may be, Miss Robson's life in the theater has been one of enduring talent and triumph. Her memories of old theatrical times are rich with interest. The greatest change, she says, since the days of her youth is the way that stage villains have stopped gnashing their teeth and tossing their arms. Also the new freedom displayed in feminine garb.

"I recall," she said, "walking down Fifth Avenue in New York one windy day years ago, my three big petticoats billowing back against my legs. A strange woman came up to me, gave me a tight-lipped look, and said, 'I don't know whether you know it or not—but you're showing your shape something awful.'"

How does May Robson preserve her youthful spirit and appearance? I discovered two of her secrets. She washes her face morning and night with soap and water. And vegetable soup is her favorite sustenance.

MAY ROBSON

■ You can stub the toe of your career on a plate of parsnips, a slice of liver—or any dish at which you make funny faces expressive of scorn. I got this warning from a successful man of affairs. He said:

"Most of us cannot help feeling rubbed the wrong way by table aversions that clash with our pet tastes. We want people to like what we like."

Rather sheepishly he gave the following illustration:

"Take parsnips," he said. "I love parsnips. Not long ago I invited one of our younger executives to lunch. Had my eye on the boy. Thought he looked promising. Then I mentioned parsnips—and he screwed up his face like a sick baboon. Right away I lost interest in him. Silly of me, but that's how it goes."

Parents are to blame, as a rule, for our table prejudices. Children hear grown-ups voice their dislikes, and imitate them. All food idiosyncrasies are disadvantageous. We would be wise, I think, never to speak of them in the presence of children.

■ Just received a letter from A. F. Tschiffely. He's the man who rode from South America to Washington on horseback. Now he is gitty-ap riding all over England. Causing a great deal of comment, he says, and having a fine time generally.

I think his idea merits consideration. He believes that old tradition is strong enough still to make a stranger on horseback welcome almost anywhere. Has proved it on two American continents, and is trying it now in Europe, with success so far.

A stranger coming on horseback to your house at nightfall—there is a definite link with the romantic past. Could you turn him away? Not if you keep a spark of adventure alight in your soul.

■ In the Japanese art of flower arrangement there are more tricks than we can shake a twig at. For example, I am told that Japanese women always do their flower fixing on the floor. They kneel on pillows. Have their flowers spread out separately on a tray. Put the vase in front of them, on a low stand. They look up at the flowers as they work—not down, as we generally do.

The upward vision, I am informed, leads to superior artistry.

■ For romance of the Orient read Moonrise on the Indus, by Dennis Kincaid. I found it fascinating. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

■ New evening gowns are made of soft metal brocade that flows smoothly into calm Grecian lines. Very handsome! I saw a gorgeous one of crinkled brocade in chartreuse and gold, the front modestly cut, the back quite low, skirt long and sweeping, split on both sides of a shirred black panel. Another excellent dress—silver brocade on dark dahlia—is lined with velvet in a deeper shade of dahlia that reveals itself dramatically as the tunic swings open when you walk. No other trimming.

TUNEFUL, TOU

An Opulent Merry Widow and a
Plays a Swedish Heiress an

by BEVERLY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. **3 stars, excellent.**
2 stars, good. **4 stars, extraordinary.**

★★★ THE MERRY WIDOW

THE PLAYERS: Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Edward Everett Horton, Una Merkel, George Barbier, Minna Gombell, Ruth Channing, Sterling Holloway, Donald Meek, Herman Bing. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

ERNST LUBITSCH'S lavish production of the ever popular Merry Widow is not nearly the picture it might have been. The story has a tendency to wander, the effervescent Maurice Chevalier—no longer very effervescent—is miscast as Danilo, the heartbreaker, and the characters in general have the life crushed out of them by the heavy opulence of the settings.

But no picture directed by the urbane Herr Lubitsch can be entirely without charm and some humor. The Merry Widow has plenty of both, and a grand musical score, adapted by Herbert Stothart, besides. Jeanette MacDonald, enhanced by the M.G.M. photography, has never been more beautiful, nor in better voice. Una Merkel, George Barbier, and Sterling Holloway appear effectively in bits, and there is much enchanting dancing and singing.

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier as they appear in the lavish production The Merry Widow.

Maurice Chevalier is seen as premier lady-killer of the mythical Caucasian kingdom. When the richest and merriest widow of the country decides to leave for Paris, taking her fortune with her, he is sent scurrying after her by the king, who hates to lose his biggest taxpayer. From there on the film concerns itself with Chevalier's commercial courtship of MacDonald. Colored by the lovely sentimental Lehar music, some impressive sets, and the amusing treatment of Maxime's, the wooing has everything but emotion.

Our objection to The Merry Widow is not that it isn't a worth-while film—it could hardly have failed to be that—but that the picture is not the superlative thing it might have been.

VITAL STATISTICS: Franz Lehar's Merry Widow had world première in Vienna on December 30, 1905, and American at New Amsterdam Theater, New York, on October 21, 1907. Holds world's record for number of performances given in one year: 18,000. Has been played over a quarter million times in twenty-four languages. Present version cost $1,400,000 and took about four months in actual filming time. Twenty-five thousand five hundred yards of cloth and 240 yards of gold braid were purchased for costumes; 96,000 feet of lumber, 55,000 of flooring, 1,000 sacks of cement, and 800 square feet of gold leaf are a few items purchased for recreating the extravagant depressionless (mythical) kingdom of Marshovia. . . . Generous-lipped Maurice Chevalier was born in Ménilmontant, the lower East Side or Whitechapel of Paris. Always wanted to go on stage despite abortive attempts at carpentry, chandlery, and nail making. At early age became the "Midget Comedian," and eventually sang his way up to dancing partner of Mistinguett, she of the shapely shafts. In 1913 was called to French army as conscript. Was wounded and taken prisoner. Escaped with pal disguised as Red Cross worker. Disregarded doctor's advice not to sing again because of hole in chest and with war going on became great favorite in Paris night clubs. Elsie Janis later took him to London and he took London by storm. Then Paramount claimed him and held him till a series of mediocre pictures lost him his prestige. He is now free-lancing at a large salary the M.G.M.-ites refuse to divulge. For years has supported an aged French actors' home. It came out accidentally: he never divulged it. Was married to Yvonne Vallée (no rel. to Rudy); has been mentioned in the news dispatches as a constant place-goer with Kay Francis. . . . Blonde Venus Jeanette MacDonald is a Philadelphia gal of nonpareil habits and demeanor who set out to make good in musical comedy and has done just that. She is unmarried and probably nets a mere $3,000 a week. . . . Una Merkel once made a dollar a word on the stage. She shouted "Come on, Wisconsin!" in The Poor Nut. . . . Sterling Holloway is a wisp of humorous straw, product of the Garrick Gaieties and the Greenwich Village night clubs. . . . E. E. Horton is an amateur snapshotter. . . . Minna Gombell can relax over a bridge game, while George Barbier prefers draw poker. . . . Director Ernst Lubitsch, the little dark man with the big black cigar, is probably Hollywood's most successful and most intelligent director. Jewish, he was born in Berlin, son to a clothing-store owner. Deserted cloaks and suits for acting, playing cello, and hauling props in Berlin Biograph slapstick comedy one-reelers. Made big American screen smash directing Pola Negri in Passion. Has plenty of money and I'd say he got about four or five thou' a week for putting the high-steppin' Widow through her paces.

★★½ PECK'S BAD BOY

THE PLAYERS: Jackie Cooper, Thomas Meighan, Jackie Searl, Dorothy Peterson, O. P. Heggie. Directed by Edward Cline. Story by George W. Peck.

PECK'S BAD BOY is a gentle and often humorous unfoldment of a typical small-town boyhood that attains in its climax unsuspected depth of feeling and pathos. Jackie Cooper, rapidly growing taller and heavier, is ideally cast in the title rôle and is just about a composite of every kid who ever knocked a baseball through a window.

In Peck's Bad Boy, which is much like his earlier successes, Skippy and Sooky, he is seen as Thomas Meighan's adopted child. Their devotion for each other makes the union well-nigh perfect. The father takes the son on fishing trips, attends his club meetings, and in general interests himself in the boy's activities, while the lad reciprocates with doggish adulation.

Jackie Searl and Dorothy Peterson, as the snide and destitute relatives to whom the kindly Thomas Meighan offers room and board, proceed immediately to warp the idyllic background by their energetic snooping, but they help the picture a great deal. With their entrance the pleasant though lazy pace of the film picks up, and the story quickly mounts to the scene where young Mr. Cooper learns that he is an adopted child.

Jackie Cooper in the title
Thomas Meighan, who

Both Cooper and Meighan are superb in the difficult sequence where the child is told of his birth. That it is neither maudlin nor false is a compliment to their ability. The rest of the cast, headed by the amazing Jackie Searl, who has done a long list of priggish brats with unfaltering mastery, is entirely acceptable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story from kid classic of same name written by George W. Peck for his nationally known semihumorous newspaper, Peck's Sun. Later, book was best seller. Peck later became Governor of Wisconsin. . . . Well-set-up Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and educated at St. Mary's College. Intended to become a doctor, wound up in stock companies, and then with David Warfield for three years. Was original male lead in The College Widow. Sam Goldfish (all right—Goldwyn) discovered him in Broadway Jones in London and put him opposite Laura Hope Crews in the movie The Fighting Hope. His stardom ascended in The Miracle, opposite Betty Compson, and soon his enor-

CHING, TRITE

eal Peck's Bad Boy—Miss Gaynor
iss Stanwyck a Heartbroken Wife

HILLS

mous popularity won him a famous $2,000,000 contract with Paramount. Has been happily married to Blanche Ring for nearly twenty years. Meighan close friend to Booth Tarkington and George Ade, who have written specially for him.

★ ½ SERVANTS' ENTRANCE

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Ned Sparks, Walter Connolly, Louise Dresser, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Astrid Allwyn, Siegfried Rumann. Directed by Frank Lloyd. From the novel by Sigrid Boo.

ALTHOUGH the elfin Janet Gaynor has never been on our list of favorite screen personalities, we admit that her syrupy concoctions must have all the elements for pleasing her almost limitless following. But her latest offering, Servants' Entrance, should please Miss Gaynor's fans no more than it did us.

Laid, for some reason, in Sweden, the picture shows Miss Gaynor as the daughter of that country's foremost auto manufacturer. Bored with cocktail parties and anxious to prepare herself as a fit wife for her equally bored fiancé, she runs away to become a cook.

Adaptable as she is coy, Miss Gaynor not only learns the intricacies of cuisine, but snatches Lew Ayres, an inventive chauffeur, from under the vexed nose of his mistress. Returning home, she drops her fiancé and takes Ayres for her husband, setting him up in business.

Walter Connolly, Louise Dresser, and Siegfried Rumann give the picture the benefit of some capable histrionics, but they're not seen enough to help much, for most of the picture is taken up with Swedish cuteness, which seems no more entertaining than any other brand.

ole in Peck's Bad Boy, and
lays his foster father

VITAL STATISTICS: Rôle is Janet Gaynor's twenty-first. Born in Philadelphia, was " forced " into pictures by stepfather " Jonesy," who saw " something " in her. Arrived in Hollywood two days before Christmas, 1924, but success was slow in coming. Gaynor made wow smash with Charlie Farrell in Seventh Heaven, the freshness and burning love of Diane and Chico becoming real before the picture was finished. Was expected to marry Charlie Farrell for long time afterward. Marriage never came off for " professional reasons." After six years Farrell-Gaynor co-starring broke up. Recent attempts made to bring them together again have more or less failed. . . . Lew Ayres got his first screen recognition in The Kiss, with Garbo, and All Quiet on the Western Front made him for good. Appeared in State Fair for first time with Gaynor. Was married to Lola Lane; now gossip ties him with Ginger Rogers. . . . Solemn-jawed Ned Sparks began career as a singer in Dawson City, Alaska, during the gold-rush days, landing on Broadway in 1913. Began screen doings in 1919. . . . Film-father-type Walter Connolly was once assistant cashier in a Cincinnati bank when he wasn't flirting with amateur theatricals. Eventually became one of the stage's most gifted hacks and has appeared with every famous leading actress. . . . Astrid Allwyn is the only Swedish-blooded person in a picture full of Swedes. Was born in Manchester, Connecticut, and trained for the stage. . . . Siegfried Rumann is an electrical engineer, graduated from college in Germany, where he was born—in Hamburg. Was wounded three times in the war and taken prisoner by the Allies. . . . G. P. Huntley, Jr., is Boston-born, English-educated, and the son of London stage favorites. . . . Director Frank Lloyd directed Cavalcade, for which the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science's gold medal. Prides himself on fan mail, very rarely received by a director. Gaynor as Fox's only woman star drags down around $5,000 per week.

★ A LOST LADY

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Morgan, Ricardo Cortez, Lyle Talbot, Philip Reed, Hobart Cavanaugh, Henry Kolker, Rafaela Ottiano. Directed by Alfred Green.

A LOST LADY, from the story by Willa Cather, presents the painfully sincere Barbara Stanwyck as a young San Francisco socialite whose fiancé, on the eve of their wedding, is shot by what has become known as an irate husband. Disillusioned and heartbroken, she takes to a mountain retreat, adding to her misery by falling off a cliff and breaking her leg.

Frank Morgan, who happens along, carries Miss Stanwyck back to her cabin instead of shooting her. The sudden friendship ripens into love on Mr. Morgan's part, and though she is through with men forever, she consents to marry him. With marriage she develops a new and burning interest in men and almost falls for Lyle Talbot, her husband's brilliant assistant, and Ricardo Cortez, a philandering aviator. But just about the time she is ready to hie to the abode of Mr. Cortez, her husband comes down with a heart attack. With his death looming, she discovers that, after all, her husband is her favorite man, and tosses the other boys out of her tragic life.

A Lost Lady has spots of sound dialogue, and if the censorship restrictions were not so hampering at the present time Miss Stanwyck's rôle might have been more understandable. But as a whole the film is monotonous.

Lew Ayres, the chauffeur, and Janet Gaynor, the poor little rich girl, in the film Servants' Entrance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Barbara Stanwyck is married to Frank Fay, marcelled vodvil wise-cracker. They have Dion, an adopted son, and have named the two children they are going to have Michael and Kathleen. Stanwyck is supposed to get $2,500 a week. Stanwyck's real name: Ruby Stevens. Brooklyn-born in 1907. Earliest ambition: to be a dancer. Then wanted to be a missionary. Remembered then she wanted to be a dancer and got a job dancing in a roof revue. Then came Burlesque, the big chance, and her onward and upward progress. Has been very ill, having hurt her back and been strapped to a board for weeks. Hurt while making personal-appearance tour last winter. . . . Frank Morgan Wupperman is now known as the Picture Stealer. Was a cowboy once until his brother Ralph roped him for the stage. . . . Ricardo Cortez doesn't mind being interviewed; tries to help news hawks get good stories but insists they be true. Denies that Joe Frisco (Jess Lasky?) christened him with two cigar boxes. Is married to Christine Lee of Danbury, Connecticut. . . . Philip Reed is an ardent horseman and goes to Mexico for his real rough-riding. Is an Erasmus Hall, Brooklyn, athlete, and was born in Brooklyn too. . . . Director Alfred Green is crazy over horses, horses, horses too, and owns a large California stock farm. . . . Lyle Talbot wears a good-luck cravat at least once in every picture. It is blue silk with pale-blue polka dots.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild.

★★★—The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble.

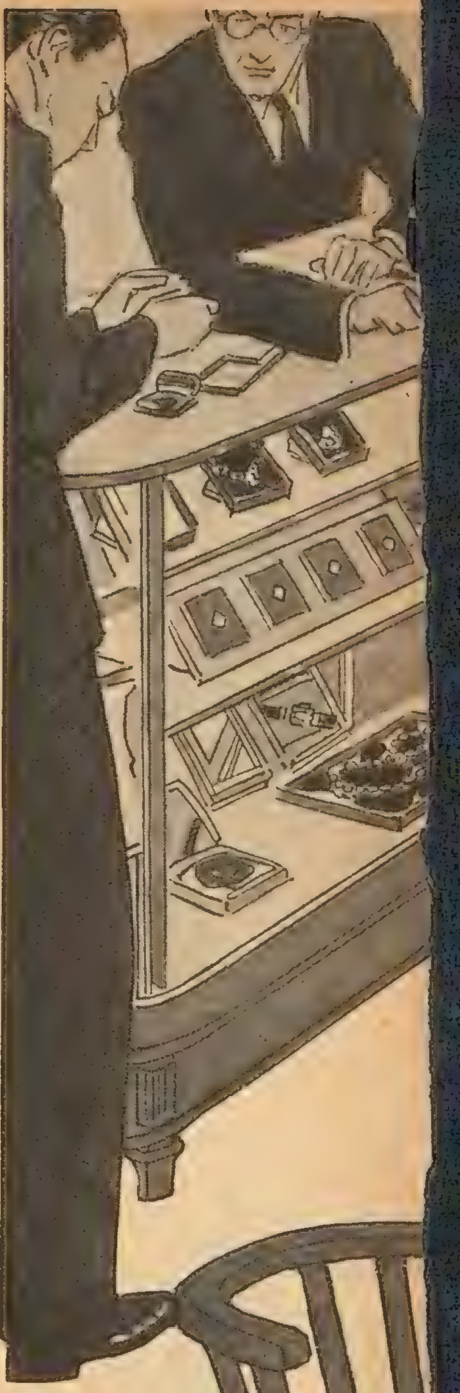
With This Ring

A Story of Hearts and a Diamond that Salvaged a Misdeal in Love

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE JAMES TETZEL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



BEING a salesman in a first-class jewelry store is grand training for the diplomatic service. It isn't enough to know precious stones and metals—you've got to know people.

From the minute they drifted in I knew they were hunting engagement rings. And I knew furthermore that they weren't suited to each other.

He was a fine-looking chap, well built and nicely groomed, but you could see that he wasn't wealthy. A broker's clerk, I guessed, and found out later I was right. But the girl with him—

She was an orchidaceous creature; tall, blonde, inclined to a fullness of figure most becoming at the moment but promising to develop into considerable flesh at a not much later date. She wore expensive jewelry.

She led the way to the counter and did most of the talking. Her voice was rather too loud and I gathered that she wasn't unfamiliar with the more blatant aspects of the Rialto. As for the young man, he was shy and diffident, and embarrassed by her forwardness in taking command of this ring-buying expedition. It was an engagement ring they wanted, and she made it clear that she was the one to be suited.

They inspected various rings and he finally picked out a little beauty that was priced at five hundred dollars: a blue-white stone, small and well cut, in a delicate mounting. The blonde's nose went up and she slipped a different ring on her finger.

It was beautiful, but almost twice the size of the one he had selected.

"That," she commented, "is snappy."

He seemed worried. "It's pretty enough, Iris, but I can't afford to pay a thousand dollars."

"Oh, for the luvva Mike, Joe, don't be a piker all your life!" He had spoken softly, but she wasn't making any effort to whisper. "What's an extra five hundred? You ain't gonna buy but one."

He spoke to her very gently, and I moved away; but I couldn't help hearing what she said:

"Well, I'm not claiming, Joe, that this little one wouldn't do for a dame like Edith—but I ain't Edith, see! I ain't any shy little mouse."

I saw his face flush; and this time I figured that anger was mixed with his embarrassment. I couldn't hear what he said, but her answer was clear enough:

"Aw! I ain't knocking Edith, so don't get sore. But you and her are through, ain't you? So what do you care what I say? Anyway, it seems to me if you wasn't a cheap sport you'd shell out a thousand for this. I guess I ain't worth a thousand: is that it?"

"I've asked you to marry me, haven't I?"

"Sure; but you welsh on spending a few dollars. Snap out of it, Joe. That ain't any way for us to start off."

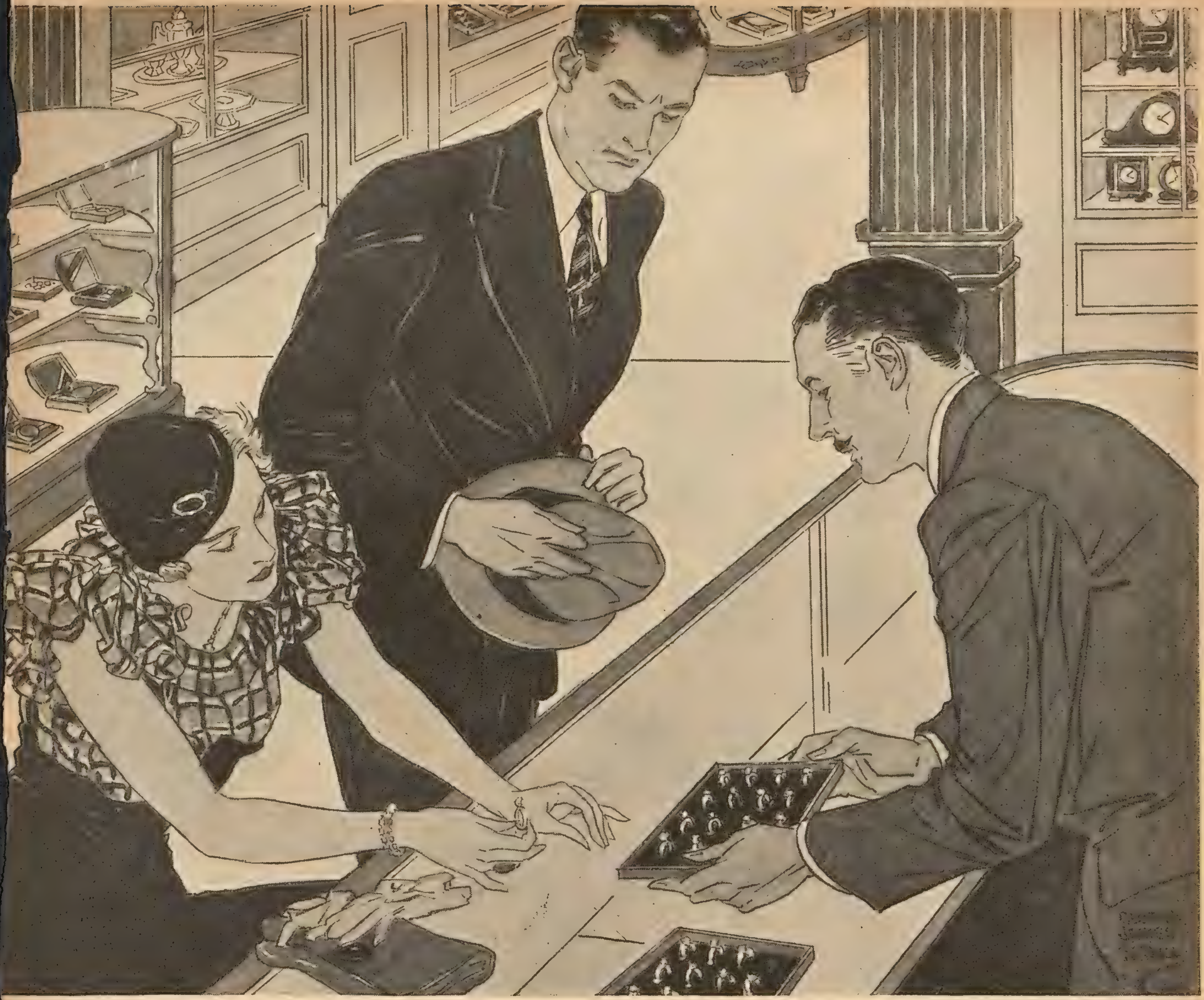
By this time I was plenty interested. I saw Joe's jaw set squarely and firmly, and I was glad. I heard him talking to her—without catching what he said—and I could see that she was good and mad. Finally she flounced back to the counter.

"We ain't having any today," she stated flippantly. "But don't sell that thousand-dollar one without letting me know. It's the only one I like."

Joe didn't say anything. His boyish face was hard as granite and his eyes were the color of ice. I watched them walk out of the store, the girl—Iris—swaying obviously, and Joe attentive and courteous. I wanted to give him a cheer, and I was hoping for his sake he'd wake up before it was too late.

Next morning the door opened and in came Iris. Alone. She looked twice as elegant as on the previous day and was wearing a different crop of jewelry—all of it pretty expensive. She recognized me and came right down to brass tacks.

"I want that ring I picked out yesterday. I won't have any other, and I want Joe to buy it for five hundred dollars—which is his limit. Here's what I want you to do." She opened her bag and took out ten fifty-dollar bills. "I'm paying you five hundred dollars on this ring. I'm gonna send Joe down here tomorrow to offer you five hundred for it. You'll accept and he and I both will be happy. He'll never know the difference, and you can make



She did most of the talking. As for the young man, he was shy and diffident. It was an engagement ring they wanted, and she made it clear that she was the one to be suited.

him promise never to mention it. If he promises, he'll keep his word, too. He's that kind of a lad."

I told her that the proposition was highly irregular, but she insisted on seeing the manager.

I knew the chief would be horrified—and he was. But business had been pretty terrible, and this was an opportunity to sell a thousand-dollar item or else make no sale at all, so I couldn't blame him for yielding.

Two days later Joe walked sheepishly into the store. He was blushing and apologetic as he explained that he had promised Iris to offer five hundred dollars for the particular ring which she liked. To his amazement, I accepted his offer and gave him the ring. My impression, when he left the store, was that he was distinctly miserable.

I had given them my card on the occasion of their first visit, and two hours after Joe left the store I received a telephone call from Iris.

"Has Mr. Warren been there?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss."

"Did he buy the ring?"

"Yes, miss."

"Swell!" she said and hung up the receiver.

Well, that was that.

The following Tuesday the little drama climaxed most amazingly.

A girl entered the store and inquired for me. She was a cute little trick, neat and pretty and refined, with dark wavy hair, an infectious sort of grin, and big black eyes which sparkled and snapped when she smiled. She placed a tiny black box on the counter and I could see that she was trying to appear matter-of-fact—and succeeding not at all.

"I'D like you to fit this ring to my finger," she said softly. "My fiancé bought it here the other day."

I opened the box.

There was the ring upon which Iris had paid five hundred dollars.

"I'll have this ready tomorrow morning," I told her. "Shall I send it out?"

"Please," she said, and gave me her address. "To Miss Edith Carson."

She turned to go, but was so bubbling over with happiness that she couldn't resist making a comment.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that Joe was very extravagant."

The exquisite irony of the situation struck me, and I shook my head.

"Not at all, Miss Carson," I said. "Your fiancé has made an excellent choice."

THE END

Demkowski sat alone in a cell. The door opened—his wife! "My darling! You came—" "To tell you that I disown you! I shall never speak your name again!"

ILLUSTRATION BY
HARRY T. FISK

SPIES for Hire

How the Red Octopus Is Spreading Its Tentacles—An Amazing Chronicle of the Secret Warfare and International Intrigue of Today

by THOMAS M. JOHNSON

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

AT dawn of a recent day, Poland shot seven Soviet spies to death. Ere nightfall sixty more were trapped. And across the border in Russia, doors of the dread Ogpu prison clanged behind a Polish consul and thirty-two Russians he had bribed to spy for him.

The tortured world begs: "Peace! Peace!" But in eastern Europe there is no real peace. Close to the surface lurks a war of spies and plotters: those of the "bourgeois" Baltic States and Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia, against those of Soviet Russia, lair of the Red octopus that thrusts the tentacles of its intrigues for world revolution into every bordering nation.

Until that menace is removed Russia's western frontier must be a "front" that is never truly "all quiet."

Between Russia and Roumania the secret-service front is the River Dniester. On its Roumanian bank one wintry evening crouch men in black. They stare across the river's cold grayness at the head and shoulders of a swimmer nearing the Russian side. Through falling snow spurts flame as they fire shot after shot. But they miss him. For they are agents of the Sigurantza, the Roumanian secret police, and he is a daring Roumanian spy. By a fake escape he is seeking to deceive the Soviet frontier guards and slip into Russia.

He seems to have succeeded. The Russians pull him from the water. But—they spit upon him! They kick him! They tear off his clothes. They lash him to a horse's back. A spur, and the horse gallops down a line of soldiers. Their rifles flash, firing into the naked body. Then the Russians throw it into the icy river. Aghast, the men in black stare at each other.

"The Russians knew he was a spy! Who told them?"

Soon after that January day in 1930 came the stunning answer, blazing from the white skin of a beautiful woman. So beautiful that ardent Roumanian army officers flocked about her, begging to accompany her on her frequent trips to Russia. An especially persistent one she repulsed. Enraged, he told the Sigurantza, "She is a spy!" At night men in black burst into her hotel suite, searched everywhere, even ripped up carpets and floor boards.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked disdainfully.

"Get out of bed!" ordered the leader. And to his men, "Fill the bathtub."

The woman screamed. He clapped a hand over her mouth. Two men stripped off her nightdress. They bore her naked writhing body to the bathroom. They plunged her into the tub full of water. Into it they poured a chemical. Despite her struggles, they held her in the mixture. They stared, fascinated. Slowly, upon the white skin of her thigh, in letters blood-red, appeared words in secret ink: a message to their deadly enemy, the Ogpu. And that message was from their own chief!

Left: Capt. de Ruttkay, who shot himself in the Budapest apartment of amber-eyed Frau Littke after she betrayed him as a Czechoslovak spy.

Keystone View photos

Right: Gen. Koutiepoff, the White Russian heir of Grand Duke Nicholas. A "date" with a beauty led to his seizure and kidnaping by the Ogpu.

The head of the Sigurantza had turned Judas! Twelve thousand dollars were the pieces of silver for which Jon Tibacu had sold to Russia names, descriptions, and travel routes of forty-two Roumanian spies. His woman courier had carried to Moscow, written on her skin in invisible ink, messages that betrayed them.

LONG tentacles has the Ogpu of bloodthirsty terror. Bloody and grisly are its annals. Now it has gone respectable, the Russians told us in July, when they reorganized it as a "Commissariat of Internal Affairs." Did they mean to reassure us that the nightmare horror of the black trunks will never visit the embassy they have opened in Washington, as it visited their embassy in Paris? One of diplomacy's most gruesome episodes.

One clear cold morning in October, 1929, a truck drove up. Down leaped a big dark man: Roisemann, Ogpu inspector from Moscow. His rumbling voice ordered the nervous staff to help unload two trunks, big and black. He locked them in the cellar.

That evening the newcomer confronted Ambassador Bessedovsky with secret reports that he was no longer fully loyal to Stalin. Bessedovsky offered to resign. Roisemann became infuriated. "You cannot resign! You are under arrest!"

He strode to the door,

opened it. There stood two minor embassy employees, pistols in hand. The ambassador was a prisoner in his own embassy.

"Give me a few hours," he asked, "to reconsider."

They locked him in his room. Desperate, he climbed from the window, and a few moments later staggered trembling into a police station.

"The embassy!" he gasped. "My wife and child! They've sent—*the trunks!*"

His eyes stared with horror. Was he raving?

The French police went to the embassy. In an upper room, clinging together, unhurt, were mother and child. The woman turned a ghastly face to her rescuers.

"*The trunks!*" she begged. "Oh, take away *the trunks!*"

The police broke down the cellar door. In the darkness loomed two black trunks. Unusually strong and monstrously large—why, more than six feet long! And here, along a crack were stains—as if something had oozed . . .

The police opened them. Thank God, they were empty!

"But they would not have stayed empty long!" shivered Bessedovsky. "In those trunks my wife, my child, and I would have gone back to Russia—alive or dead."

BESSEDOVSKY said the obscure embassy employees with pistols were Ogpu secret agents. Every Russian embassy concealed some, posing as clerks. They directed local Communists in sabotage and spying.

"Last year," said the Red diplomat, "Russian spies obtained confidential economic documents from the American embassy in Berlin."

Does this Soviet government that the United States has recognized have spies not only in American embassies, but in America itself? In this year 1934 the Jacobson-Switz cases have revealed Soviet master spies recruiting spies here; William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, has told President Roosevelt there were Ogpu spies in army, navy, government offices, factories, and trade-unions; Communist agents have been arrested for activities among sailors of the United States fleet. Then in Liberty of July 21, 1934, Matthew Woll, vice president of the A. F. of L., said Communists were causing strikes. Whereupon, on August 18, 1934, the executive committee of the A. F. of L. broadcast an appeal to organized labor to cast out the Red parasites.

It was April, 1934, when the secret services of several countries, including the United States, exposed big Communist spy rings in France and Finland. It was June 27, 1934, when Chief Riekki of the Finnish men in black walked along a line of newly arrested prisoners. He stopped before a young woman.

"Your father?" he asked. "Is he still in Moscow, plotting for a Red revolution here in Finland?"

"Filthy bourgeois!" She glared. "I won't tell you!"

She was Hertha Knusinen, daughter of a celebrated Finnish Communist exiled to Russia. Thence she had sneaked into Finland, with twenty other picked Red spies and agitators. They were to revive the underground work of the ring, including the American Jacobsons, that Chief Riekki had just crushed. Cut off one arm of the Red octopus, and another slithers to grip you.

Before the downfall of the Roumanian Tibacu was that of the Czech, General Gaida. He was his country's leading soldier. Czechoslovakia loved him, honored him. So did her ally France. When he visited Paris, French experts told him military secrets. Then, in a secluded laboratory, a French chemist brushed with chemicals what looked like an ordinary business letter. Between the typewritten lines appeared penned words: a report by a French spy within the Russian secret service that some one was telling the Russians certain French military secrets—the secrets that had just been communicated to General Gaida.

A few evenings afterward, the Gare de l'Est platform in Paris was thronged with people bidding farewell to travelers. From a car window leaned a handsome dark woman embracing a tall man whose big upturned coat collar concealed his face. Their kiss seemed endless.

Two men in black ran down the platform. The train started. One man swung aboard. He tapped the woman on the shoulder. She clutched her throat.

"What are you trying to swallow? Give it to me!"

It was a capsule filled with tissue paper: Gaida's latest report to Moscow—passed to her in that kiss. And Gaida, too, whirled at a tap on the shoulder.

On March 8, 1931, the war hero of Czechoslovakia was degraded from general to common soldier and retired. How many Russian rubles could pay for that disgrace?

OR for a fate tragic as that of the Polish Major Demkowski? He took his rubles from Colonel Bogoboj, Soviet military attaché to Poland, and in return gave confidential Polish military papers. Demkowski was a Communist, so patriotism did not worry him. But patriotism was a religion to his beautiful wife, and he adored her. What would she say?

Demkowski sat alone in a cell. The door opened—his wife!

"My darling! You came—"

"To tell you to your face that I disown you!" she cried. "I shall never speak your name again!"

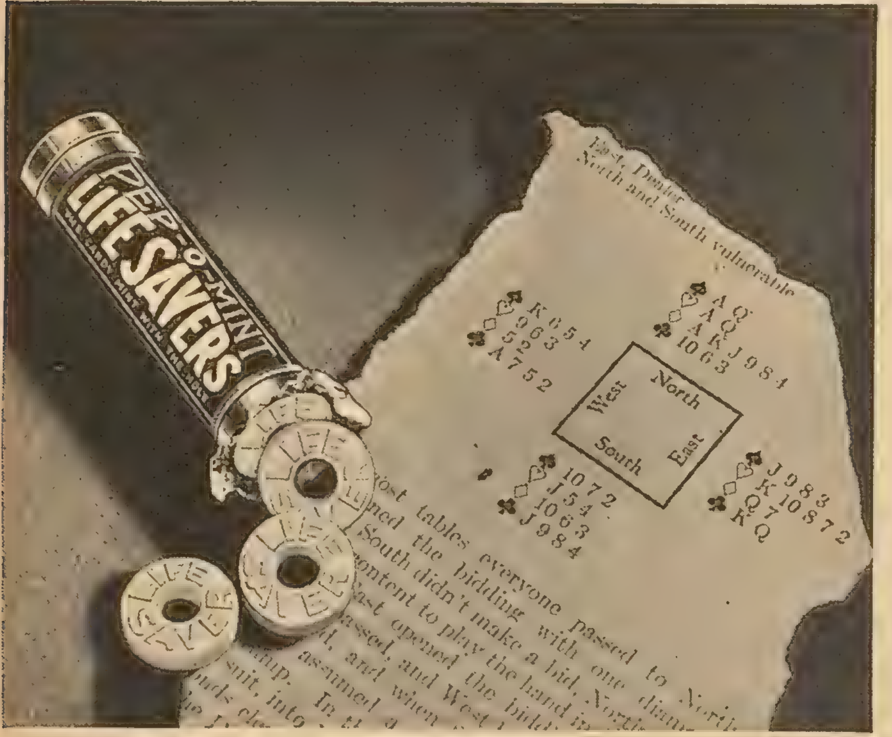
The cell door banged shut.

They shot him, dressed in civilian clothes, not to disgrace the uniform.

By playing upon his one weakness, the Ogpu brought worse disgrace to its enemies' most dangerous leader, General Koutiepoff. Upon the broad shoulders of this robust young Czarist general was placed the mantle of the great Russian Grand Duke Nicholas, in a touching, dramatic scene just before the Grand Duke died. He called Koutiepoff to kneel beside his bed. "I make you my heir," he whispered. "Take my private fortune—raise a new White Army—and drive the Reds from Russia."

Koutiepoff rose, the leader of White Russian exiles the world over. In Paris he formed a staff of former Imperial Russian army officers. They organized a secret army of "minutemen," awaiting the call. They idolized Koutiepoff for his energy, his devotion, his level head; made the French Sûreté promise to guard him.

TIP TO SOUTH:
BID "ONE LIFE SAVER"



Life Savers are the *flavorite bid* of every contract player who loves good candy! These delicious mint and fruit flavors take the trick.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

Then, at a staff meeting, the general did not appear.

His wife said, “Why, he went to the meeting!” Dreading, they searched near-by streets. They found a porter who, with vivid gesticulation, told this story:

“First I saw a woman of beautiful form—*ah!* Then this tall Russian, as you describe him, walking fast. He hurried up, seized her hand. I thought, ‘A rendezvous!’ A policeman had been making taxicabs move along; now he permitted one to stop, one with curtains down. Holding the Russian's hand, the woman drew him into it. Suddenly he started back. The policeman was joined by an enormous man with long arms. Like a child, they throw this tall Russian into the taxicab! He struggles! He cries out! The door slams. They are gone.”

“But,” protested the prefecture of police, “no policeman is assigned to that street.”

Dismay seized the White Russians. Had the Sûreté guards taken Red gold? French newspapers assailed the Soviet and its ambassador, Dovgalevsky. They charged Koutiepoff had been kidnaped to the Russian embassy, then shipped to Russia in one of the hideous trunks. Dovgalevsky fortified his embassy against mobs.

That was January, 1930. Today General Koutiepoff is a smirched memory. He is the man who forgot his honor for a “date”—

A date with Ludmilla Pobednotzeff, Communist, friend of the notorious Ogpu spy Ivanoff. With her sex she baited the trap for this hated enemy, who, despite his level-headedness, had a weakness for such bait.

Women are one of secret service's keenest weapons—but sometimes a two-edged one. In a recent sensational case the central figure was a strange woman.

She was a comet blazing through the night life of Warsaw, capital of Poland. To warm themselves, prominent men haunted the night club where Frau Littke danced. Spying was her own passion; that made her eyes sparkle as could neither champagne nor caresses. So, eagerly she undertook to solve the mystery that puzzled her superiors in the Polish secret service:

“Who is betraying our spies in Russia to the Ogpu?”

They suspected Mme. Majewska, who, like Frau Littke, was a dancer. She had a brother in the first exuberance of youthful ardor. To seduce him was pathetically easy for Frau Littke. In her arms he confessed that his sister was collecting from two traitorous Polish officers, Major Borakowski and Captain Bakowski, secret information including tips on Polish spies in Russia. This information she delivered in Budapest.

On Mme. Majewska's next trip there, Frau Littke followed eagerly. But, face to face, she met the one man in Budapest who knew her for a Polish spy—Colonel Foemoetoer, suave chief of the Hungarian secret service. He arrested her, charging espionage against Hungary.

“So charming a woman need not remain imprisoned,” he purred. “You can be useful to Hungary—very pleasantly. He is young, handsome, a captain of Regent Horthy's bodyguard. He is also a Czechoslovak spy. But we must prove it! If you want to go free—”

“Give me the night to think about it,” she begged.

She tossed on her prison cot. Would the Poles desert her? She hoped against hope. What was that? Her cell door opening. A prison guard.

“Quick!” he whispered. “Your message for Warsaw!”

Spies everywhere! A Polish spy in a Hungarian prison!

Two nights later he came again. “Take this job for Hungary. But keep your eyes open for Poland, too.”

So Colonel Foemoetoer purred loudly with delight.

“You are released,” he said. “Now you will need money, clothes.”

The dancer was a ravishing figure when she met Captain de Ruttkay. It was in her best setting—a cabaret. The young Guardsman was fascinated by her. But he tore himself away. An hour later he was back. Then, pressed close against the dancer's lithe body, lost in wine and the perfume of her hair, he told her:

“I adore you! I desire you! But—I have a wife!”

The woman smiled a mocking smile. “But,” she whispered, “if you *adore* me!”

It was dawn before de Ruttkay left her apartment. He returned to a young wife haggard from a sleepless, weeping night—the first since their happy marriage. But now she found life a hell on earth; he thought he had found a heaven in the apartment of the woman spy. Nights of ecstasy, broken only when Frau Littke flew to Warsaw to “visit her family”—and tell her Polish masters what she had got out of him. It was “hot stuff,” for he was close to the Regent of Hungary. It closed the net around Mme. Majewska and the two Polish officers. Then Frau Littke reported to Colonel Foemoetoer, too: de Ruttkay was indeed a Czechoslovak spy against Hungary.

The chief of the Hungarian secret service handed the young officer a revolver. “Here is one cartridge,” he said blandly. “Enough for what you have to do.”

De Ruttkay blanched. Officers caught in treachery were sometimes allowed to commit suicide. Frantic, he plunged into a taxicab. He dashed up Frau Littke's stairs, unlocked her door. On the bed she lay asleep. Traitor!

He scrawled a note. Trembling, he drew the revolver. His one shot missed! She leaped to safety. Reloading, he fired once more—into his own brain.

So that night Frau Littke telephoned the Budapest police, “De Ruttkay has shot himself. Come at once!”

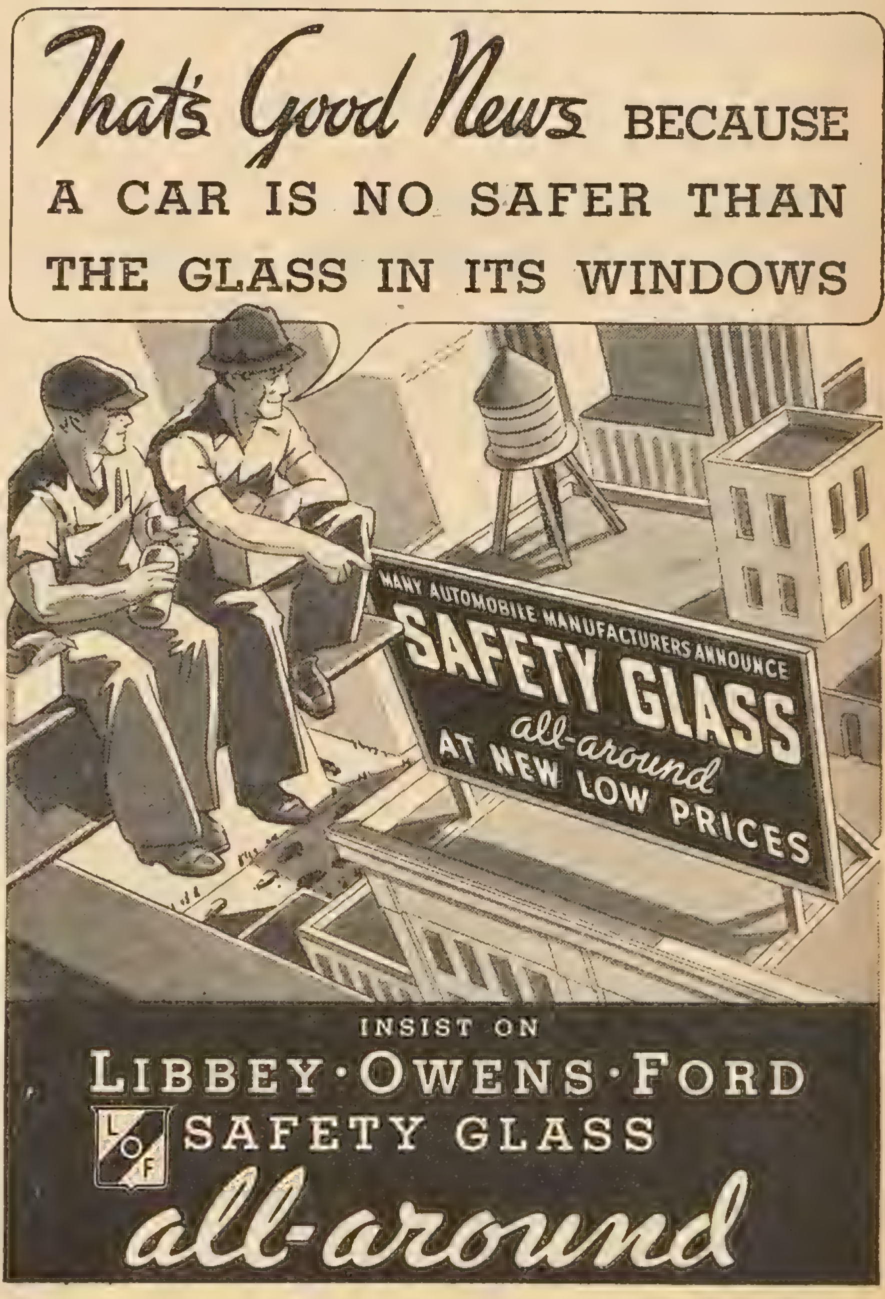
Now her bed was his deathbed. There he lay, blood welling from his forehead. He clutched an army revolver with one empty cartridge. But another bullet was embedded in the wall. The police accused Frau Littke of murder, arrested her, and notified the newspapers.

Then they found the note, blood-spattered but in de Ruttkay's handwriting. It was to Colonel Foemoetoer. The police inspector read it and swore.

“I hate to do it,” he said, “but I must let you go.”

A few hours later the woman stepped aboard the Budapest-to-Warsaw plane. Meanwhile, in massive Warsaw Citadel silver-braided officers sat about a table, their eyes fixed upon three manacled figures—two men and a pretty woman.

“Major Borakowski, Captain Bakowski, Mme. Majew-


That's Good News BECAUSE A CAR IS NO SAFER THAN THE GLASS IN ITS WINDOWS
MANY AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS ANNOUNCE
SAFETY GLASS
all-around
AT NEW LOW PRICES
INSIST ON
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
L O F
SAFETY GLASS
all-around

PLASTIC WOOD
WILL FIX THAT
FOR GOOD

Even if you're all thumbs you can do a fine job of repairing quickly—**holes in tile, plaster or wood, broken chair, loose casters, nicks, cracks, loose drawer pulls, etc.**—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD in 9 colors for 25c a tube, 35c a can.

ITCHING FEET and TOES a Sign of "Athlete's Foot"

If your feet or toes itch, look out! It's a sign of "Athlete's Foot" (ringworm). To stop intense itching and prevent spread of the infection, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It quickly kills the germ and soon restores the skin to normal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's for sure relief —50¢ and $1.00, at drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr Scholl's Solvex

Largest* NEWSSTAND SALE *of Any Weekly!

Liberty is bought by people who want their magazine—bought when they want to read it—a single copy at a time. For years the leader in total single copy sales, Liberty now has the largest newsstand sale of any weekly! No surer guarantee exists of true reader interest.

NASAL IRRITATION

Relieve the dryness and irritation by applying Mentholatum night and morning.

MENTHOLATUM

Gives **COMFORT** *Daily*

ska, do you still deny that you sold to the Russian Soviet government names of our Polish spies in Russia?"

"Never, never!" cried the woman. "It is not true—"

The door opened. A second woman entered. Impulsively Mme. Majewska stretched imploring hands to her. But she only smiled a mocking smile.

"Gentlemen," bowed the officer presiding, "this is Frau Littke, toast of the night clubs—and an ace in our Polish secret service."

The prisoners paled. Trembling, they heard her give her evidence of their guilt, including the confession of Mme. Majewska's brother.

The presiding officer turned to the others. "Your verdict, gentlemen?"

The officers nodded gravely. The three prisoners were led away. In the courtyard below a volley crashed, then another. As for Mme. Majewska, her fate was life imprisonment.

"And now," said Frau Littke, "about Captain de Ruttkay. He is dead too."

The presiding officer half rose. "What? Your lover?"

This time even he chilled at her smile.

THE Polish secret service could not prevent her extradition to Hungary to be tried, after all, for de Ruttkay's murder. The trial aroused tremendous interest abroad, only two years ago. The wife of Premier Goemboes testified she had begged de Ruttkay to give up Frau Littke. His widow told her piteous story. There was police and medical testimony. It came down to this:

"What was in the note Captain de Ruttkay wrote Colonel Foemoetoer just before his death?"

But the note never appeared in court. A Hungarian cabinet minister saw to that. The Guardsman-captain had been close to Regent Horthy. It was rumored all sorts of palace secrets were involved. A fashionable throng waited, tense, for the verdict.

"Not guilty," proclaimed a sonorous voice, "of murder."

The accused arose, catlike, graceful. "Thank you!"

"Sit down!" the judge ordered. "Do not interrupt!"

"Not guilty of murder!" tolled the voice. "But morally responsible for the suicide of Captain de Ruttkay, of the bodyguard of his Excellency the Regent of Hungary!"

Her amber eyes dilated. "*Morally* responsible!" she whispered. Then she smiled, a mocking smile.

The judge turned to de Ruttkay's widow. "Do you wish to see this woman punished?"

Very low, her young voice replied, "No. There must be no more sorrow, or disgrace—even for her."

For the first time the woman spy did not smile.

When the Roumanian Sigurantza chief, Tibacu, went to prison, Dr. Bianu became chief. Six months later, in the summer of 1930, his reorganized secret service made one of the big coups of recent years.

At pistol point, Sigurantza operatives led a frightened group of men and women from a prominent radio and photographic store, Fotofon, on one of Bucharest's business streets. The store, a garage, and a scientific library camouflaged one of the biggest spy rings unearthed anywhere since the World War, spending $1,000,000 a year in getting for Soviet Russia information about Roumania. The Roumanian Major Varzaru was sending reports of his own army's maneuvers by a clever radio set hidden in a hand bag.

"American make," said Dr. Bianu, "with improvements—probably Soviet. And this secret code. Let's try it!"

Using the code, he sent: "Moscow: Police after us! What shall we do?"

Back came the answer: "Hide radio set in safe place!"

Dr. Bianu replied: "O. K.! Will put in good safe place your radio set —also your spies!"

What rewards do the survivors of this warfare of espionage bring away? The few big spies make big money. The many little ones get surprisingly little in exchange for constant dread. For a patriot spy the best reward is to have served his country; but for the great majority the thrill's the thing: the excitement of playing even an extra's part in the masquerade that seems heading for a terrible climax in war.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 33

1—The increased deposit of pigment granules in the skin.

2—A gallon of proof spirit.

3—It rises in the Taos and Culebra Range of the Rockies and empties into the Arkansas at Tamaha, Oklahoma.

4—The fiber of several plants of Yucatan and Mexico resembling hemp.

5—From the Greek god Tantalus who was chained in water up to his neck with the finest fruits hanging over his head. Both water and fruits receded whenever he attempted to reach them.

6—In the United States the word means maize; in England it refers to wheat, rye, oats, and barley.

7—"Ante meridian," before noon; and "Post meridian," after noon.

8—Tact; literally, knowing what to do.

9—Mobile, Alabama: French, British, Spanish, Confederate, United States.

10—Lieutenant Philip Nolan, the story's hero.

11—A group of skin affections characterized by a fine branlike scaly eruption.

12—Francis Hopkinson, 1737-91.

13—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan.

14—The Latin name of Wales.

15—The monthly statement issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

16—In the Bay of Fundy, Canada.

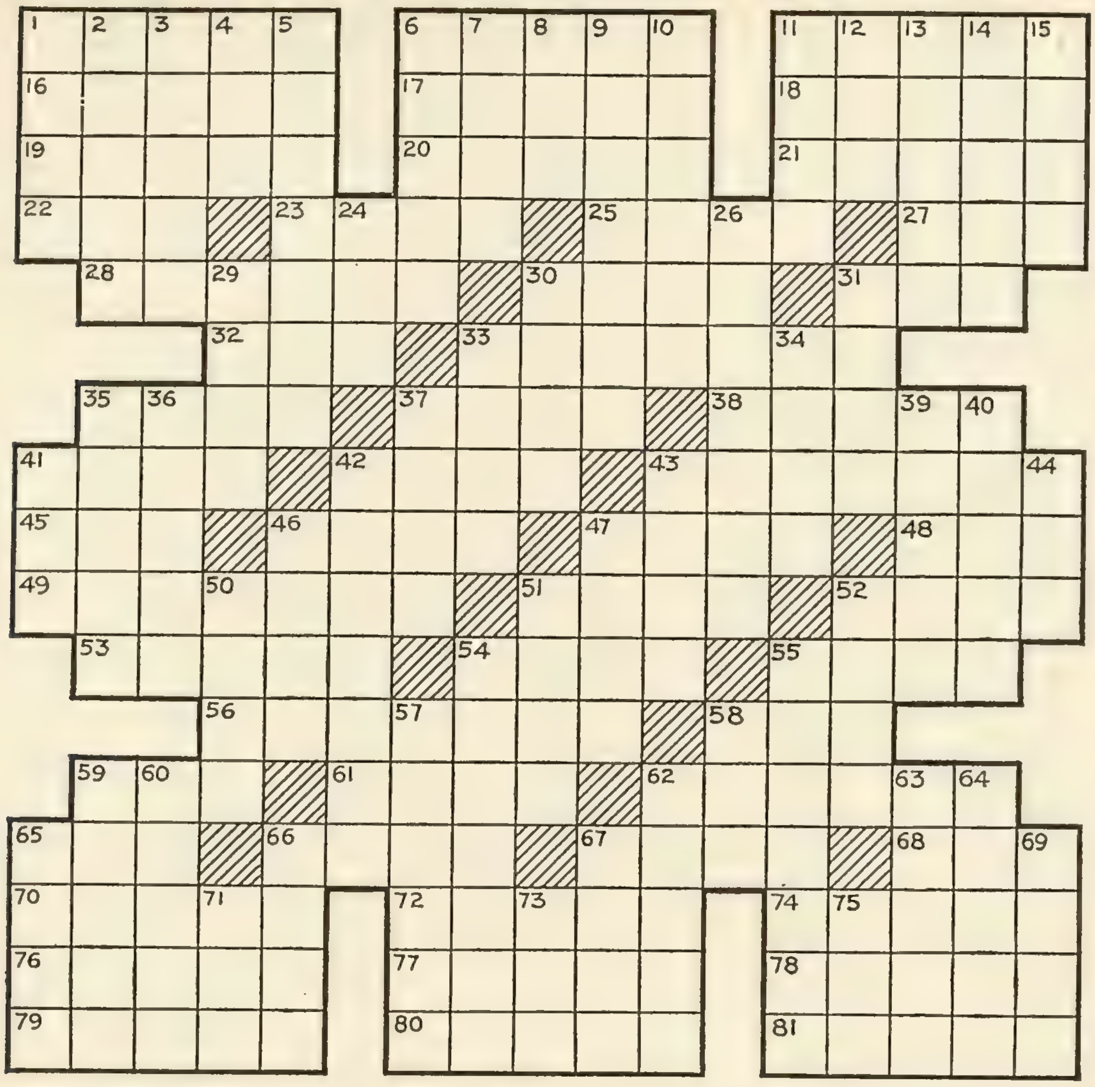
17—8.355 pounds.

18—A citrous fruit developed by crossing the lime and the grapefruit.

19—Beware of the dog.

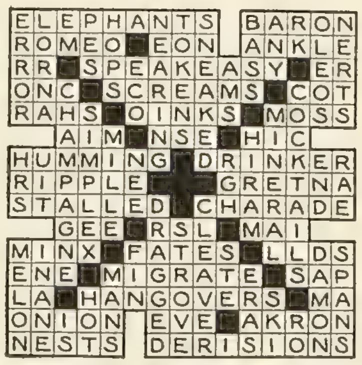
20—840.01 acres.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Streaked
6 A gambling game
11 Elevate
16 To degrade
17 A position in fencing
18 Ventilated
19 Inebriate
20 To resume
21 Dull gray, or bluish
22 The time immediately preceding some event
23 Image
25 Anger
27 Measure of weight
28 Eaten away
30 A city in Latvia
31 A fowl
32 Pieces used in chess
33 Predicament
35 An outbuilding
37 A flower
38 Contests
41 Inadequate
42 Narrative
43 Vehement
45 Measure of length
46 Seed covering
47 Clubs
48 Woman's nickname
49 Comforted
51 Transfer from one place to another
52 A kind of wine
53 A country in Asia
54 Part of a skeleton
55 Shave, as a rind
56 Moving in a circle
58 A container
59 The cry of a domestic animal
61 Grant the use of
62 A short light cannon
65 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
66 Meadow



E	L	E	P	H	A	N	T	S		B	A	R	O	N
R	O	M	E	O	■	E	O	N		A	N	K	L	E
R	R	■	S	P	E	A	K	E	A	S	Y	■	E	R
O	N	C	■	S	C	R	E	A	M	S	■	C	O	T
R	A	H	S	■	O	I	N	K	S	■	M	O	S	S
		A	I	M	■	N	S	E	■	H	I	C		
H	U	M	M	I	N	G	■	D	R	I	N	K	E	R
R	I	P	P	L	E	■	■	■	G	R	E	T	N	A
S	T	A	L	L	E	D	■	C	H	A	R	A	D	E
		G	E	E	■	R	S	L	■	M	A	I		
M	I	N	X	■	F	A	T	E	S	■	L	L	D	S
E	N	E	■	M	I	G	R	A	T	E	■	S	A	P
L	A	■	H	A	N	G	O	V	E	R	S	■	M	A
O	N	I	O	N		E	V	E	■	A	K	R	O	N
N	E	S	T	S		D	E	R	I	S	I	O	N	S

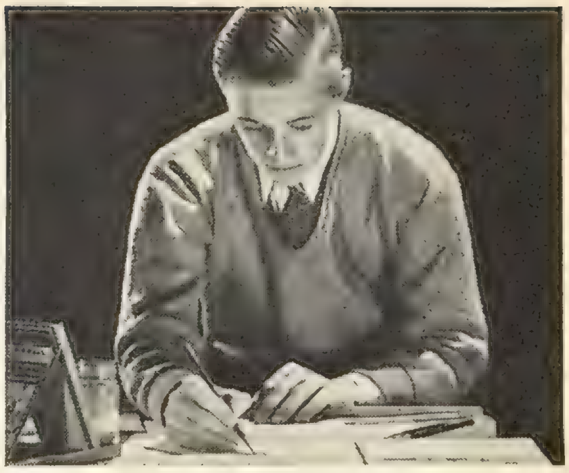
Answer to last week's puzzle

67 Commanded
68 To cut short
70 City in Florida
72 Fresher
74 Disgrace
76 Unsuccessful contestant
77 Eat away
78 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
79 As far as
80 Units of force
81 Exhausted

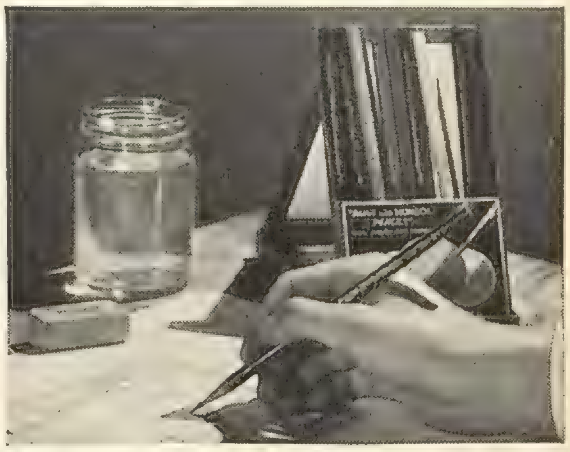
VERTICAL

1 Tardy
2 Over
3 To frolic
4 Compass point
5 Mocked
6 Young cod
7 Weight of eastern Asia
8 A vessel
9 Unfruitful
10 Contents of a drain
11 Blot out
12 Suffer illness
13 Ill tempered
14 Device for inducing discharge
15 State of bliss
24 Place of low resort
26 Opening play in the game of chess (plural)
29 Hebrew measure
30 Ascend
31 Drag
33 A toy
34 The cry of a domestic animal (plural)
35 Song by a single voice (plural)
36 A berry-bearing plant
37 Predatory incursion
39 Type of voice
40 Trap
41 Footlike part
42 Foot lever
43 Ornamental jar
44 An explosive
46 Sour
47 To shut violently
50 Extent of surface
51 Small body of water
52 Breathe quickly
54 A bookbinder's establishment
55 A form of paralysis
57 Brought forth young
58 A fish
59 A form in which pork is eaten
60 Stop! (nautical)
62 Equines
63 Lessen
64 A style of type
65 A balsam
66 Fiber obtained from peacock feathers
67 Titular character in a George Eliot novel
69 Highest in quality
71 Roumanian coins
73 Succeeded
75 Jump

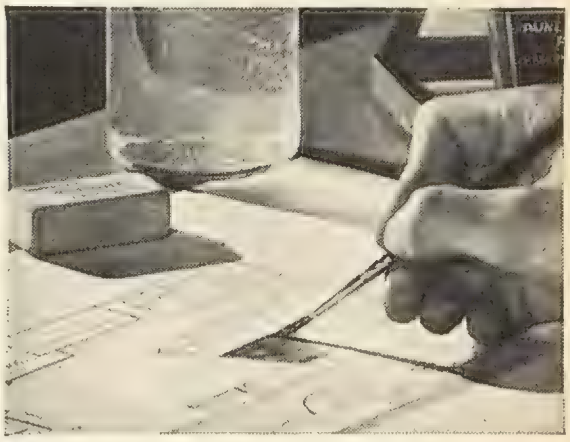
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



● Mongol Colored Pencils give you a complete drawing and painting—or writing—equipment at small cost.



● Sharpened to a needle point, you can use them for the finest lines. Long-wearing leads are extra strong.



● For "wash effects," all you need are Mongol Colored Pencils, brush, water. Spread smoothly. 24 beautiful colors.

"It's a grand outfit . . ."

Mongol Colored Pencils have dozens of uses. Fine for writing, figuring, checking, sketching, coloring maps, etc.

EBERHARD·FABER

MONGOL COLORED PENCILS

10¢ EACH ROUND OR HEXAGON

12 ASSORTED COLORS, $1 24 COLORS, $2

Allah Permitting

A Short Short Story

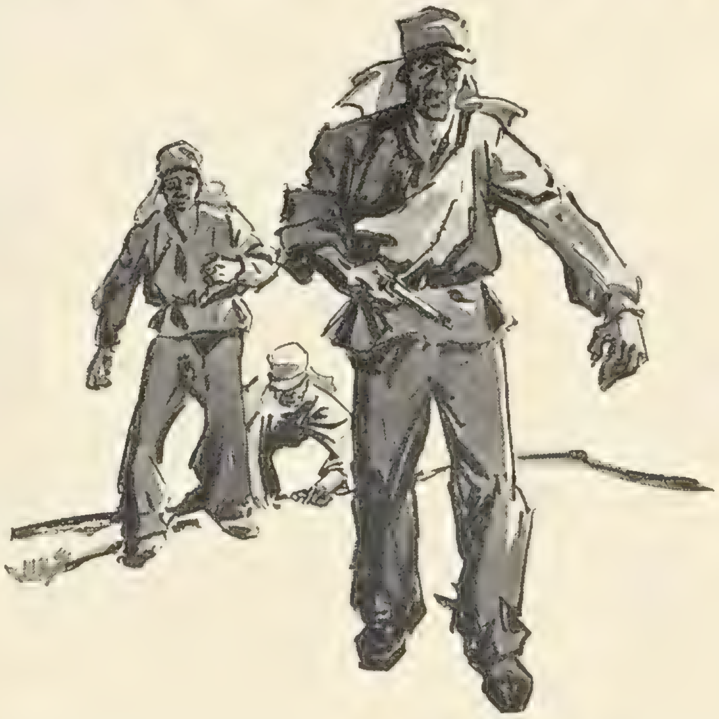
by ANN MORSE

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DOLE and Tabor and Collett, posing as simple tourists, amateurs of adventure, proposed to drive a small caterpillar car across the empty, endless sands of Rub'-el-Khali. They took no caravan to trail them—for good reason.

From Sulaiyil to Shanna was their goal, they said, three hundred and sixty waterless miles. And then, they said, they would go on to Wabar, Solomon's Ophir. But they did not add that they meant to push even farther.

Oil was their mission. The secret, swift, cutthroat race for new fields. They had found oil together in neighboring Irak, in Persia, in Colombia at the other end of the world. It was in Colombia that Collett came to owe his life to Dole. A tarantula, a shot; no more. But enough. After that, with the subordinate Tabor his foil and trumpeter, Dole became magnificent, the leader, taking his ease, taking all credit.



They left the sun-baked walls of Sulaiyil, the glinting stream of the Wadi Dawasir. The car began to steam as Dole raced it along under the desert sun, so that every few miles they had to stop to pour water into its radiator.

"Nearly three hundred miles yet ahead. How about this water we're using?" Collett said.

And Dole chuckled at him. "Afraid, old man? Don't be. Things don't happen in deserts any more. They've gone Main Street with cars."

In the back seat Tabor whinnied as always at Dole's wit.

Fifty miles later the car faltered. A spurt of blue flame played across its vaporous hood. Another. Collett reached, snapped off the ignition. Grasping his waterskin, his *girbah,* he swung to the sands.

Dole and Tabor scrambled after him. A rumble, a flare, and there were only smoldering ruins.

Collett bent to pluck salvage from the wreckage. Nervously Dole dabbed at his forehead, did nothing. Tabor emptied a canteen over the embers.

And Collett straightened. He looked from Tabor to Dole to the water trickling wasted in the sand. "Fools!" he snapped.

Tabor, heedless, was shaking his charred canteen. He was taking up Dole's, shaking that. He was peering into the remains of the tank on the running board. "Not a drop," he chattered. "Have you any water in that dingus of yours, Collett?"

ANN MORSE
was headed in her childhood toward the concert-piano stage. At sixteen, however, her family decided on Bryn Mawr, from which she graduated in due course. Her time since then has been spent in traveling and in writing.

"Just about enough to see me back to Sulaiyil on foot." Collett paused, added, "If I'm careful."

"You mean enough for the three of us?" Dole suggested.

"No. I mean myself. Alone." A faint ironic smile touched Collett's lips. "How this should delight you. Fire, heat, thirst, perhaps death in the desert. Nothing could be more heroic."

Dole stared at him as though seeing him for the first time, then growled: "Look here, Collett, there's such a thing as decency."

"On the water I have here"—Collett shrugged—"at least one of us may reach Sulaiyil. Three of us wouldn't go a third of the way."

"You'd leave us here to die?" Tabor's teeth clicked. "You can't—"

And Dole lunged at Collett. Easily Collett stepped aside. He fingered the gun at his belt, eyed Dole's gun lying broken on the smoking driving seat. "I don't fight the dying," he murmured.

"Dying be damned!" Dole's jaw set. "I'll get out of this," he shouted, "to make your name reek in every civilized nostril. You'll be through—through!"

With maddening deliberation Collett lifted his *girbah,* held it to his lips, carefully corked it again. "You may, of course, follow me if you like," he said, "for as long as you can."

And there were no caravans in all the Rub'-el-Khali to rescue them.

That night Collett strode ahead, and with the stars for light Dole followed, fiercely plodding through the heavy sands. Tabor trailed, fear darting in his eyes.

Through the inferno of the next desert day they slept, exhausted, in the shadows of dunes. Collett lay apart, his *girbah* under him, his gun at hand.

It was near evening that Dole slid toward him, reached for the gun. And, snakelike, Collett's hand darted out, caught Dole's wrist, wrenched it. The gun dropped. Collett sat up, grimly smiled into Dole's flaring, bloodshot eyes. Dole swayed, rubbing his wrist. Already his lips were parched, his tongue thick.

"At least three more marches to Sulaiyil," Collett remarked.

"I'll show you," Dole whispered, choking. "I'll show you!"

So they marched that night. And the next. Collett drew ahead, and they saw him against the empty dunes, deliberately tilting his head to his precious *girbah.* Water.

IT was at the fourth dawn that the minarets of Sulaiyil and the palms and glints of the Wadi Dawasir beyond it suddenly danced ahead in the rising heat. Seeing them, Collett paused, flung up his arms. A batch of white figures about the walls scattered, started out across the sands toward him.

And he, running forward, fell with that grotesqueness of a man whose leg is painfully doubled under him.

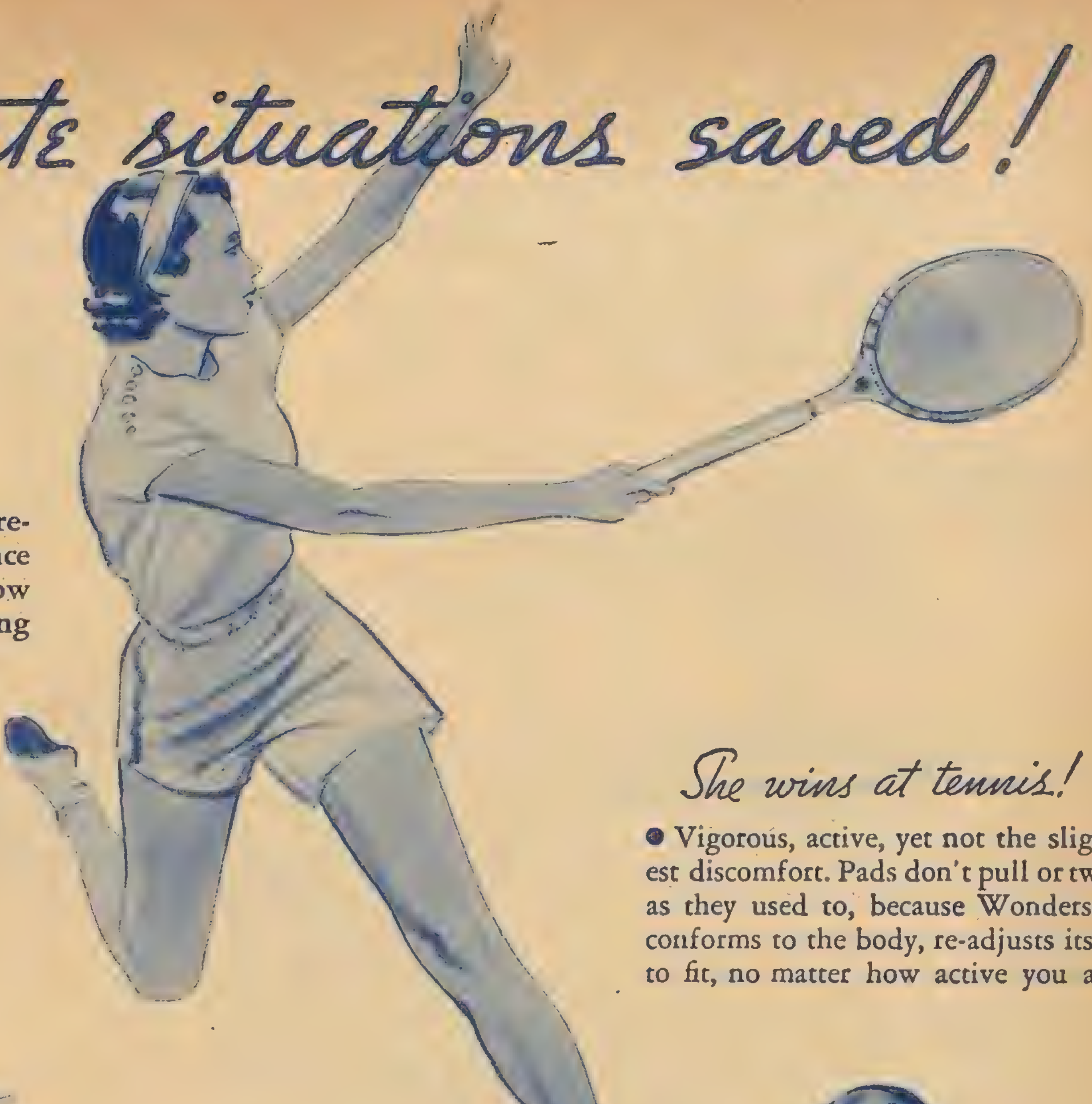
Tabor collapsed then, jabbering, to his knees. But not Dole. Breath rattling in his throat, he stumbled to Collett. Greedily he snatched up the *girbah,* raised it to his lips. With a scream he flung it away. It was empty!

And Collett, turning his head, his lips showing cut and puffed now beneath the beard, grinned ironically at Dole.

"A life for a life," Collett mocked. "The *girbah* was empty from the start, but if I'd told you, you'd have lain down, gone berserk, been lost with Tabor. I knew only hate could drive your puny soul up through hell and out."

THE END

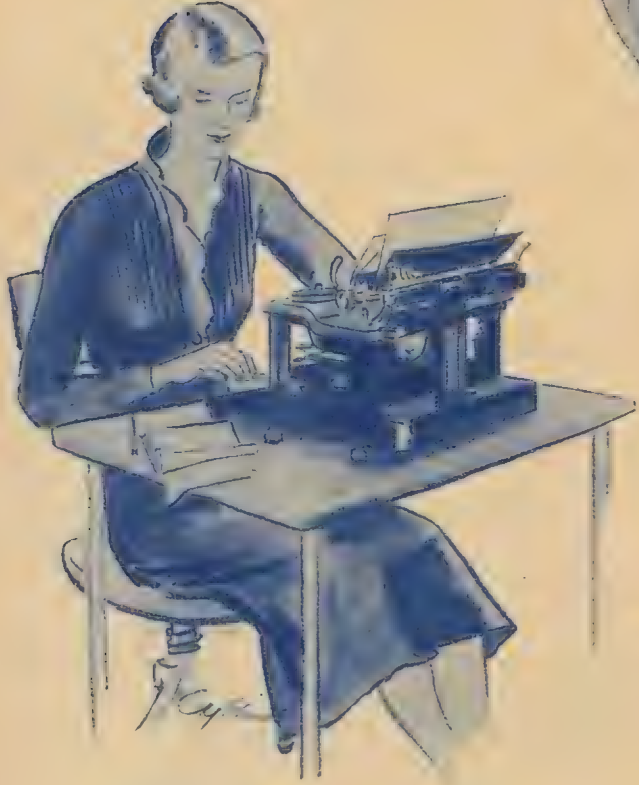
3 delicate situations saved!



The life of the modern girl is carefree, successful . . . where it once was difficult and humiliating. How Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives!

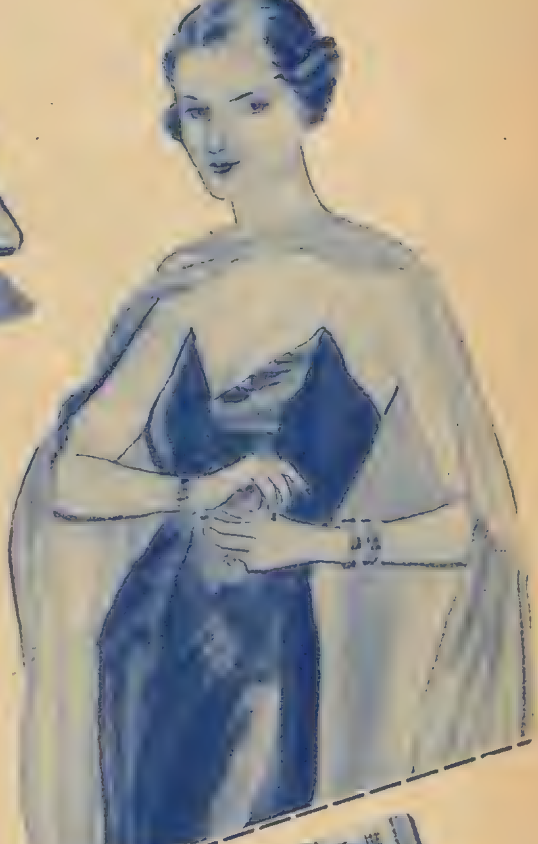
She wins at tennis!

● Vigorous, active, yet not the slightest discomfort. Pads don't pull or twist as they used to, because Wondersoft conforms to the body, re-adjusts itself to fit, no matter how active you are.



Business hours aren't hard...

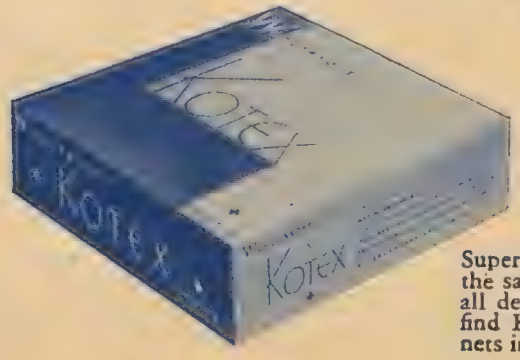
● On *those* days, she used to suffer all during business hours. But Wondersoft pads stay dry at the edges—and wonderfully comfortable, too. No chafing or rubbing, because of that exclusive Kotex patent, softest cotton sides where pad touches, but top and bottom left free to take up moisture.



A stunning, close-fitting silhouette

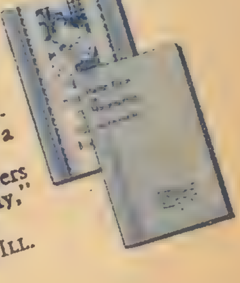
● Smooth fitting, snug—but no telltale lines showing. That's because of those flat, specially shaped ends on the Wondersoft pad. And no fear of soiling lingerie or frock. The center is different from any other pad, gives greater safety.

What a glorious day—yet many lose such freedom, because they think all sanitary pads are alike. Why, even the package of Wondersoft is different. Not like a sanitary napkin box, at all. Try it and see why it is changing women's lives.



Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size at all dealers. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.



FREE TO WOMEN!

Intimate health facts revealed in a book that explodes old superstitions; it is called "Health Facts on Menstruation." If you want a FREE copy, send the coupon below.

Do you wonder: "How shall I tell my daughter?" For all mothers and guardians, FREE copies of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," a simple, understandable book that the child, herself, may read.

KOTEX CO., ROOM 2156B, 180 N MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

I want "Health Facts on Menstruation" ☐

I want "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" ☐

Signed ________ Address ________ City ________

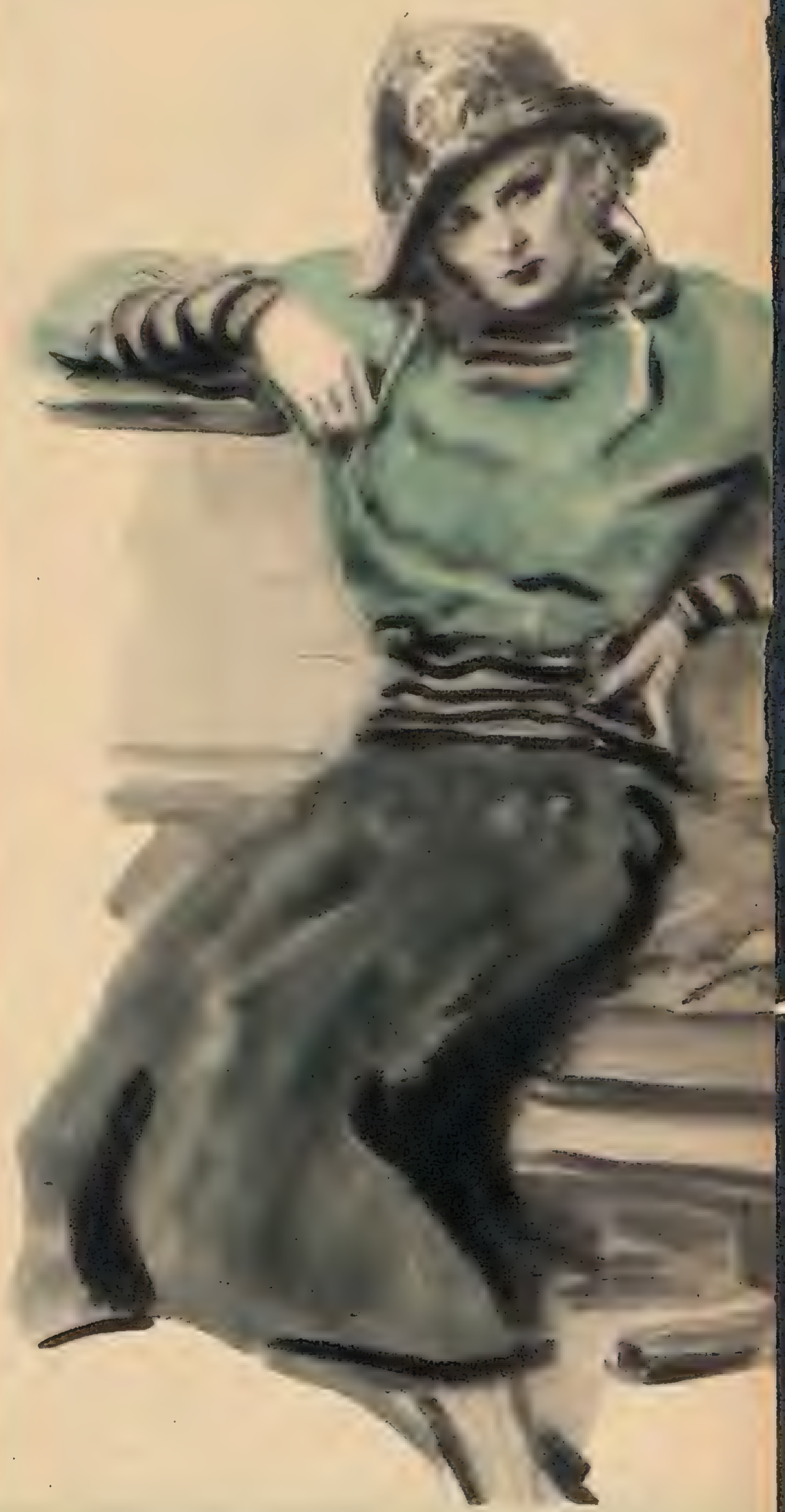
Modern Lady

Now the Great Adventure! What Will Marriage Bring to the Spirited Heroine of This Poignant Novel of Today?

by GRACE PERKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 9 SECONDS



THEY call her the Great I McAm in the New York real estate business. A red-haired beauty in her early twenties, she is its most spectacular figure. But Jane McAm has paid dearly for her success. She has known the disgrace of a father, Teddy, being a lifer in prison; the ordeal of being left penniless with a crippled mother, Nell, and three younger children, Marion, Dick, and Toby, to provide a home for; and the hopelessness of a girl of seventeen, frail and inexperienced, hunting for a job.

But all these handicaps Jane McAm has conquered. Imbued with her father's gambler spirit, she takes a slim chance offered her by Edgar Holloway, a broken-down real estate dealer in New Rochelle, to sell a tract of sand owned by Tom Leeds, wealthy young clubman, and with the aid of Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart, she does sell it. From this she plunges on into more important deals which start her on the road to fortune.

Yet, while successful in business, Jane cannot cope with the love she still treasures for Rudy. She dares not reveal it to him because he is already pledged to the aristocratic Nina Norris. There seems hope when their engagement is suddenly blasted because Rudy cannot tolerate Nina's stage career, but he departs on an engineering tour of the world without even telling Jane good-by.

The World War and its turbulence of tragedy and business upheavals send Jane on to greater triumphs in the real estate field, and in 1924 she finds herself the Great I McAm, with Rudy and Dr. Hamilton Sheppard, who aspires to her love, definitely shelved in her mind. Her whole being is immersed in her business. Then Rudy reappears. Their old love relives overnight, and he insists on an immediate marriage. Jane agrees hesitantly—not that she loves Rudy less but her business also demands her.

PART SEVEN—A TUMULTUOUS HONEYMOON

"TOMORROW is one of those days I couldn't call my soul my own," said Jane. "There's a deal, Rudy, to— "

"The hell with deals. You tell the world Jane McAm, Incorporated, is getting married. And is going on a honeymoon she should have taken years ago. You hear?"

"Rudy—Rudy, please, give me time to think."

"Do you love me as much as I love you?" he demanded.

"More."

"Have we waited for each other like anchorless fools for a lifetime?"

She nodded, eyes half closed.

"Oh, Rudy, darling, it's so much to have found each other. Let's not rush senselessly. I have so much to do, so many people— "

"Jane, any busy person is always busy. Furthermore," he pointed a suddenly prophetic finger at her, "nobody is so important that he's indispensable."

" Oh, but, Rudy, philosophy aside, the contracts for the theater tomorrow, and Sir Charles is so ceremonious. Besides, use your head. You know the theater is for Nina. Sir Charles saw you and me tonight and will tell her. If I didn't show up tomorrow they'd take it as a personal affront. Nina would adore to seize upon your name again. She has always insisted with very pretty regret that she broke your heart. She loves to boast of such things."

" She didn't break my heart," he grimaced. " She just helped shape it. Let her boast. Must we postpone our wedding because of Nina or Sir Charles? Haven't you flunkies in your office that can sign the contracts with him? "

" He happens to pride himself on doing business with me. Just as he prides himself on his well publicized relationship with Nina. Oh, not in the same way, and don't glower. It's only that if it's real estate, Sir Charles will find the top, the glamorous, and line up with that firm."

" So you're the top—the glamorous—in New York real estate? "

" I'm not as conceited as I sound, Rudy. I worked very hard to be glamorous and the tops, and I'll be proud of it and capitalize it for as long as it lasts."

Her eyes were dangerously fired, her voice coldly edged. He stared a moment at the exquisitely trim figure in the chair, her skin whiter than the ermine around her shoulders, her large mouth as uncompromising as the red that colored it, her gleaming paprika hair waved and knotted in defiance of the popular scissors.

" I'm a louse," he said with a shrug.

She smiled and rose to kiss him.

" You are a glamorous creature, Jane. And I guess I don't realize how tops you are."

" Rudy," she said slowly, " once you broke with a girl because of her career. That's how you really lost Nina, you know. You started it by raging against her work."

He laughed, a bit nettled, and then held her face cupped in his hands and studied it. His smile and tone were indulgent but he seemed on the verge of sulks.

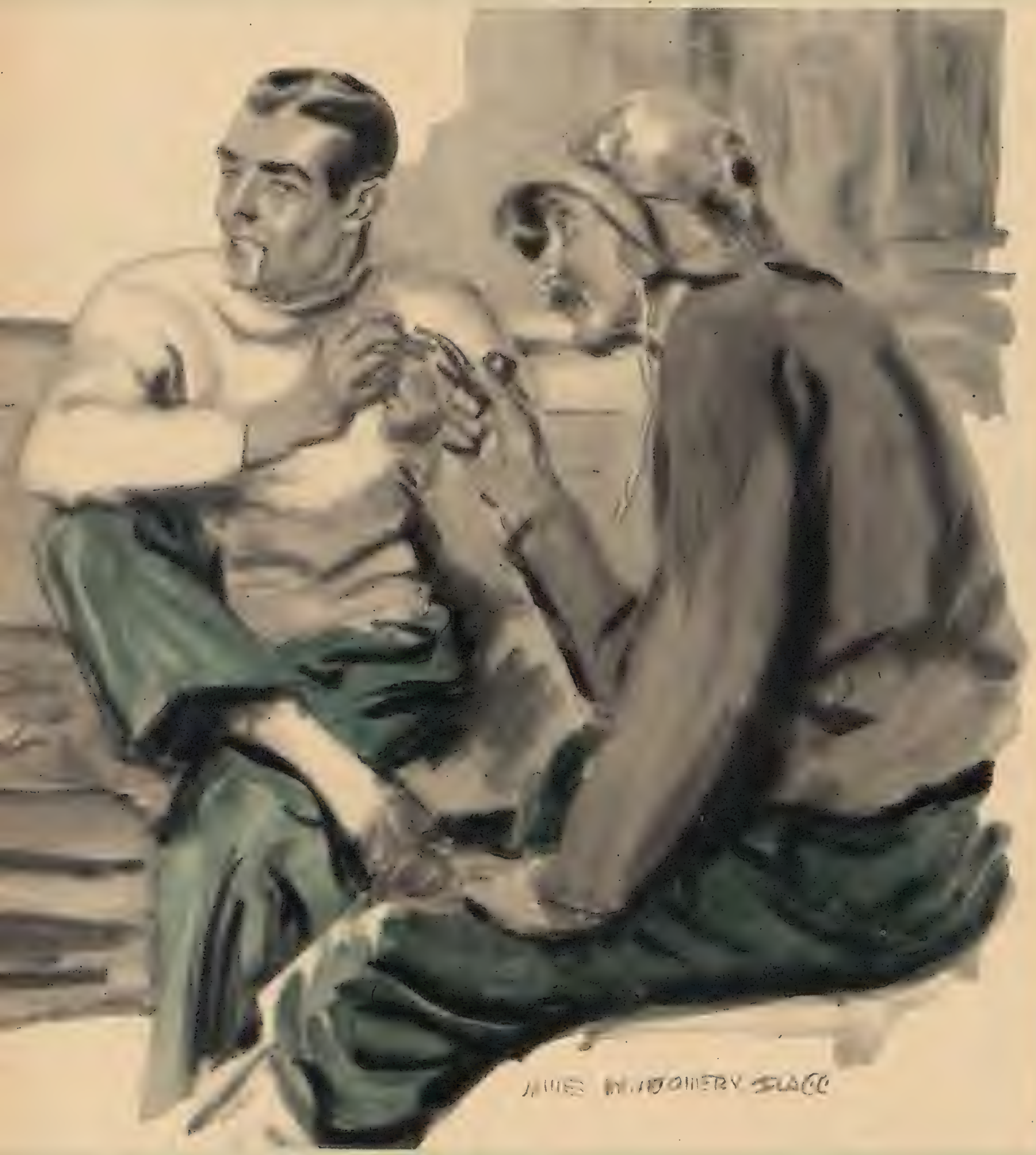
" Oh, hell, I don't know. I think you're beautiful, Jane. And smart as the devil. I love you. What else matters? You can do what you like with your days. But the nights and week-ends are mine."

HER eyes opened in dismay. She wanted to explain that she worked constantly; that nobody could run her show without everlasting endless work. But something warned her.

" So now that all that is settled," he said, " I'll be a big feller and let you sell your little theater tomorrow. After that do we get married, or do you want to be jilted? "

" You mean—marry tomorrow? "

" That was the idea. You and me. Married."



A famous old fisherman annoyed her with his tobacco-stained stories

"MAN···I LOVE THIS ITALIAN SPAGHETTI"

EVERY man relishes Heinz Cooked Spaghetti because it's the genuine Italian kind—cooked and blended after the recipe of a famous Italian chef. The spaghetti is meltingly tender and wholesome—made by Heinz from choicest Durum wheat—dried in washed air. And what a savory, flavory sauce is cooked *through* every delicate strand! You taste the tang of snappy imported cheese—and the rich, juicy goodness of red-ripe Heinz tomatoes, zestfully spiced! Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is ready to serve as it comes from the tin. Delicious in itself, it combines with other foods to produce dinners of the "one-dish" type or tempting, nourishing luncheons. Keep a liberal supply of Heinz Spaghetti on your emergency shelf. Use it frequently for tasty energy making home meals.

57

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

HEINZ
COOKED SPAGHETTI

"But—but Rudy, how could we?"

"I'll call for you in the morning," he checked off on his fingers. "Then we'll go get the license. Then I'll leave you at your office and go to my own. After all, I have a business too. You sign your royal contracts, deliver your theater, and I'll be back at your office with any species of minister you select. At four or five o'clock we'll be married in your office with or without your family and mine, who can come or not as they wish. All set?"

"Rudy, you're gorgeous!"

"They all tell me so. It's a question of technique. It took years of training."

"In South America? In China? In Alaska?"

"Oh, it all helped. If I could boss those crews, believe me, I can boss you. And you're the little lady that needs some managing."

"I'll love being managed. What a relief it will be. I'll love somebody caring whether or not I'm home on time."

"If that's so, you're going to be happy with me, darling. So it's settled, Jane? No backing down now!"

"No. Honestly. But one thing: Did you mention a honeymoon?"

"I did. We're going to Europe."

"Oh, I can't. That's out. I can't, really."

She knew how to manage crews too, and there was no equivocation in her tone. He shrugged.

"Cosima spoke of Italy," he wheedled softly, "and of how you always planned. We could go to Italy, Jane."

"Don't hypnotize me, Rudy. I absolutely can't go. It must be a short honeymoon. Just a long week-end. And that will be hard enough to manage."

"The bride has the say about honeymoons. But, Jane, you might as well make plans now. I have to go abroad for my firm in a month or so. Will you be ready to go then?" After a pause he added, "You wouldn't let me go alone?"

Frantically she ducked into the corners of her brain and searched for an answer. Very certainly his tone and his eyes were demanding a showdown. She was faintly indignant, echoing arguments, but mostly she was giddy with flattery that he trafficked with her.

She nodded agreement, throwing all calendars to the ash bins.

THEIR wedding day was insane. Cold as steel, sharply filled with flurries of autumn rain, checkered with bursts of a tinny sun. Wednesday and the height of the week. October and the height of the renting season. Nineteen twenty-four and the height of the real-estate boom in New York.

Jane's family was insane. Marion dashed wildly to shops, unpacked all that her sister had expressly ordered Cosima to pack, managed the family vigorously, and kissed Clarence when she found him at the office. Nell McAm was wispy with an indefinable grief. Toby was laid up with a bad tooth, but, white bandages wound round his swollen face, he was insistent upon accepting Rudy's invitation to come and bring his friends. Dick was nowhere to be found. Had not come home all night.

Jane was charged with nerves. At nine in the morning she rode with Rudy to City Hall, and left it with a two-dollar slip of paper. Rudy was calm. Calm and happy.

People, papers, checks, phones, smiles. Will-you-take-care-of-this-before-you-go, will-you-sign-this-please, Mr.-West's-father's-on-the-phone. The reporters, Miss McAm. Jane, you'd better eat something, you really had. Jane, let old Edgar fix you a drink. Sir Charles. Nina Norris. Might as well tell her. Oh, but how precious! Mightn't they be here for the wedding too?

RUDY came. Marion kissed him. Everybody kissed everybody. And they left her private office as her lawyer entered. Mustn't look now, Jane. It's after five and the office has officially closed. We'll give you an hour. And you keep in your own cell.

Cosima came, bursting in with wide authority. Bags in hand. Tears streaming down her face as she rolled out waves of Italian. The lawyer laughed. They finished the end of certain mortgage releases, and he left to join the party. Oh, quite obviously a party being prepared in the outer office.

Jane could hear the voices, and the laughter, and clinking of glasses and silver.

Through the clabber of voices in the outer office Jane tried to remember Rudy. The middle and the little finger of her left hand rubbed the jade ring she now wore openly. She had begged him to get no other rings. That ring was part of her—of him.

In her washroom she began to apply make-up. The door opened and Marion came in, and presently she and Cosima were wrangling loudly and bitterly. Jane went on with her eyelashes, too used to their quarrels to interfere. But presently a howl of horror went up from the old Italian, and Jane dashed into the room to see Marion open a window and send a white wedding dress flying out into the dark wet night.

Jane calmed them with laughter, kissing Cosima's tears away.

"I'm not going to let you appear a fool out there in a white gown like that," Marion's lips wigwagged a cigarette as she talked.

"I didn't want to wear white. But mama—"

"Oh, I'll manage Nell. She'll be so full of champagne she won't know what color you have on. You wear your brown-velvet suit with the kolinsky. It points up your hair. Take those damn' white shoes off—and another word from you, Cosima, and they go out the window too. He's got a corsage of violets for you. God knows why."

"The first time we met we picked

violets together," Jane mooned. "We were kids—"

"Yeh?" Marion snorted. "Look at those long white gloves! Cosima, find some short ones and snap into it."

As Cosima left, Marion deftly put the last pin into the crackling electric red hair which she had been brushing and molding.

"You look beautiful, Jane. I do hope you'll be happy. I know you love him. You've always loved him. He's no paddy-cake, Jane. I could do with him myself."

Jane laughed feebly.

"I mean he's just as headstrong as you are. That's a dangerous combination for a hothead like you."

"I love danger. You know it."

Marion opened the door and yelled:

"Rudy! Hey, somebody send my new relative in here!"

On Rudy's arm Jane walked the absurd length of the corridor, passed Edgar's door, passed Seth Percy's door. The great outer office was a garden of chrysanthemums, and directly ahead what was obviously a minister, waiting. On one side of him was Abby, older but grimly pleasant; and Dr. West, white-haired and shockingly thin! So they had hurried up from Washington for this! To the other side stood Nell McAm, delicate and fetching in beige lace and a brown-velvet picture hat. Near by was the rest of the family, but coming straight for Jane was Dick. Dick the handsome, the rascal, announcing thickly that he was to give her away, and a dead give-away it was if any one asked him. Dick swaying forward and backward, dangerously but gallantly drunk.

I do! I do what? Oh, everything. I do arrange to go to Europe in a month for a real honeymoon, and how the hell I'll manage it is beyond me. Oh, well, I certainly do. I do adore him. I'd lay down my life for him. I do thank God that at this minute I am becoming his wife. I do want children and a home, oh, terribly! Mrs. West . . . Imagine! Mrs. Rudy West . . . Oh, I do think that I could die of happiness right this minute. I do . . . I do . . .

BREATHLESS party. With a dinner served by caterers and the Eisler Building kept open late, the elevators running to the fourteenth floor . . . Had Rudy thought of everything? How was it that Edgar put his arm about Rudy's shoulder? That Ham Sheppard was here? That Rudy could smile at Nina and demand aisle seats set aside by Sir Charles for the opening of the Nina Norris Theater? How did Rudy have a moment to take her mother into an adjoining office and reappear with Nell looking starry-eyed? To treat the reporters as special buddies? To remember Seth and his weakness for salty stories? To have Edgar's office set aside for a special party of Cosima's old-time friends? To introduce to Jane Trudy's husband—Trudy's *husband!*—and tell her of the baby girl that was named after her, Jane Gertrude Malloy? Rudy had served in the same outfit as Trudy's husband during the war . . .

They were going to the Pickwick Arms, he said, because Westchester was where they met. It was nearly eleven when they left. In Rudy's car, driven by Rudy himself, and strange luggage in the back. Fifth Avenue was swept with rain, green and red traffic lights gleaming like mirages in the wet oily streets as they drove off.

"Happy, Mrs. West?" He nudged her in a traffic halt.

"Too happy to endure it, darling."

"Put your head against my shoulder and close your eyes. You're very tired. And I don't believe in tired wives."

"Oh, Rudy!" She sighed. "I do love you so." And dozed.

HIS lips on her forehead and eyes woke her, and she sat up stiffly and a little confused. Their headlights pierced the slanting rain, and beyond her she saw a wharf and the undermat of water.

"But, Rudy—"

"Come on," he said. "I have something to show you."

She followed him through wet sand to a wharf, to the side of a fair-sized yawl bobbing in the rain, engines chortling and coughing.

"What on earth?" she yelled.

"Get aboard and see if you like it," he hollered back, helping her as he spoke to leap the swaying deck into the arms of an oil-slickered figure who entered into a shouted discussion about conditions.

Elbows cupped in her hands, Jane steadied herself on the wet, swaying deck and tried to clear her thoughts. Pickwick Arms, he had said . . . and this!

The oil-slicker figure jumped to the wharf and began bending to wrestle with ropes. On board Rudy hustling Jane down a narrow companionway to a minute cabin.

"This is my only toy," he explained with high exhilaration. "I hope you like it, baby, because this little ship is my idea of heaven. Besides, I think that married people should be alone. And I think honeymoons in the midst of other human beings are barbarous."

She laughed thinly.

"But the Pickwick Arms?"

"Well, if you can't bear this, we'll go there. But if you're game, just you and I are going to a little island I know off the coast of Cape Cod."

"Rudy darling. I do adore you."

"Then you're game? You like it?"

"I love it," she lied happily.

He kissed her. "I'll tell this buzzard to drive off our car then," he exulted. "I had Cosima put special luggage aboard for you. Sweaters and flat shoes and such. So get out of those wet things. Our cabin is just yonder."

He left her, and over her head she could hear his feet; his voice calling, "Shove off!"

Every woman cries on her honeymoon. Quite privately, on the plea of

"AND I LIKE THE HOME KITCHEN FLAVOR OF HEINZ KETCHUP"

WHAT wonders Heinz Tomato Ketchup works with even the simplest foods! How its spicy fragrance reminds you of simmering tomatoes and seasonings in the old home kitchens of long ago! That's because Heinz uses only the finest ingredients in making this rich condiment—the choicest, juiciest ripe tomatoes grown from Heinz seed in favored regions, where they are picked in full freshness, cooked and bottled *hot* from the kettle. Rare, Oriental spices bought by Heinz own representatives in the Far East, first grade cane sugar and mellow Heinz vinegar blend in their own distinctive flavors, too. Use Heinz Ketchup generously in your everyday cooking—for sauces and gravies. You'll soon discover why it outsells all others—regardless of price.

57

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

HEINZ

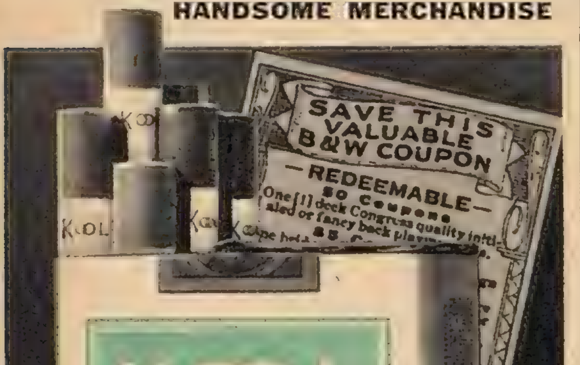
TOMATO KETCHUP

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES
[CORK TIPPED]

WORTH GOING FOR!

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOOLS is a sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS good for attractive nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ *for* TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

taking an afternoon nap, Jane cried on hers.

The island was a crazy piece of land dropped in the icy waters by some forgetful volcanic giant. It was cold. The hunting lodge was full of echoing shadows. The plumbing was timid, the heat mythical, the beds full of cheap lumps. Camping out was Jane's idea of misery. The twenty-odd islanders had sleazy smiles, rocky skins, pinched eyes, and windy laughs. Amasa Bonton, a famous old fisherman who seemed Rudy's born pal, annoyed her most with his endless tobacco-stained stories.

Her hair became sticky and matted, and the water was so hard that a shampoo left it strawlike. On a hike through the wilds, to the tune of a howling dog and the shock of Rudy's rifle, she caught oak-poisoning that left her face and arms a mass of red-hot itches.

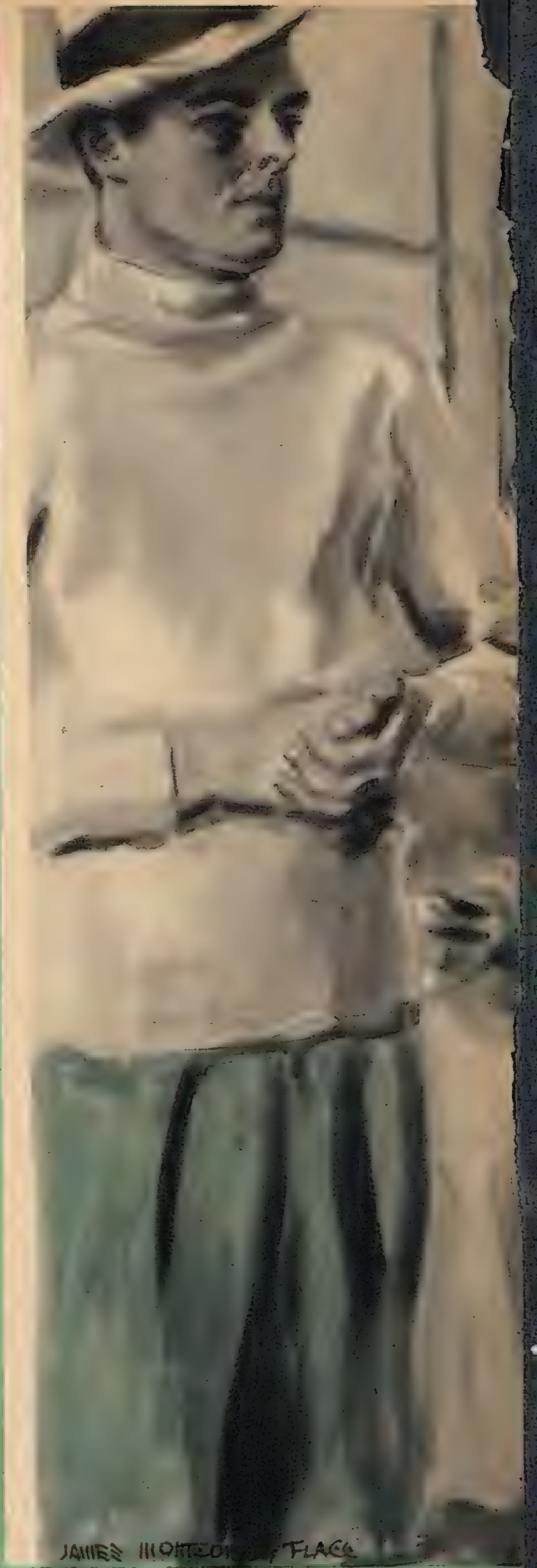
Not under the pain of death would she have let on to Rudy how wretchedly tired, itchy, cold, and damp she felt, or how her stomach back-fired on his grilled steaks, his pan-fried fish, and the abominable concoctions of fish chowders, beans, and doughnuts that his gay smiles and ready money wheedled from the natives. Twice they went over in his yawl to the mainland and telephoned New York for messages. Twice she was on the verge of hysterically begging him to leave her and finish the honeymoon himself. Yet she argued and berated herself.

BUT she also knew happiness. Enough happiness to overshadow the throbbing head, the eyes that danced with black spots from the sun, the tired shoulders and leg muscles. He slept on his stomach, his head half on her shoulder, his arm thrown about her. Twin beds he also considered barbaric. To lie with him close to her, his mighty strength limp and childlike yet selfish and possessive, was utter delight. That silly indescribable glory called love filled and stifled her until the tears welled in her eyes with an explosion of emotion. He was the other part of her. The fullness of her. The reason for her. . . .

Love was gorgeous but it left her used up. After five or six hours of sleep Rudy awoke with the suddenness of a child stuck with a pin. Woke with all his sense, all his thoughts, all his eager plans for the day. After five or six hours Jane woke half rested and cramped, nervous and unrested. Urgently she would squeeze the vexation out of her throat, out of her eyes, and climb out into the cold room.

But the fifth and last day Jane pleaded for extra sleep. And after he had clattered about the room, closed the windows, dressed, banged shoes on the floor, snapped belts with metal buckles against the furniture, shut a drawer on a finger and damned, kissed her and left, she closed her eyes with grim determination. She needed so to catch an hour—just a final nap. But the windows were closed. All about her lay pieces of his garments, crumpled, used. The noise he was making in the room below was a hatchet to cut her off from sleep. He was building a fire now, to warm the place up before she joined him.

She sat up. Tomorrow and the office. Tomorrow and so much to catch up with. But tomorrow she would have a deep hot tub and bath salts and powder, and heat, and creamed soup and endive salad. But where? Where would she have all these things? Today they must settle that.



"Rudy West," she flamed, "if you lea

e like that, you'll never see me again!"

A feeling of shame trickled through her as she joined him and saw with what rustic elegance he had fixed breakfast on the screened back porch. The aged wicker chair had pillows for her, the center of the table was mounded with red and orange autumn leaves and bunches of purple grapes. Two tall glasses of orange juice stood golden, and a coffee pot blew waves of fragrance from its snout. Through his kisses she grew dizzy with appreciation of him. Almost envy of him. He was so vital; he enjoyed life so; he had such a passion and grace for simple living. It must be grand to have the snap and zest, to be able to make your own fun and enjoy it.

"We're not going to do a thing today," he announced as he poured the coffee, "but sit and drink everything in. And at three o'clock we leave."

His smile made her heart swoop like a scenic railway.

"I hate to go." He leaned over and covered her hand with his. "It's been the most perfect few days in my life. I wish we could live our whole life together like this on an island alone."

"Me too," said the Great I McAm huskily.

"And tonight we go home and start a new life together."

"Where," she said timidly, "is home?"

And then she laughed and told him of how little Toby had once solemnly asked her the same question. The shared memory limbered their restraints and presently they were in the midst of it.

"My apartment will be all ready for us," Rudy was telling her. "Of course it's awfully small. Just three rooms and a bath and a tiny kitchen."

He caught the look of dismay on her face.

"Of course, Jane, if you'd rather go to a hotel—"

"No—oh, no, dear."

"I figured this was just until we get settled. My lease runs until May. After all, we're going to be abroad most of December and January."

She caught her breath. Away from her family at Christmas? Away from the office most of December and January?

"As a matter of fact, I'd rather live out of town, Jane. In May, I mean, when my lease is up. Would you?"

"I would. I've never been truly comfortable since I moved in."

"Gosh, I'm glad! You know it's right we should like the same things, Jane. You know what I was thinking? Why couldn't you put the kids' school out in the gutter and let's have my old home back—West Wind?"

"And live there together? Oh, Rudy—how gorgeous!"

"Of course it's your house now, and—"

"Rudy! What's mine's yours. We're not going to draw lines, are we?"

"I suppose not. I've been trying to figure it out." He pulled his chair away from the table, put his feet up on the porch rail and lit his pipe. "If what is yours is mine, Jane, how many houses do we own by the way? That penthouse apartment is coöperative. You own that?"

"Yes—I own most of the building."

"Mmmm. West Wind. Your old home in Beechmont. Any others?"

Like the snap of a camera shutter she saw the amazing proportions of her business, and she colored. Her eyes sought his with an insurgent look, fighting shame for her gambler's success, fighting off the penniless ghost of the past and the strange

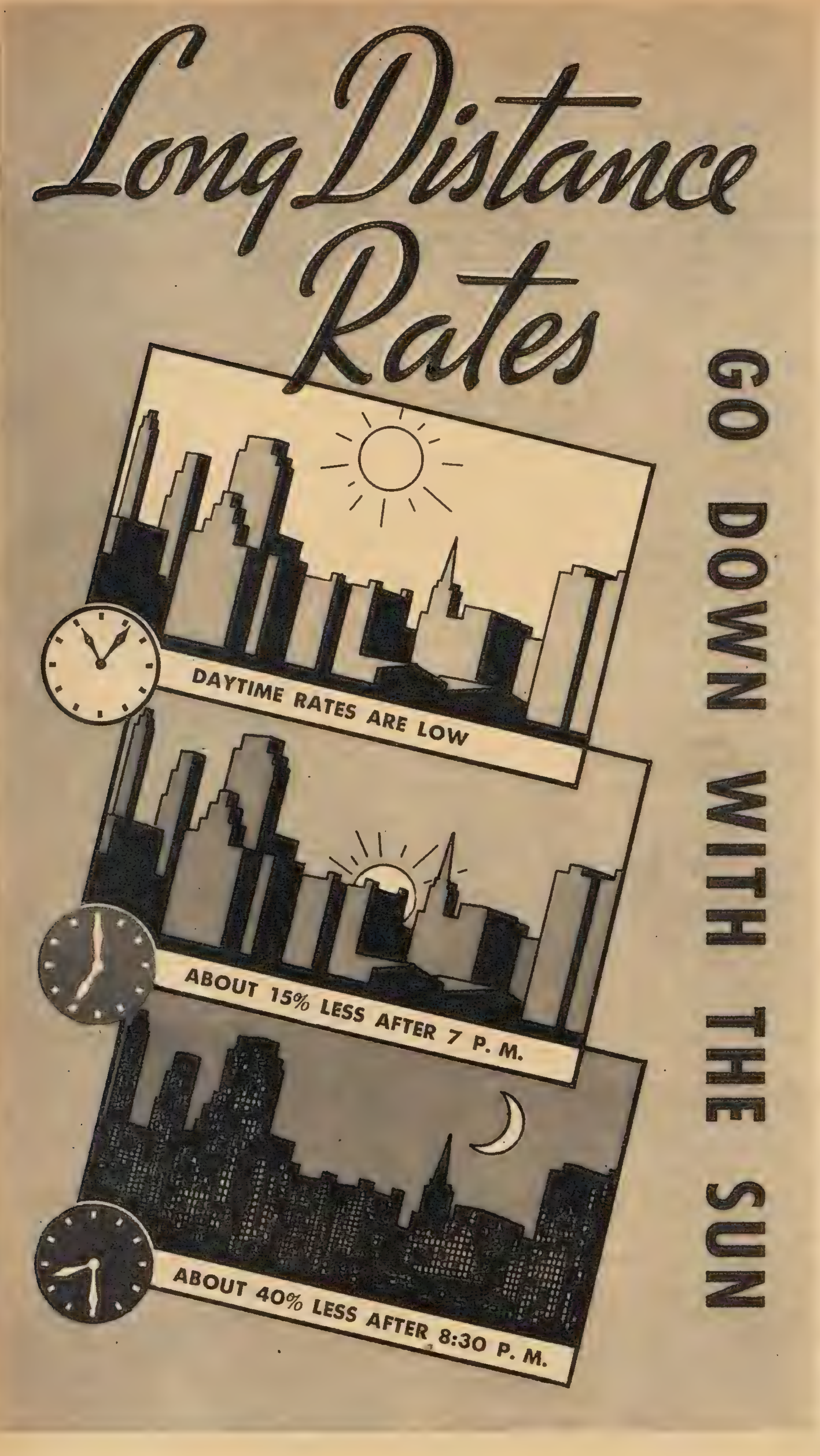
TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
Perfection of
OLD SCOTCH

"The Right Spirit"
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Old Scotch
WHISKY
Wm TEACHER & SONS LTD
GLASGOW
SCHIEFFELIN & CO.
NEW YORK

THE smoothest, mellowest Scotch that ever came out of the Highlands. Its rich "smoky" flavour, redolent of heather and burning peat fires, is acclaimed by Americans . . . as it has been throughout the world for more than a century. Incidentally, Teacher's "Highland Cream" is the product of the largest independent distillery in Great Britain.

Distilled, aged and bottled by
WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD.
GLASGOW and LONDON

Sole Agents for the United States:
Schieffelin & Co., New York City
Importers since 1794


Long Distance Rates
GO DOWN WITH THE SUN
DAYTIME RATES ARE LOW
ABOUT 15% LESS AFTER 7 P. M.
ABOUT 40% LESS AFTER 8:30 P. M.

OUT-OF-TOWN telephone calls cost little throughout the day. (About 25c for 25 miles, 50c for 75 miles, 75c for 125 miles, for three-minute station-to-station calls.)

And in the evening they're downright bargains! At 7 o'clock, these rates drop about 15% and at 8:30 they're 40% under day rates for station-to-station calls.

Slip into an easy chair tonight and think of some one whose voice you want to hear—some one who'll have happy, intimate news to exchange. . . . A husband away on business. A child at school. The folks back home. . . . If you place the call after 7:00 or 8:30 P.M., your budget will never know!

lank ghost that seemed suddenly to prophesy itself for the future. Years later, when she and Rudy faced a bankrupt and workless world, she was to remember and smile helplessly at the high arguments they had in 1924 when figures rang out and scorched the air between them. But at the moment she felt almost humiliated to admit to him how much she owned; as embarrassed as any bride who couldn't afford her own trousseau, as she mumbled:

" Oh, with mortgages, and owning mortgages and such, quite a lot, Rudy. Four tenements on the East Side. I rent them practically at a loss. Just holding them because I believe in the East Side. A few places in Westchester— "

" How many—in Westchester? "

" About seven. A business building in White Plains. The others are mostly houses in a new residential development—they'll most of them be sold in the spring. Quick turnover. I know the man, Hickey Grant, who started the place and I went in with him."

" What else? "

" Some lots here and there. I'm in on a lot of things, Rudy."

" You must turn over a half million a year in your office, don't you? "

" More than that."

" O.K. You must own a half million in property—at least. You must spend a fortune for living expenses, to say nothing of all the people you support."

" I draw twenty-five hundred a week," she told him quietly.

HE got up and walked up and down the length of the screened-in porch.

" I say to myself," he hurried on with his thoughts, " that I won't let it make any difference. I knew my Jane when she was a raw little kid. We were pals then and got along together like we were mad for each other even then. That's the Jane I love. You were always ambitious and a hard worker. I knew you'd make good, but I didn't realize how good. But, my God, Jane, I earn four hundred dollars a week! "

" But, Rudy— "

" And that's good money. That's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm a big shot in my field too. I'm vice president of one of the outstanding engineering firms in the country. Was eight years in the field and got recognition for it. After the war they kept me in the office. At first I stormed. I still yearn to get back into the field. But I'm soft now. It's easy. It's mildly amusing. I've earned the ease of it. It's not all clear sailing. I have enemies in the organization. Men who would like to elbow me out. Every man has. But I'm pretty secure, and plenty of other firms would grab me if it ever came to a showdown, which it won't."

He stopped, aware that he had ambled into side tracks. He raised his pipe to jab the air with violent emphasis of his thoughts.

"But four hundred is about as high as I'm going. See? And that's all right with me."

"Rudy darling, don't compare different fields entirely. My business is a gamble, and I'm an unusually reckless gambler. It's—"

"I know. Sure. But the facts stand. Don't think I haven't chewed them over ever since I got a squint at your red-and-black-and-silver offices. Whew! Listen. You're smart, Jane. I hand it to you. But my God, girl, are you going to live my life, or am I going to live yours?"

"I—don't—know," she said guardedly.

"I send my father and Abby seventy-five dollars a week. That keeps them, with what he gets. It leaves me three hundred and twenty-five a week. Can you live on that?"

She smiled because he was smiling.

"I can do whatever you want, Rudy."

He relaxed.

"What I want? What I want I don't dare ask you. I'd like you to retire. Quit."

She sighed.

"Jane, where are you going? You have money. You have success. You have a reputation. What more do you want?"

"Can't you understand? My work is a part of me, Rudy—"

"Oh, yes," he said wearily. Then he laughed. "This whole business of the working woman! One gets so tired of hearing about it. Woman and her damn' career versus love. But I'll tell you one thing: It's never been settled."

"Rudy—why are you harping on this? Why? Because of dollars and cents?"

"No; because I love you, that's why," he told her fiercely. "Because I want you all to myself. I don't want you in an office, wearing yourself out, getting old and nervous and thin and tired doing a man's work. I don't want brains. I want beauty—and your love. I want a sweetheart, a wife, a mistress, and you're all of them to me, Jane."

"So!" She lifted her head. "It comes right back to women being chattel. Kept oiled and perfumed for man's delight."

"Yes—"

"I think that's rotten."

"Then your brains have got the best of you. You ought to be damned glad I care enough about you. How many sexless women around who'd give their souls to stir a guy to protest about what the hell they do? Why can't you quit now?"

"I'm in too deep, Rudy. Besides, I love it. It's my life."

"It wouldn't be enough to live with me and be my wife? That wouldn't fill your life?"

HER eyes filled with tears. She knew vaguely she was never to forget that question, nor any detail of the chill clear October morning when it was asked.

"Rudy, I asked you the night before our wedding if my work would make any difference."

"I had no idea you were some sort of lady mogul. A business like that must absorb you completely."

"It does. I work day and night; I think, eat, dream, and sleep it. Nobody can be successful otherwise."

"But where does that put me? A side issue? Your husband, your home, your children—does all that come first, or your business?"

"Which would come first with you?"

"That's different."

"Oh."

"My God, Jane, the world has been trained to expect a man to work. Earn. Support. A woman has other duties."

"I can reel off plenty of statistics, Rudy, that show lots of successful women who have more than one child, and run a home to equal your full-time wife."

"Are their husbands happy and satisfied?"

"Rudy, you know I love you. You married me—rushed me into marriage—because you found out that I'd loved you all my life. Dreamed of you. Waited and prayed to God that some day you'd come back and love me. You must know since—in these few days—how much I love you."

He relaxed and shook his head as if to clear it.

"Jane, what if I were ill and had to go away—live in Arizona or something? What if my work called me to the other side of the world? Wouldn't you drop it all and come with me? Or would you send me off alone? Wouldn't love mean enough to you then to choose?"

"Of course. Of course," she promised glibly. "But there's no such emergency now. Rudy, why ask me to give up what I've made and do nothing? Yes, nothing; because I've run a home and a bunch of kids for years. I've been poor most of my life. You've known me when I hadn't enough to eat. I've scratched for what I've got. Why should I sell out, or retire, or quit the game? What would I do with my time? Yes, even with children. They'll go to school, they'll grow up and marry. They'll have their own lives. You'll have your work. What will I have? No. I can't do it. It wouldn't be worth it!"

He stood up, angry.

"SO now I know where I stand," his voice was cut-glass. "It wouldn't be worth it!"

"No!" she cried, her eyes large behind angry frightened tears. "No, it wouldn't be worth it! Work is everything. I know. What is love compared to work?"

She leaned back against the screen, her hand against her heart as she caught her breath. His gathering anger frightened her, and she tried to push it back with her words, soaked as they were with tears.

"Don't look at me like that, Rudy. Try to hear what I'm saying. You've known work you love. You've known the fever of work. Few people do. Most people, men and women, grub along at a job. The work isn't part of them, nor they part of it. That's why the people who love their work make good—there's so little competition for those who will give everything to it. And I've given everything to it. And I've given everything to people I've loved. Have they paid me back? No. They take it and go on their way. The more I give them the more they take. The less they appreciate. The less they give back. They won't stop to feed my loneliness or hunger for companionship, for understanding, for love. Not one of them!"

"You haven't known what love is, Jane."

"Oh, yes, I have. I've loved you for a lifetime and couldn't have you, and what made up for it? Work. Suppose you stop loving me. It happens. To lots and lots of people. You may fall out of love with me. Divorce me. You may fall for some little chorus girl. Oh, men do. So where would that leave me—with nothing to fall back on? Any minute you might take sick and die. Might be run over—anything. And so who can count on love? How long do we have it? And when it's gone—what then?"

"You're not the Jane I used to know," he said slowly. "I think you're even bitter. Terribly bitter."

"No, I'm not bitter. I'm just wise. I know the pay-offs; I know you're always surprised your balance is so low; I know you're always amazed you're charged so much; I know you're always spending too much for what you get. And that goes for friendship and home and children and love."

He shook his head, frowning over at her in a cloud of disbelief.

"You're wrong," he said. "There's a saying that 'I'd give my life for the one I loved.' But there are people who do more. They murder, they steal, they lie, they prostitute themselves, they break any law of God, of man, for the one they love. A man's home is the only castle he has. If it's going to be a shooting gallery for other interests he might as well stay single and live in three rooms in perfect comfort and peace."

"So it comes right back to making you comfortable and happy. The hell with how comfortable and happy I am. Rudy, suppose you were suddenly rich. Would you quit work forever and live a home life and a social life and be satisfied?"

"Jane, a man's been trained to—"

"Well, I've been trained too! Damn' well trained. Why didn't you fall in love with some nice little doll that doesn't want to be trained? and never will be trained? You married the wrong woman."

"Maybe I have at that!"

"I wouldn't be surprised. You've lived with me five days and you have a whole catalogue of things to harp about. I make too much money. I have bawdy offices and put on a big show. I'm not capable of giving up everything for love. I'm too nervous and high-strung. All right. Listen to me, Rudy West. That's me. I'll adapt myself. I've done it already—you can't guess how much. But what's essentially me I can't change entirely. So take me or leave me. But if you take me, take me with all my faults and don't make a semitragedy out of it."

"That's pretty plain."

"WAIT!" she cried, a note of terror in her voice. "Understand one thing: I'll live where and how you say. I'll compromise. But I can't give up everything. Is that clear?"

"Terribly clear," he said calmly. "I put a choice up to you. Home or work. You put the choice right up to me. Take you or leave you. Well, I'm leaving you."

"Rudy!"

"I'm leaving you," he repeated. "If love isn't worth the price, why bother with it? Let's have a showdown. I'd have to. I'm not going to be a second string to your fiddle, Jane. I'm not going to be another poor relation of yours."

"Rudy, that's mean!"

"I have a mean nature. Every man has. Might as well know it. I'm not going to compromise with you, or make any adjustments. Not until I know beyond a doubt that I come first in a show-down. If you can live without me, immersed in your work, I can do the same."

He came toward her and bent over her chair.

"It's been nice being married to you, Mrs. West," he said. "Will you kiss me good-by?"

"Rudy, you don't mean it?"

"I do. Amasa Bonton has a little boat. Or if you're nice and ask me sweetly I'll arrange to send a boat for you from Woods Hole. And then you can go home, and live where you please, and work yourself to a frazzle, and be as nervous as a cat, and see who cares enough to criticize you for it. Good-by, darling!"

He bent to kiss her, and she sprang up, pushing him violently away from her.

"Rudy West," she flamed, "if you leave me like that, you'll never see me again the longest day you live!"

"All right," he said. "All right. But now I'll tell you something. If you find you love me and can't live without me, call me up. Because I'll never love anybody but you!"

"I'll see you in hell first!"

"Oh," he smiled, "we'll meet up sooner than that."

He turned and crunched off down the patch of crumbled oyster shells, lighting a cigarette as he walked.

Which is right—Rudy or Jane? Rudy fights for the old ideal—that a woman's place is in the home. And Jane fights for the new ideal of the modern woman—a place in business as well as home. Which will win out? Which should win out? Put yourself in the same position and analyze their claims. Then read what Rudy and Jane do in next week's installment.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **AMARANTH** by Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company.
Robinson's compassion for humanity and its sufferings expressed with great beauty in a poem concerned more with its ideas than with the abstract music of poetry.

★ ★ ★ **VENETIAN MASQUE** by Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company.
A swashbuckling romance, in Sabatini's colorful manner, of Venice when the Doge was a weakling, when Napoleon was a power behind the scenes, and when the hero was almost always right.

★ ★ ★ **THE FOUNDRY** by Albert Halper. The Viking Press.
A lusty novel of sweating men at back-breaking toil—told with understanding and delightful, tough, rugged humor.

★ ★ ★ **ROMAN SPRING.** Memoirs. By Mrs. Winthrop Chanler. Little, Brown & Company.
Here is a look into a mode of life that has passed away as completely as the court of Louis XIV. The Communists would say "Good!" But many of the rest of us may sigh over the decline of the art of leisure so gracefully practiced in these pages from the past, even though these fortunate ones had not earned the right to that leisure.

★ ★ **HEART, BE STILL** by Isabel Wilder. Coward-McCann, Inc.
The story of a girl's devotion to her father and her struggle for an independent life.

★ ★ **DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE** by Paul I. Wellman. The Macmillan Company.
The annihilation of the North American Indian by the whites. An interesting history of the thirty years' struggle for the western plains.

FOR A LIGHTNING SHINE
BLACK
SHINOLA
SHOE POLISH
MAKES OLD THINGS LOOK NEW

10¢

[*West of Rocky Mts. two sizes—10¢ and 15¢*]

FASHION NOTE—Shoe styles this Fall feature browns and colors. There's a SHINOLA POLISH to clean and shine every shade of leather. For browns, use Shinola Brown, Tan or Ox-Blood. For other colors, Shinola Neutral Polish.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

GREAT, NEW NOVEL

"DANGEROUS WOMAN"

By

WALTON GREEN

Author of
Corsair — Little Solly — Slim, etc.

$2,000 CASH

EDUCATIONAL GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

LAST week marked the inauguration of Liberty's Educational Game of Postage Stamps which is to extend across a period of ten weeks. Each week during the ten-week period Liberty will publish photographs of a group of foreign postage stamps from which the names of the countries issuing have been stricken out. The object of the game is simply to determine the countries which issue the various stamps published. Nothing else is necessary except the short message of not more than fifty words as specified in Rule No. 2.

If you did not enter this fascinating and instructive game last week, by all means do so today. Read the rules carefully, follow them faithfully, and, no matter whether you are an experienced stamp collector or not, you have as good a chance as anybody else of being awarded one of the 223 big cash prizes.

In making your identifications, write or type the name of the country which issued it in the blank space beneath each stamp. Insert just the name of the country of issue and nothing else. Due to the varying shapes and sizes of the stamps, these spaces are slightly irregular in some cases, but in each case there is ample room to insert the name of the country of issue.

Group No. 2 appears below. If you did not enter last week we will gladly mail you a copy of Group No. 1 upon receipt of your request, addressed to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

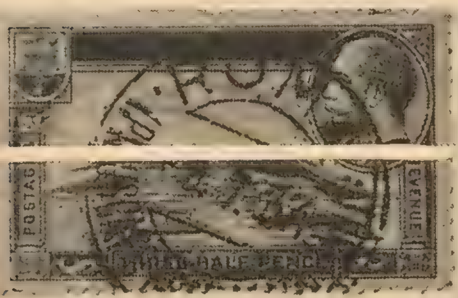
THE RULES

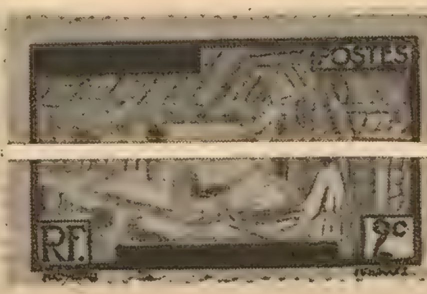
1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.
2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued and accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling " Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."
3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space provided beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.
7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.
8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

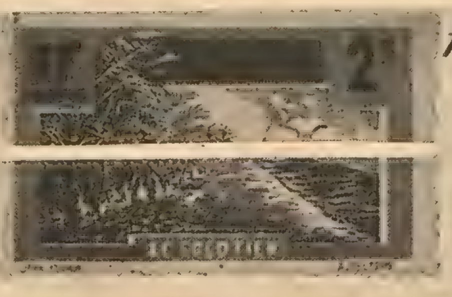
THE 223 CASH PRIZES

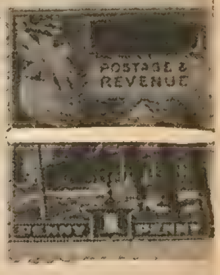
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

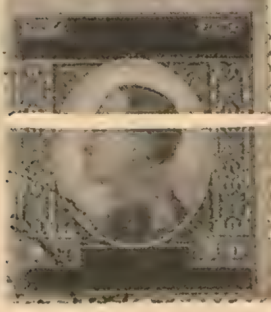
GROUP NO. 2

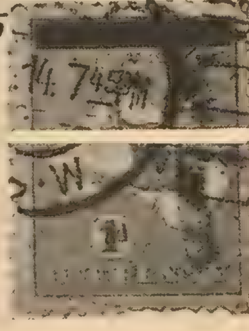
10


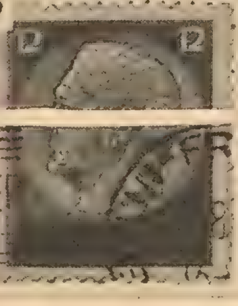
11


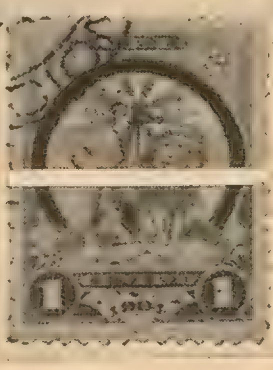
12


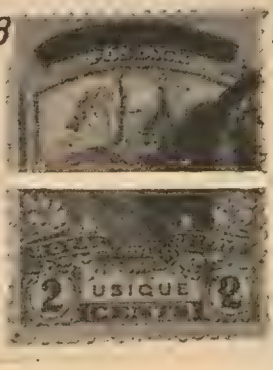
13


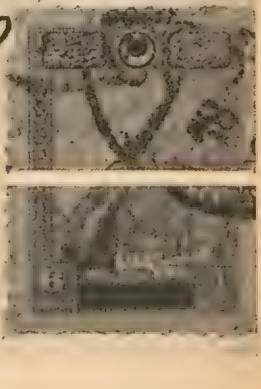
14


15


16


17


18


19


MORE STAMPS NEXT WEEK

Vox

MR. deMILLE ON GOOD AND BAD PICTURES

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—It was with a great deal of interest that I read Arthur L. Mayer's article, Why Hollywood Loses Money On Good Pictures, in July 21 Liberty.

There is a lot to be said against his contention that "good pictures lose money." Very few years ago I traveled through Europe with a manuscript under my arm. I sought out producers and to each of them I offered the chance of joining with me in putting it on the screen. Every one declined.

The manuscript was The Sign of the Cross, which later I produced at Paramount and which is now in its third million of gross returns—and still going strong.

The blank wall against which I found myself in Europe usually took the form of the question: "Is it a religious picture?" No amount of hemming and hawing or even straight explanation could sidetrack the issue. The mere admission that it had a religious element was enough to bring a smile of pity and a negative shake of the head.

This is no brief for American producers as opposed to European producers. It is merely an example of one of the dogmas of the motion-picture industry which result in baffling such gentlemen as Mr. Mayer as to why Hollywood loses money on good pictures.

Good pictures will always make money and bad pictures will lose money. The examples of good pictures which have lost money, as pointed out in Mr. Mayer's article, are direct evidence in refutation of his thesis. This does not mean that they were bad pictures.

I am not dealing in paradoxes when I say that these are good pictures which lost money. My dogma still holds good. They are rare examples of motion-picture art, but designed to appeal to a limited audience.

The movie, largely through economic necessity, has become a mass art. The picture which appeals to every class, from the so-called lowbrow to the intelligentsia, is by far a greater work of art than that which is intelligible to only the select few.

It takes a coherent fusion of several arts to make up a motion picture. Mainly it is drama graphically depicted, and this is what the bulk of your audience comes to see. Your other ingredients determine to what extent you are going to attract the minority groups to help swell your audience.

Cradle Song is an example of a movie designed for the minority groups only. Hence its failure as a box-office success. In photography, acting, direction, and art work it is as flawless as a motion picture can be. Yet it lacks the sweep and movement of compelling drama which would attract the larger audience.

In the broad sense of the word Cradle Song is a "religious" picture. That is, its setting of a Spanish convent gave it a religious background. In a more direct sense, Ten Commandments was also a religious picture. Yet the former lost money, while on the latter I have thus far received close to one million dollars in royalties representing a 25-per-cent interest, and the royalty checks have not yet stopped coming in.

Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, told me recently that Ben-Hur, which he produced, has grossed somewhere around seven million dollars. That too was a religious picture.

Nor does this prove that only religious pictures make money. One of the biggest successes which Paramount has had in many a year was Mae West's I'm No Angel. With its more than $2,000,000 gross, it proves that one cannot set up a certain category as a "best seller" or smile pityingly on any suggested theme.

Yet any picture may fail to hit the mark without the most important quality of all, dictated by the inherent decency of the American public. And that is good taste.—*Cecil B. deMille.*

MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO BUDDY

"BUDDY"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Ten years ago last Labor Day I became the proud owner of a Boston terrier puppy as a reward for being one of the successful contestants of the Dog Puzzle published in the first ten editions of Liberty.

Here is a snapshot of Buddy taken on his tenth birthday—July 14. The pleasure we have gotten from him has often given me occasion to thank Liberty.—*Marie Hewell.*

"DUMB CLUCKS"

ELYRIA, OHIO—Of all the dumb clucks who write in criticizing about something they know nothing about, J. Beckner of Baltimore and John Kean of Dallas, Texas, are the last word.

I was surprised to read Mr. Beckner's letter in August 18 Vox Pop telling of how he actually thought that was not supposed to be a quotation from a newspaper article in Erle Stanley Gardner's The Case of the Curious Bride.

Then in August 25 Vox Pop Mr. Kean appeared shocked at the use of an excerpt from In Flanders Fields in Memorial Beyond Verdun, by T. Howard Kelly (June 2 Liberty). I thought every one over twelve knew enough about quotations not to make mistakes such as these and then blame them on the other people.—*Pauline Maddock.*

GURGLING GURGLES

CHICAGO, ILL.—I simply am gurgling gurgles and gurgles after reading Oh What a Tangled Web, by Phyllis Duganne, in September 8 Liberty. Miss Duganne surely presents very amusing situations for her characters. I hope her heroine Dody Farnsworth doesn't desert Liberty.—*A. L. Dedrick.*

THE SAME HYPOCRITE TALKING LOUDLY

PORTLAND, ORE.—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg's article, How We Can Bankrupt the God of War, in September 1 Liberty, was a powerful blow dealt against the insanity of war; it was remarkable in its formidable array of cold facts and carefully drawn data.

At one time in the Napoleonic wars English manufacturers—"patriotic business men," of course—filled one order for 16,000 military coats, 37,000 jackets, and 200,000 pairs of shoes to be used, as the commercial patriots knew, by the French army while slaughtering English soldiers. That was well over a hundred years ago. But the silk-hat patriot is still the same hypocrite, talking loudly about honoring the hero whom he despises both socially and industrially.

They say that war is hell. Well, let those who want hell go to hell!—*Herbert Swenson.*

THEY MAKE GRAY MATTER

FULSHEAR, TEX.—So many in Vox Pop criticize Cockeyed Puzzles. Personally we prefer them, but this world is made up of all kinds of people. A few are smart and most are not.—*Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Gibson.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—I see that G. R. Short of Miami, Florida (August 25 Vox Pop), disapproves of Cockeyed Puzzles. Stay with them, Short. They make gray matter, increase brain power, and make the ordinary local newspaper puzzles seem like the ABCs.—*Henry W. Lung, Attorney at Law.*

NOT "NEXT" BUT "LAST"

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Senator L. J. Dickinson's article, What Republicans Will Do Next, in August 18 Liberty, would have enthused us more if we could forget what the Republicans did last.—*C. F. Gordon.*

NOBODY CRYING

CLEVELAND, OHIO—If the farmers think they are in dire straits, let them take a look at the city dweller. Before the depression he had a job, a car, and some money. In the course of the lean years he lost his job; the finance company or the used-car market got his car; the money, if the bank hadn't busted, was spent. He found himself with nothing and in an ever-increasing city relief line. I think the loss of the job, car, and money is equivalent to land, house, or what have you—yet I don't hear any one crying to save the city dweller.—*Tony Mahar.*

DIDN'T LIKE HIS MANNER

CHICAGO, ILL.—The chief reason I cannot agree with H. L. Mencken's What to Do with Criminals, in July 28 Liberty, is that he used the same hair-tearing melodramatic approach which he accused the attorneys of using. Instead of the old ironic, iconoclastic, and altogether delightful Mencken, he seems to have developed a "Southern" com-

Pop

plex. How disappointing it is to us former " Menckenites "!

Most of his arguments were quite true, one must admit. I simply didn't like his manner of stating them.—*Corrinne M. Grayson.*

PECOS, TEX.—I wish every trial judge and prosecuting attorney in the United States would literally absorb H. L. Mencken's What to Do with Criminals. The least I can say for it is, Amen, Amen, and Amen!—*R. V. Nabers.*

WITH A VENGEANCE

TULSA, OKLA.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in June 23 Liberty urging the formation of community organizations for the study of governmental questions has taken root in this city with a vengeance. We have formed The Million Club, and widespread interest is being evidenced in this constructive move.—*E. L. Smith.*

A COUPLE A WEEK

QUEBEC, QUE.—We never miss a copy of Liberty. We have a small clubhouse and we always buy a couple a week.—*A. J. M., President, A. J. M. Hockey Club.*

TROUBLE BEGINS—

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — Thanks for Jay Franklin's timely article Trouble Begins at 40, in September 8 Liberty. I would like, however, to call attention to some angles of the situation no more popular with editors and politicians than those mentioned by Mr. Franklin.

We are today loaded down with an unpayable debt structure. This debt structure consists of mortgages, bonds, watered stock, and overcapitalization of industry.

The products of industry are exchanged at a price. That is why, in the effort to rejuvenate a moribund price system, we make laws to destroy foods in the presence of hungry millions. The plans now being tried mean that poverty is the basis on which our civilization must rest if those plans involving the destruction of foods are to succeed.

Potential plenty within the knowledge of every person will prevent the continued legalization of scarcity and poverty. Laws made for that purpose will be broken, and those who make such laws will be broken with the laws they make, if enforced too long.—*Arthur Le Sueur, Attorney at Law.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Trouble Begins at 40, by Jay Franklin, was ultra-conservative, rather than exaggerated, in its pen picture of the situation. The fact that Ray Powers, who wrote a reply, is a college man signifies little. If he thinks social and economic justice will come in a generation, he is indeed naïve.—*A Reuder.*

HARRIMAN, TENN.—Jay Franklin, in Trouble Begins at 40, wrote: " Most of the men who had jobs in 1929 . . . have been reëmployed." That is questionable. It may be true that a majority of these are back at work, but if so the minority is alarmingly big.—*S. A. Patton.*

TEWAH-DIDDLE

COOKSTOWN, ONT. — What is tewah-diddle? To a pint of table beer or ale add a tablespoonful of brandy and a teaspoonful of brown sugar. A little grated nutmeg or ginger also may be added and a roll of very thinly cut lemon peel.

Before Vox Poppers make any remark, I beg them to taste this drink. If the materials are good and their palates vibrate in uniform with my own, they will find it one of the pleasantest beverages they ever encountered.—*Mrs. Harry Fisher.*

MILTON, LOOK!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I like the humorous drawings you are using in Vox Pop. —*Milton Look.*

THE MUSE OF VOX POP

GLASSPORT, PA.—Polemics seems to be the guiding spirit, the muse, of Vox Pop. The editor has printed letters which took up cudgels pro and con. Several correspondents, however, seem to prefer a private fight.

T. N. Carver, Professor Emeritus of Political Economy, Harvard, stated in August 11 Vox Pop that unrestricted immigration would bring about a revolution.

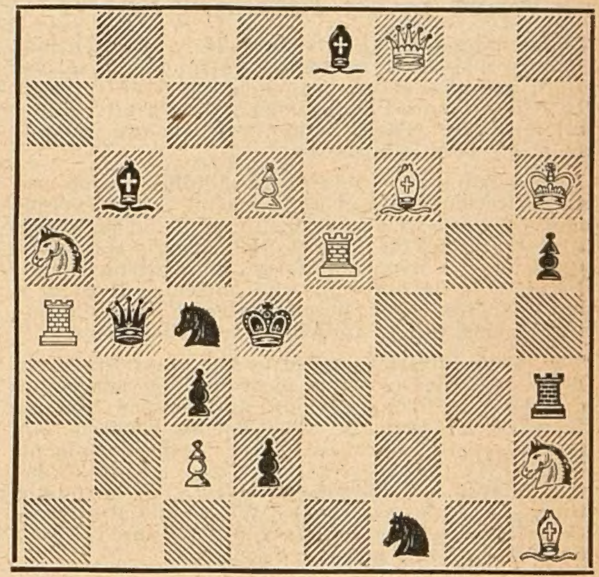
We wonder why. Immigration produces labor. It also produces customers. And the customers usually outnumber the laborers ten to one.—*John T. Kelley.*

A LONG TIME BETWEEN MOVES

[Here at last is the solution to A. F. Mackenzie's Quicksands Chess Problem as submitted by Horace R. Bigelow in March 17 Liberty.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PROBLEM

Black—10 Pieces



White—10 Pieces

White to play and mate in two.

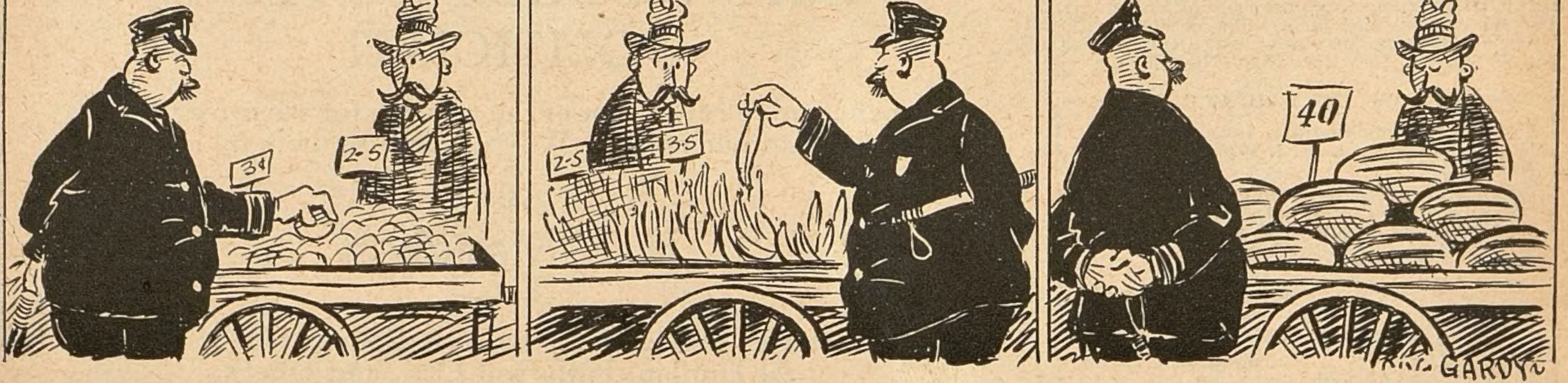
ANSWER: White's first and key move is B-Q8. After that, no matter what Black does, he is mated by White's next move, as to wit:

1—B-Q8, KxR; Q-KB6, mate.
2—B-Q8, QxP; QxQ, mate.
3—B-Q8, KtxR; BxB, mate.
4—B-Q8, Kt-KKt6; Kt-KB3, mate.
5—B-Q8, R-K6; R-Q5, mate.
6—B-Q8, B-QB3; KtxB, mate.

WHINING AMERICANS

DETROIT, MICH.—William Dee in August 25 Vox Pop indignantly complains about employers who prefer foreigners for certain jobs to Americans.

Whose fault is it that jobs are so restricted that millions cannot find work? Whose but these same whining Americans? They vote for the demagogues who stand for continuation of such conditions, then they whine because jobs are so few that they must compete with foreigners for a chance at some menial work.—*Samuel Danziger.*



Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L 1020, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L 1020,
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name..

Street..

City......................State..................

CONTENTS

Editorial 4

What I Am Really Going to Do ..... UPTON SINCLAIR 6

A famous author-socialist, now the Democrats' standard bearer in California, explains his EPIC Plan to the nation

The Marquis Plays Poker—*A story* . . EDISON MARSHALL 8

Paradise—*Part II* .... PATTERSON DIAL 14

Perk-Ups .... JACQUELINE LARK 19

The Svengalis of Football .... BENNY FRIEDMAN 22

It's the coaches' magic that counts today, says a veteran of the game—players DON'T go out and die for dear old Alma Mater!

Miss Dynamo—*A story* .... HARLAN WARE 26

Twenty Questions 33

The Bachelor Prince—*Part IV* .... FRAZIER HUNT 34

To the Ladies! ...... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 41

Tuneful, Touching, Trite—*Movie reviews*
BEVERLY HILLS 42

With This Ring—*A story* .... OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 44

Spies for Hire—*Conclusion* . . . THOMAS M. JOHNSON 46

Cross Word Puzzle 51

Allah Permitting---*A short short story* . . . ANN MORSE 52

Modern Lady—*Part VII* .... GRACE PERKINS 54

Good Books .... OLIVER SWIFT 62

$2,000 Postage Stamp Contest 63

Vox Pop 64

Cover by A. CROUCH

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

Beginning

DANGEROUS WOMAN

A mystery novel of a blonde terror

By

Walton Green

Author of Corsair, Little Solly, Slim, etc.

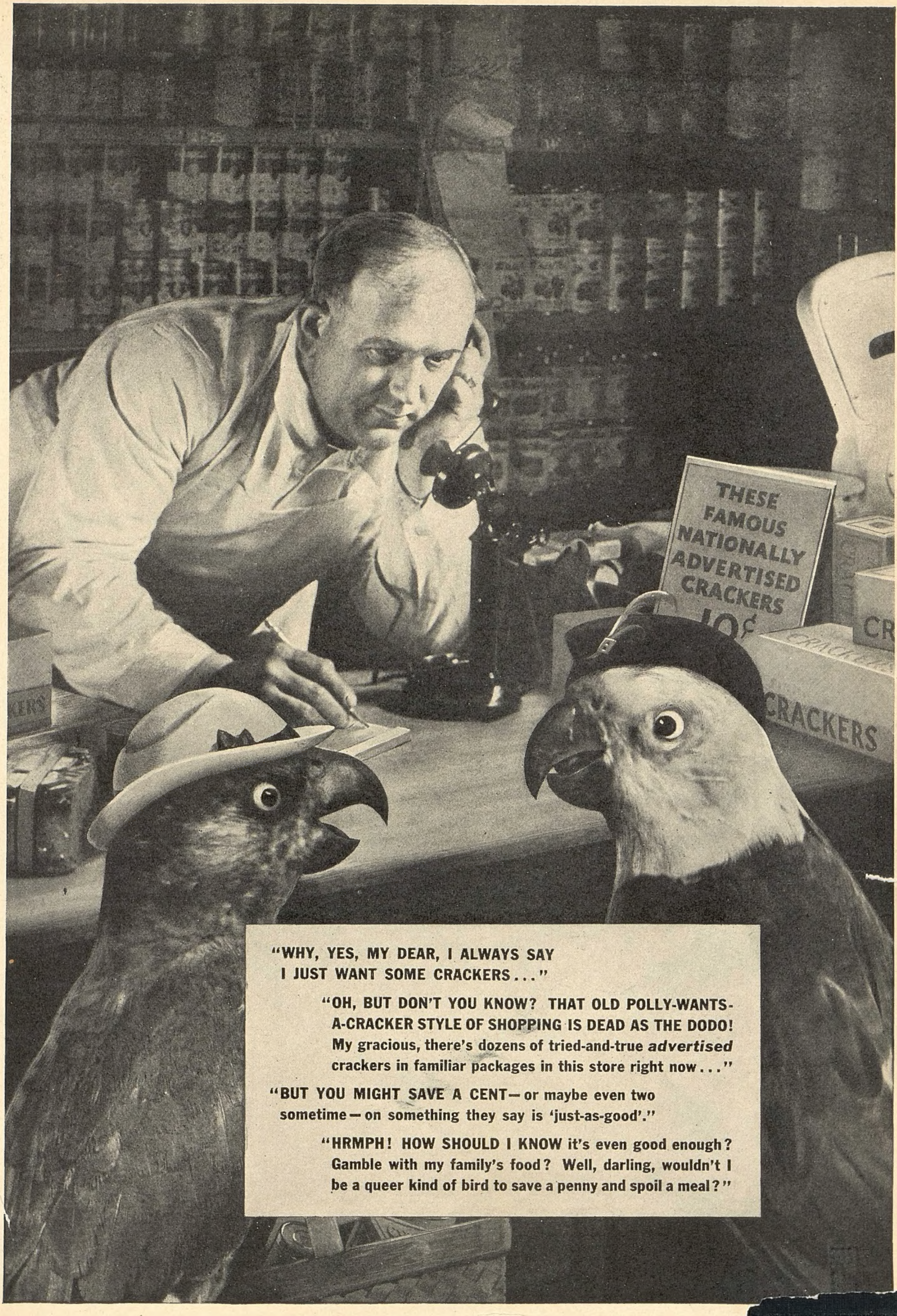
WHY NOBODY LOVES A POLITICIAN

A penetrating revelation of the reasons for what we mostly think of our rulers—Why not choose them by lot?

Asks

H. L. Mencken

Other stories and articles by Zeh Bouck, Hagar Wilde, Al Dunlap, Patterson Dial, and others



THESE FAMOUS NATIONALLY ADVERTISED CRACKERS 10¢
CRACKERS
CRACKERS
CRACKERS
CR

"WHY, YES, MY DEAR, I ALWAYS SAY I JUST WANT SOME CRACKERS . . ."

"OH, BUT DON'T YOU KNOW? THAT OLD POLLY-WANTS-A-CRACKER STYLE OF SHOPPING IS DEAD AS THE DODO! My gracious, there's dozens of tried-and-true *advertised* crackers in familiar packages in this store right now . . ."

"BUT YOU MIGHT SAVE A CENT— or maybe even two sometime—on something they say is 'just-as-good'."

"HRMPH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW it's even good enough? Gamble with my family's food? Well, darling, wouldn't I be a queer kind of bird to save a penny and spoil a meal?"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
The Cream of the Crop
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
They Taste Better!

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company